Oct. 5, 1981

THE NEW YORKER

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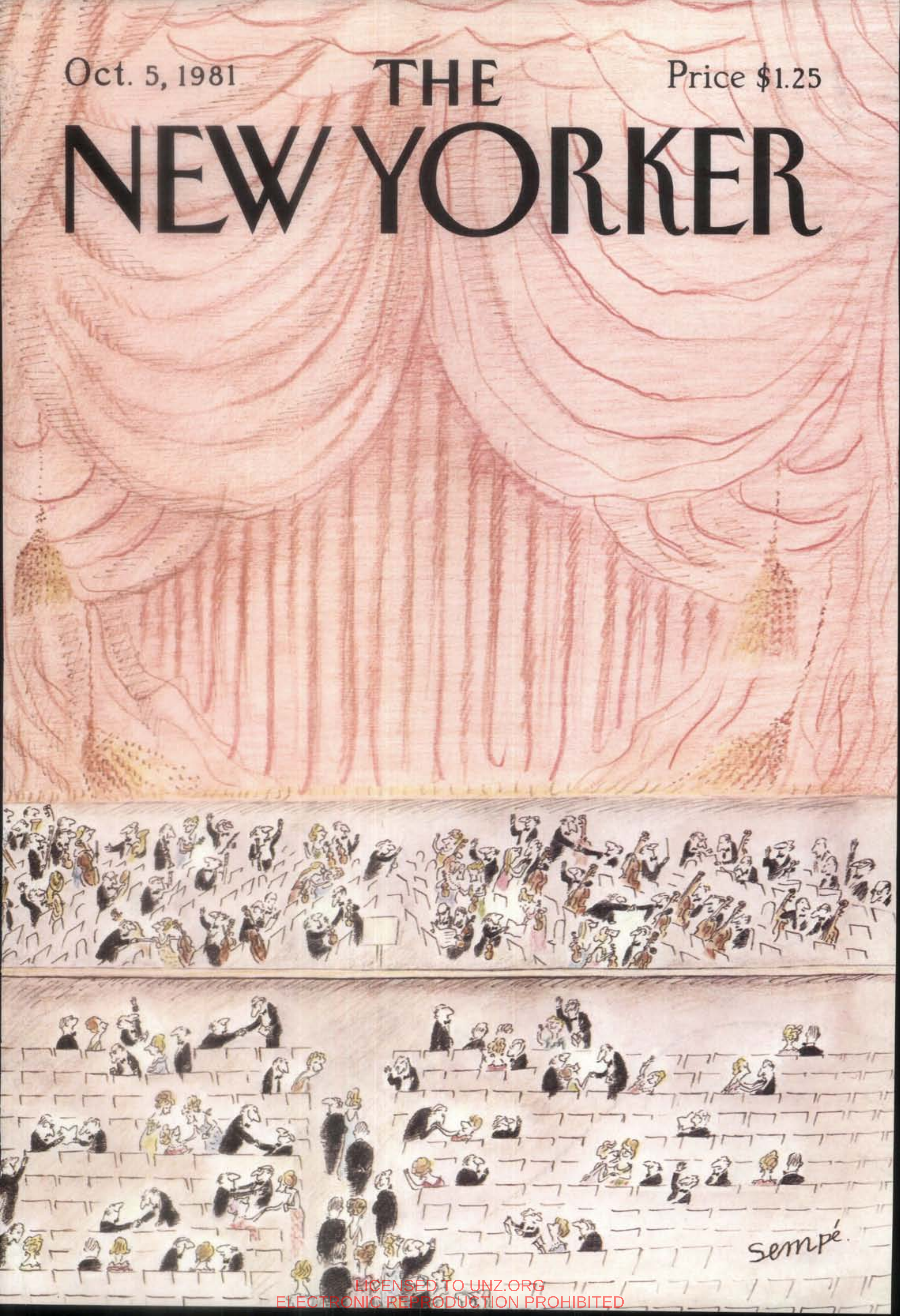

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Chekhov on the Lawn—A one-man show (by Elihu Winer), in which William Shust, as Chekhov, tells stories and reminisces. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1954 Jean Kerr-Eleanor Brooke comedy **king of hearts** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

An Evening with Dave Allen—Born in Dublin and for some years a popular entertainer on the BBC, Mr. Allen speaks his mind on a variety of topics—sex, religion, the follies of advertising, and the like. He is occasionally very funny and occasionally very coarse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Oct. 17.)

Everybody's Gettin' Into the Act—A vaudeville-style entertainment by Robert Ost. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8
Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Mati
Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickle
The Royal Shakespeare Company produ
of a play based on the Dickens novel
adapted for the stage by David Edgar.
phen Oliver wrote the music and ly
Roger Rees will portray Nickleby, and D
Threlfall will play his friend Smike. Dire
by Trevor Nunn and John Caird. Prev
through Saturday, Oct. 3. Opens officiall
Sunday, Oct. 4, and will run through
day, Jan. 3. The play will be done in
parts, and tickets will be available onl
consecutive two-performance combinat
(Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1
Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays
Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sunda
2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting
mund Romberg's **the desert song.** (East
334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednes
through Saturdays at 8:30. Mati
Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sun
at 4. Closes Sunday, Oct. 25.)

Louis—A musical, still very much in pre
tion, based on the story of King Oliver's
covery of young Louis Armstrong an
Armstrong's subsequent discovery of hin
The music, none of it Armstrong's, was

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THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . Edith Oliver

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"JACINTO" . . . . Hildegarde Flanner

THE AIR . . . . Michael J. Arlen

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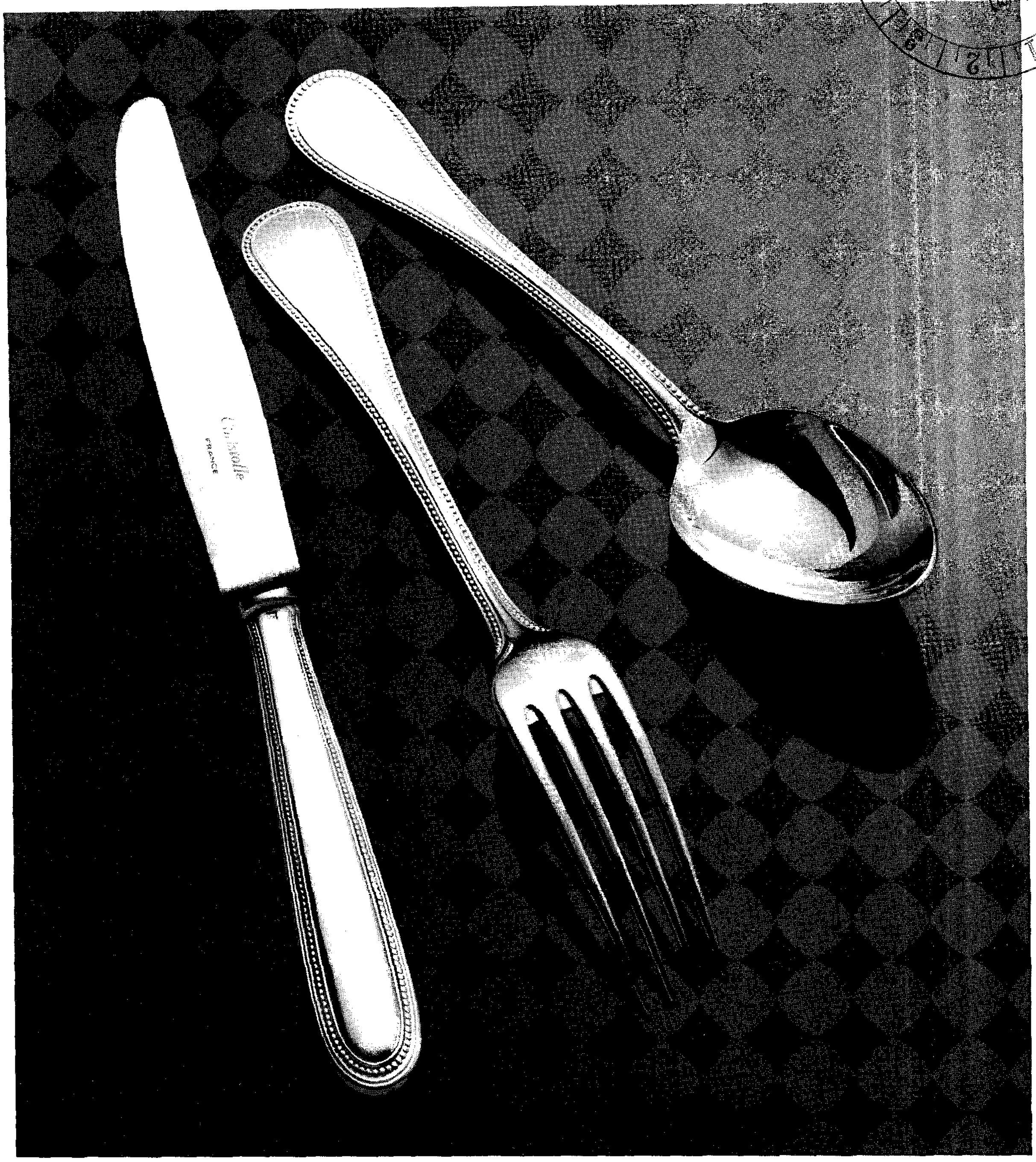

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

posed by Michael Renzi. Book and lyrics by Don Evans. With Northern J. Calloway, Tiger Haynes, Ernestine Jackson, Debbie Allen, Ken Page, and Marcella Lowry. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 4.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially, by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (9/21/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 7, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison is back in the role of Professor Higgins, created by him a quarter of a century ago. The musical is as fresh as ever and a constant delight to the ear. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Not—Bill Cobbs in a play by Dan Owens. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 944-9870. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. *Closes Sunday, Oct. 11.*)

Particular Friendships—A play by Bill Elverman, with Julie Kavner and Luke Reilly. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 6:30. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—A Canadian import, **MAGGIE & PIERRE**—a tedious local joke about the Trudeaus of Canada. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11.)

Sea Marks—A dim play about a publisher (f) who tries to make a professional poet out of an Irish fisherman (m). (Reviewed in this issue.) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Talent for Murder—Claudette Colbert and Jean-Pierre Aumont in a comedy-mystery by Jerome Chodorov and Norman Panama. Directed by Paul Aaron. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 1. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play *set in a Lancashire slum. It's* about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées

d. ehrenberg

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Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly. With Peter Firth as Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young
and attractive cast sings and dances wi
irresistible exuberance and self-confiden
(Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-64
Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matin
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su
days at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and sca
thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Grang
Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. I
rected by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239
45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through S
urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and S
urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:**
blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting
Argentine history. The songs are easy to
ten to, the cast is able, and the staging,
Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standa
(Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd
247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at
. . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,912 performances so f
(Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan
at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays throu
Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; a
Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) .
FIFTH OF JULY: One of a series of plays t
Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Tal
family of southern Missouri. The Wils
method is a cocktail consisting of two-thi
George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennes
Williams, well-shaken; the results are s
stantial. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 9
8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at
. . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned c
reography by the late Gower Champion a
a few classic songs enliven an otherwise in
pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie t
made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245
44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sunda
at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturd
at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of sh
sketches that purport to give us a refresh
view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 4
St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesda
and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:
and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays
3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the g
old days of black vaudeville, in good
N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever
ventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays tru
pet in the accompanying jazz band. (Vill
Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesd
through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and
and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays
3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapop
version of the good old Gilbert and Sulli
warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Bro
way. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturd
at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays
2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** T
mock tribute to old-time burlesque embra
Mickey Rooney, Helen Gallagher (substit
ing for Ann Miller), Michael Davis (a come
juggler who is actually comic), and some b
om chorus girls, and they all perform spl
didly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 7
7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Ma
nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

"Acting Shakespeare"—Ian McKellen (curren
portraying Salieri in "Amadeus") will app
in a one-man, one-night show that will all
him to be Falstaff, Romeo, or himself—re
ing, chatting, and generally fulfilling
show's title. A benefit for the Second Sta
(Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. S
day, Oct. 4, at 7:30.)

"Salute to the Black Classics of Dance
Music"—*Final performances of a three-w*
festival presented by the Negro Ensem
Company. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8: a jazz p
gram featuring the music of Duke Ellingt
with Carmen Lundy, Frank Foster, Sl
Hampton, Ray Drummond, Hilton Ruiz, a
Charli Persip. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:
Chelsea Ensemble in a program of classi
music by William Grant Still, Geor
Walker, Kodjo Aquai, and others. . . . ¶ S
urday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: Sonny Fortune, Lon
Hillyer, Mike Longo, Louis Hayes, a
others, in a bebop program featuring the m
sic of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie.
¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: Andy Bey, Ru
Reed, Billy Hart, Slide Hampton, and Son
Fortune in a program devoted to the com
sitions of Eubie Blake and Fats Waller.
¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: The Universal Sy
phony in a program of classical music

Charlie
Charlie
The gorgeous, sexy-young fragrance. By Revlon
Concentrated Cologne, Perfume, Perfumed Dusting Powder and Body Silk

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tania Leon, Adolphus Hailstork, Ulysses Kay, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2:30: A performance by the Metropolitan Baptist Gospel and the Inspirational Choirs. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

DANCE

Twyla Tharp Dance—A four-week engagement by the company—Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2, and Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 7-9, at 8: A full-length work en*titled "The Catherine Wheel." . . . ¶ Satur*day, Oct. 3, at 2; Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3; and Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Brahms' Paganini;" "Uncle Edgar Dyed His Hair Red;" "The Fugue;" and "Deuce Coupe," with guest dancers Cynthia Gregory and Christine Sarry. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, and Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2: "The Bix Pieces;" "Assorted Quartets;" "Short Stories;" and "Baker's Dozen," with Dick Hyman, jazz piano. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Through Sunday, Oct. 18.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 7; Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2: "Diggity," "Profiles," "Airs," and "House of Cards" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 7-9, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2: "Arden Court," "Cloven Kingdom," and "Private Domain." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Charles Moore Dance Company—"Jigbu," "Fast Agbekor," "Moon Dance," "Cafézal," and other works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Oct. 7, and Friday, Oct. 9, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 10-11, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club *proprietors* live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, the free-stride pianist and big-band leader **JAKI BYARD** *will be here, not with his big band but with* his trio; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will head up his quartet. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—Saxophonist **TED NASH,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and bassist **MIKE FLEMING** are on the bandstand through Sunday, Oct. 4; Monday, Oct. 5, will belong to singer and pianist Daryl Sherman and bassist Jay Leonhart; and on Tuesday, Oct. 6, trumpeter Glenn Zottola will bring in a quartet. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Almost an all-jazz lineup: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** and his quartet and guitarist **JIM HALL'S** trio; Sunday, Oct. 4, solo guitarist **JOE PASS** and drummer **JOE MORELLO'S** quintet; Monday, Oct. 5, Bureau and the Metros; Tuesday, Oct. 6, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his orchestra; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, singer **BETTY CARTER** and her trio and tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN'S** quartet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Bassist **RED MITCHELL** works with pianist Mike Melvoin through Sunday, Oct. 4; on Monday, Oct. 5, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will arrive with a bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, *has taken up residence with a trio in the Café* Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** *whose solos epitomize* delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this *and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Sept. 30,* the Looters, the Nihilistics, the Larrys, and Deprogrammers; Thursday, Oct. 1, Zanoni, Pack 9, and the Schemers; Friday, Oct. 2, Bad Brains and the Aesthetics; and Saturday, Oct. 3, Urban Blight, the Brakes, and Those Dirty Rings. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and "The Glory of Love." She is assisted by pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere,

because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and c
time country music that is presented ev
week. Wednesday, Sept. 30, Andy Irvi
Gerry O'Beirne, and the Derby Ram; Thu
day, Oct. 1, jam session; Saturday, Oct.
Out to Lunch; Sunday, Oct. 4, guitarists J
Miller and L. J. Henry; Wednesday, Oct.
Bill Ochs (who plays the uilleann pipes a
tin whistle) and the Derby Ram; Thursd
Oct. 8, Lewis Bros.; and Saturday, Oct.
Cranberry Lake Jug Band. Music from eig
thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen
Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine
Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277
The house sextet makes its way throug
surefire repertory for patrons of traditio
jazz from eight-thirty to two Mond
through Fridays, and from nine-thirty
three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and
days, other combos play from six to eig
thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 4, Wayne André
play trombone with a quintet from ab
nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (5
7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-bro
velvet walls, lots of people, and famous j
players. **ZOOT SIMS** plays dancing tenor-
solos with his quartet through Sunday, (
4; on Tuesday, Oct. 6, singer and songwr
JON HENDRICKS will arrive with his sing
family, **HENDRICKS, HENDRICKS & HENDRICKS.**
first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed M
days.

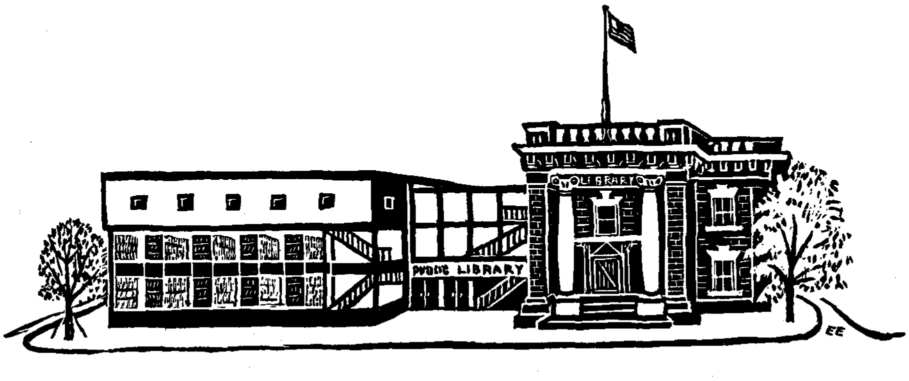
Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)-
small room in the back of a sprawling Lin
Center *restaurant is home base on Th*
days, Fridays, and Saturdays for the **HAR**
BLUES AND JAZZ BAND—trombonist **EDDIE DUR**
guitarist **AL CASEY,** bassists **JOHNNY WILLIAMS**
Thursdays and Fridays) and **AL HALL** (on S
urdays), tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAM**
pianist **CHARLES BATEMAN,** trumpeter **BOBBY**
LIAMS, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**—which
forms forty-, fifty-, and sixty-year-old m
with verve, skill, and humor. On Sunda
Miss Rhapsody (Viola Wells) sings b
songs with help from pianist Ram Ram
and bassist Al Hall. Music from nine-thirt

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince
(925-2415)—In practically any other par
town, turning a truck warehouse—whic
what Greene Street was—into a night c
might be called visionary, but in SoHo
just good business. The schedule: Wednesc
Sept. 30, Bahamian singer and guita
Wendel Stuart; Thursday through Saturc
Oct. 1-3, **ERNESTINE ANDERSON,** a veteran si
who started out in the forties (when she w
teen-ager) with the big bands of Russell
quet (Illinois' brother) and Johnny Otis,
in the fifties joined Lionel Hampton; on M
day, Oct. 5, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pi
ist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and two of the biggest
Basie biggies, saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER**
saxophonist and flutist **FRANK WESS;** and
Tuesday, Oct. 6, Kansas City pianist
singer **JAY MC SHANN** and violinist **CLA**
WILLIAMS. Sundays now belong to Brazi
trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and his band, A B
da Sem Nome. The first show gets under
after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (3
2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pia
HOD O'BRIEN, bassist Ronnie Markowitz,
vocalist Alicia Sherman on standards
O'Brien compositions Wednesdays thro
Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesd
from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAY**
trio. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS**
sings and plays piano.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (8
7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in on
those very new high-rise apartment hou
There are lots of plants, an engaging ch
delier made of vertical tubes containing li
incandescent bulbs, and, when the b
striped awnings are rolled up, a second-st
view of Third Avenue traffic. Pianist
composer **DON FRIEDMAN** is here with a bas
through Saturday, Oct. 3; on Tuesday, Oct
pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** will take over. M
from eight to midnight Tuesdays thro
Fridays; from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (2
3200)—The East Side twin—it's actuall
little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. T

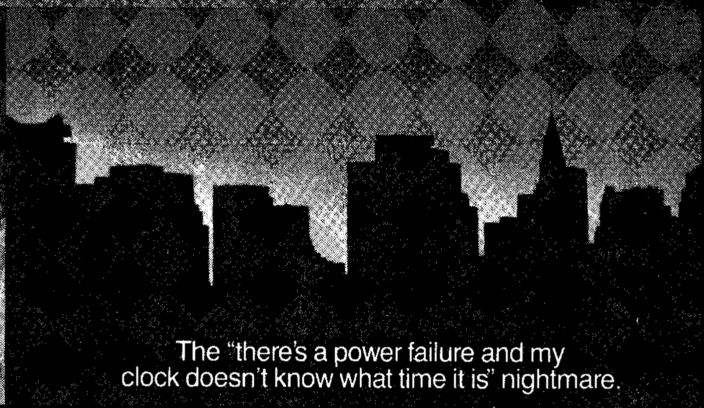


Panasonic has a clock radio made just for your nightmare.

The "my kid fooled with the alarm" nightmare.

The "I need to know the weather and every station's playing music" nightmare.

The "two different wake-up times, one alarm clock" nightmare!


The "there's a power failure and my clock doesn't know what time it is" nightmare.

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Our clock radios do just about everything but tuck you in. Many are equipped with Sure Time—Panasonic's battery backup system[*] that keeps time internally even if there's a power failure. Most models have childproof controls to make sure you wake up when you planned. And a fluorescent digital display. There's a model with two alarm settings for couples who get up at different times. Another gives you 24 hours of continuous weather.[†]

All models have a doze alarm. A sleep timer to smooth your way into slumber. Great sound, of course. And every Panasonic clock radio has something you won't get from anybody else—a two-year warranty.[††] We want you to rest easy, even when you're not sleeping!

You see, what time you go to sleep is your business. But what time you get up—that's ours.

[*] Battery not included. [†] Not all areas broadcast weather information.

[††] Limited 2-year warranty on parts and labor with carry-in service and proof of purchase. See warranty card for details.

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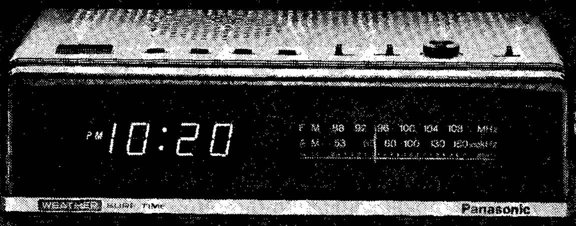
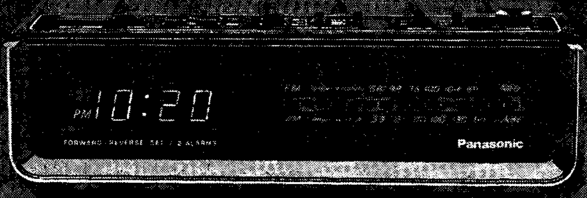


RC-77 with 24-hour instant weather.



RC-95 with two alarm settings.

RC-96 with battery backup power.

one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **RED RICHARDS** mans the keyboard. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A real, spiffy jazz loft. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, tenor saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet, and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** with a quartet. Thursdays, Brazilian-jazz nights, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** leads his ten-piece band, **AMAZON.** Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz music.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. The exemplary piano-bass schedule: **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Oct. 3; and from Tuesday, Oct. 6, **ROLAND HANNA** and **MIKE RICHMOND.** Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Johnny Paycheck; Sunday, Oct. 4, Texas Jewish folkie-cowboy-comic Kinky Friedman; Monday, Oct. 5, Rob Grill & the Grass Roots; and Thursday, Oct. 8, swamp-rocker **DR. JOHN** and George Strait. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Comedian **MORT SAHL,** newspaper in hand, briefs audiences Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. Wednesday, Sept. 30, Joe Bidewell Group, the Cooties, and Thin Ice; Thursday, Oct. 1, Butch Lust & the Hypocrites, the Undead, and the Mob; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, John Otway and Cheap Perfume. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DOROTHY DONEGAN,** one of the most animated—both musically and physically—pianists around, is at one grand piano, and **PAGE CAVANAUGH** is at another. They play together and separately Tuesdays through Saturdays; the first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON** is here with her backing crew on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3; on Monday, Oct. 5, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, **ERIC GALE,** the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, will be present with his group; on Tuesday, Oct. 6, flutist Sherry Winston will head a combo; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 7-8, will be claimed by guitarist Doc Powell. Music from ten to two. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Thursday, Oct. 1, Richard Lyon; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, folksinger Jim Dawson. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty, and Tuesdays are given over to Grover Kemble & Za Zu Zaz. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

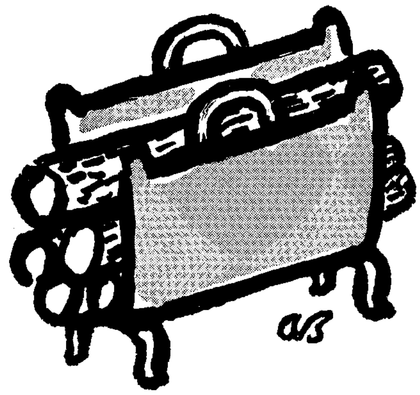
Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet, which plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3 (at eight and eleven), **TINA TURNER;** Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 5-6, the **PRETENDERS;** Thursday, Oct. 8, **TOM VERLAINE;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark. Shows after midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Irving Berlin is under way. The participants are Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Terry Burrell, and Debbie Shapiro. Shows Monday through Thursday at nine-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. Tenor saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** leads a quartet throug Sunday, Oct. 4; on Monday, Oct. 5, sax phonist Ed Palermo will head a big ban Tuesday, Oct. 6, the Chin Suziki quintet wi be on the stand; and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 8-11, the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET—DAVID MURRAY, OLIVER LAKE, HAMIET BLUIETT,** an **JULIUS HEMPHILL**—will be present. Music fro about ten until two.



Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixt Ave. (242-3166)—Friday and Saturday, Oc 2-3, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will guide quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-1 tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and h hard-bop quartet will perform. Music fro nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker S (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night clu keeps bringing in proven jazz players, an the place keeps on being crowded. Electr violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** works with a quart through Saturday, Oct. 3; Sunday an Monday, Oct. 4-5, have been reserved f trumpeter Lee Katzman's quintet; and Tuesday, Oct. 6, the great veteran tenor sax phonist **BUDD JOHNSON** will move in with quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-507 —A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. **J TURNER,** who is now seventy, first attracted a tention in the early thirties, when he w known as Big Joe Turner. He quickly becam *the* Kansas City blues shouter, working wi pianist Pete Johnson and the Count Basie b band. By the late forties, his career was the wane; Turner changed with the times ar became a successful rhythm-and-blues artis His styles during this period stretched fro New Orleans singer ("Honey Hush") Chicago-blues singer ("TV Mama," a funn blues, which he wrote and recorded with gu tarist Elmore James) to rock-and-roll sing ("Shake, Rattle, and Roll"). Now a who new generation of listeners has discover him. He's still (thank heavens) here Wedne days through Saturdays (until Oct. 10). C Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basi blue octet, does moving renditions of Jam Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shakin material from the fifties and sixties. Show most nights around nine-thirty.

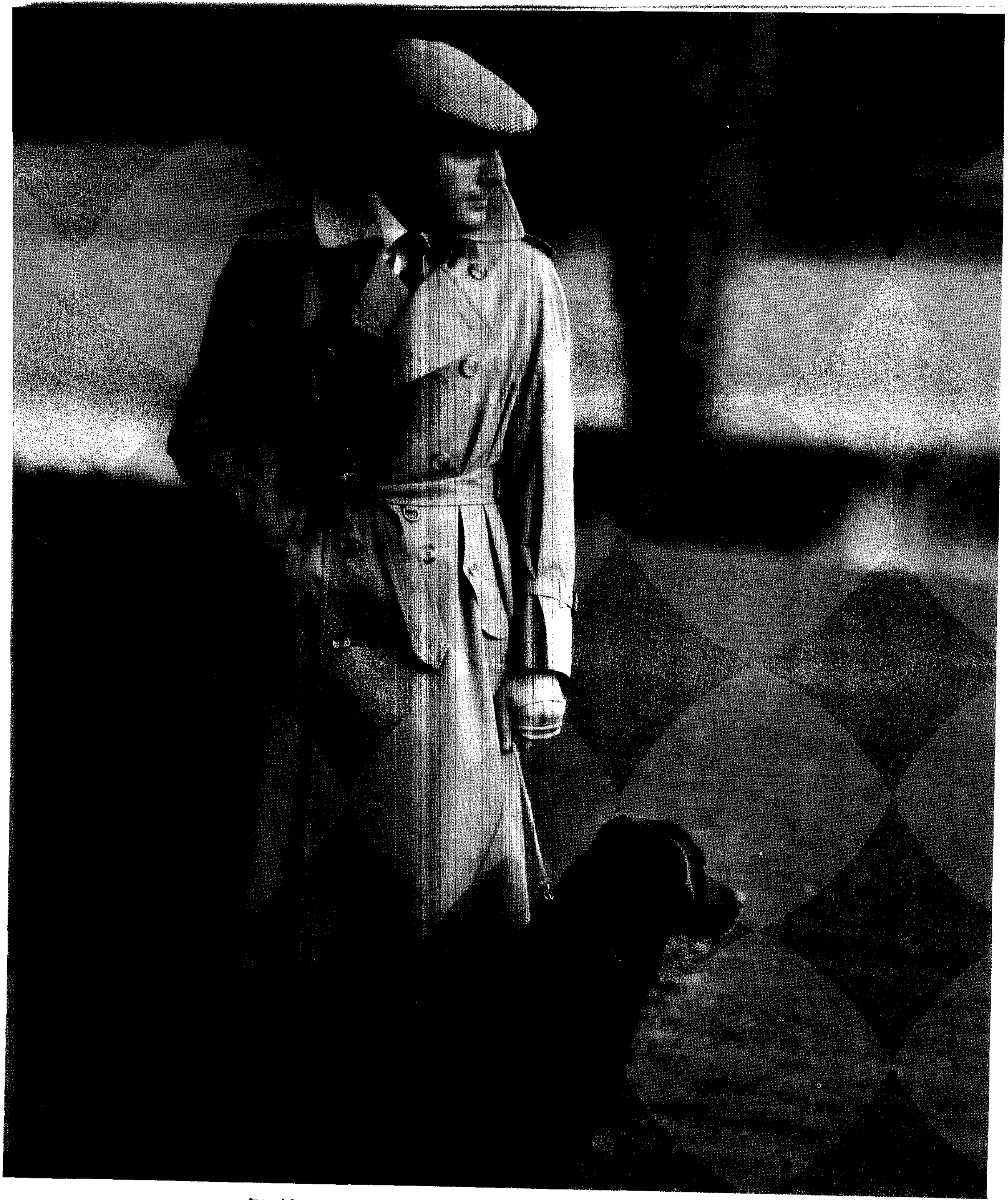
Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Av (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upp West Side. Some of the musicians: Wedne day, Sept. 30, R.A. Madison and Ellis Hoo Thursday, Oct. 1, Will Rambeaux and R Stoner; Friday, Oct. 2, Shooting Star and Joh Galt; Saturday, Oct. 3, Jim Carroll; Sunda Oct. 4, the Modettes; and Tuesday, Oct. Nikko Toy. Music after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—C Mondays, the barnlike downstairs room given over to exuberant salsa bands, whi begin playing at nine. On Friday, Oct. 2, that same room, there will be a benefit co cert with **ODETTA** and **JOSH WHITE, JR.,** performin at eleven. In the Top of the Gate on Frid and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, **ANITA O'DAY** will singing at nine and eleven. And out on t Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and h trio are on duty on Tuesdays after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11 St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-li décor here in the most famous jazz club in t world. **ROLAND HANNA,** a powerhouse of a pia ist, is in charge of a quartet through Sunda Oct. 4; on Tuesday, Oct. 6, guitarist **JIM HA** will come in with his trio. Mondays are **M LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th (929-9645)—A surprising number of peop know about this cozy little place situated ju north of scores of meat-packing plants ar truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorro The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mo days, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SAD HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Mus begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (66 8750)—A loose and informal Columb University neighborhood hangout for swin music admirers and players. Wednesda Sept. 30, a tribute to Oscar Pettiford will led by pianist **DICK KATZ;** Thursday throug Sunday, Oct. 1-4, tenor saxophonist an sometime vocalist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** will pe form; on Wednesday, Oct. 7, **STRING FEVER,**



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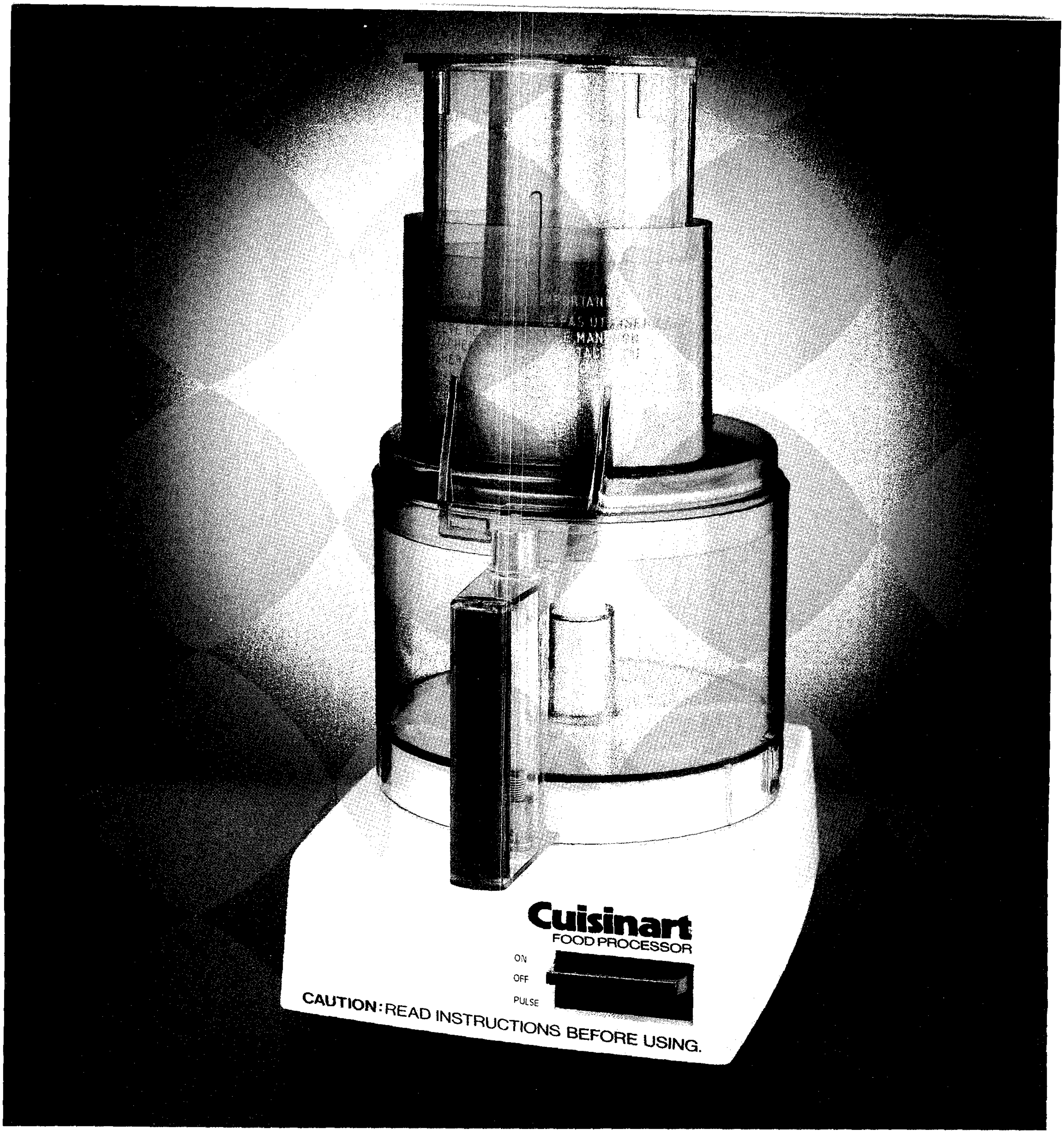

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quartet, will offer up hot jazz; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 8-10, will belong to tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY.** On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France's quartet is present, and Tuesdays are claimed by master drummer **JO JONES** and his band. Music every night from nine. Steam-table dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SHIRLEY BASSEY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, at 8.

IGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—A tribute to Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, and James P. Johnson, with Bobby Rosengarden, Vic Dickenson, Milt Hilton, Dick Wellstood, and others. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI and **DAVID GRISMAN QUARTET**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 2, at 8.

ILLY BANG QUARTET and **EVELYN BLAKEY & CELEBRATION**—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Friday, Oct. 2, at 9.

GEORGE ADAMS' HAND TO HAND—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, at 10.

OYAL N.Y. DOO-WOPP SHOW—With Rudy West & the Five Keys, Students, Cleftones, Vito Picone & the Elegants, Earl Lewis & the Channels, the Tokens, and Yesterday's Today. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

'RETENDERS—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8-9, at 10. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

LACKFOOT—With Def Leppard. (Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

LUEGRASS—The Seldom Scene and the Tony Trischka Band. (Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8 and 11.)

ADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8: The Kinks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 4: Tito Puente, Camilo Sesto, Leonor Benedetto, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

AZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 10: Thiago de Mello & Amazon featuring Claudio Roditi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 10: Mark Morganelli quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, at 10: Junior Cooke quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 9: Junior Cooke with Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

AVOY—Thursday and Friday, Oct. 1-2, at 9: Barbara Cook. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: Novo Combo and Ice House. . . . ¶ Sunday and Monday, Oct. 4-5, at 9: Barrere, Clayton, Gradney and Hayward. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 9: Marty Balin. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30 and 11:30: Gato Barbieri. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

OUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 9:30: Daniel Ponce & New York Now! . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 9:30, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, at 11:30: Dewey Redman Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, at 8:30: Alex Schlippenbach and Sven Ake Johansson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 9:30: Hilton Ruiz Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 9:30: East/West German Quartet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 1 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

OMARE BEARDEN—Oil paintings and paper collages dated 1981. Starts Thursday, Oct. 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. A selection of the artist's collages from the seventies is currently at the Brooklyn Museum.)

LAN DAVIE—Recent paintings by an English artist who spends much of his time on the island of St. Lucia and fills his works with Caribbean symbols and references. Through Saturday, Oct. 3, (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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GAYLEN HANSEN—Ten determinedly naïve Western paintings by a resident of Palouse, Washington, who specializes in gigantic fish, dogs in the moonlight, and a cheerful disregard for the laws of perspective. Through Oct. 13. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

CHARLES MOSER / JOACHIM BERTHOLD—Paintings and charcoal drawings of remote landscapes in Michigan and Maine—a lonely, single-track railroad crossing, for instance. / Bronze and marble sculptures of severely simplified figures by a German artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—Paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

CESAR PATERNOSTO—Twenty-one abstract paintings. Through Oct. 18. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—Six large predominantly white (and one predominantly black) wall pieces made of folded canvas, with Egypt as the theme, and two large works on paper. Also, related working drawings. Through Oct. 24. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—Collages from 1920-47, and selections from his Dadaist *Merz* graphics and publications. Through Oct. 17. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA (1874-1949)—Paintings and drawings in the pictographic style perfected by this artist, plus small wood constructions that also bear his stamp. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eastman Johnson, John White Alexander, Guy Pène du Bois, and other artists in a show of paintings from 1880-1917. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Maillol's cast-lead sculpture "Montagne" is the highlight of a new show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures, most of them by European artists. Through Oct. 24. . . . **SIEGEL** (formerly Art Latitude), 29 E. 73rd St.: A work apiece by Philip Guston and Alfred Jensen, who died during the past year, and by younger artists who felt their influences, among them Stuart Diamond and Joan Snyder. Through Saturday, Oct. 10.

SCULPTURE—At the **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works in wood and stone by Alexander Archipenko, Chaim Gross, William Zorach, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Recently acquired works by Moore, Maillol, Lipton, and Arp, among others. Through Saturday, Oct. 10.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

GUSTAVE BAUMANN (1881-1971)—Seventy-five color woodcuts and a number of original woodblocks, all of the Southwest. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

ANNA BIALOBRODA—Paintings in which the subject often changes in midstream from representational to abstract. The works are in robust acrylic colors. Through Thursday, Oct. 8. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

JOAN BROWN—A construction, two painted columns, and six paintings inspired by temples in India. Through Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

PAUL BURLIN (1886-1969) / **TOM BUTTER**—Late paintings. / Fibre-glass sculptures. Through Oct. 15. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Two phalanxes, each comprising several hundred abstract figures ranging in height from infinitesimal to eighteen or twenty inches, made of found varicolored pieces of lead, plus foot-high abstract cardboard figures striped with graphite. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE CHEMECHE—Mythical figures and beasts are seen among exotic vegetation in these paintings inspired by Alhambraic ornamentation and illuminated manuscripts from the Near East. The artist, born in Iraq, moved to Israel, thence to Paris, and now lives here. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBYN DENNY—Hard-edge abstract drawings done with white pencil and colored tape on dyed paper. Through Oct. 24. (Jacobson Hochman, formerly Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

BURGOYNE DILLER (1906-65) / **MICHAEL STEINER**—Paintings, sculptures, and collages of 1938-64 by this abstract artist. / Drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOSEF HERMAN—Strong paintings and drawings, sometimes verging on the abstract, many of them depicting seamen, coal miners, and peasants, by a Polish-born artist who has lived in England since the Second World War. Through Oct. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

MALVINA HOFFMAN (1885-1966)—Bronzes of dancers by a sculptor who was a student of Rodin and a friend of Pavlova. Also, works on paper. Through Oct. 15. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closes at four on Saturdays.)

PAUL LINFANTE—Outsize pastel portraits of individual apples, pears, or bunches of grapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

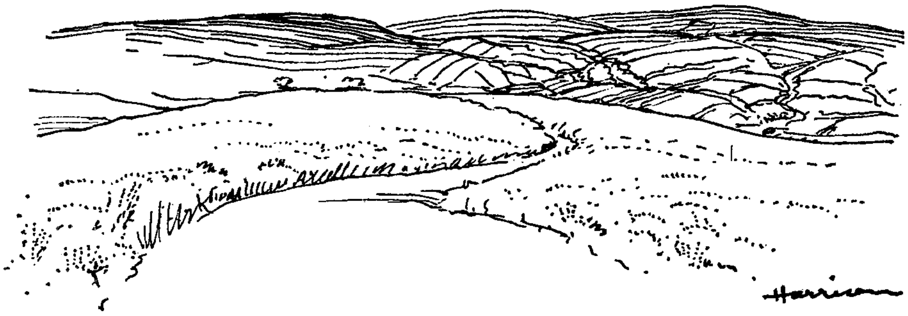
AGNES MARTIN / RICHARD SMITH—New paintings, each six feet square. Through Oct. 31. / Six-foot-tall abstract paintings incorporating paper pulp as both canvas and medium. Through Wednesday, Oct. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

HARRY NADLER—Paintings done in low-key colors on a formal grid pattern that is alleviated here and there by little surprises in the shape of concave (and sometimes convex) configurations. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

MARSHA PELS / VALENTINA DUBASKY—Abstract sculptures. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Oct. 24. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

ALDO ROSSI—Forty-six drawings, ranging from germinal scrawls to final renderings, about half of them this architect's designs for the new Teatro del Mundo in Venice. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Recent free-standing welded-steel sculptures in which the artist introduces a ready-made rectangular frame that serves as a sort of stage for the found



pieces he incorporates in his works. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ An exhibit of Stankiewicz's earlier and large-scale works is at Zabriskie's 521 W. 57th St. gallery. (Opens at 2; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through Oct. 17.

Jeff Way—Convulsive-looking paintings of Elvis Presley at work, a number of them portrait heads of him done in the manner of Francis Bacon. Also, a series of heads of Christ reminiscent of ancient woodblocks. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Isaac Witkin—New and relatively small-scale abstract sculptures in poured bronze, some of them treated with acids to obtain a variegated patina, plus works in iron. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Three large-scale steel works are currently on view at Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St., and will remain there for several months.

Sirpa Yarmolinsky—Wall hangings woven of heavy, handmade fibre ropes; constructions of tarpaper; and several colorful tapestries. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Vladimir Zakrzewski—Serial paintings and drawings, as in a comic strip, by a Polish artist with a Constructivist bent. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by eleven artists, most of whom express strong social feelings in works that are meant to shock, and do. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Robert Moskowitz, Neil Jenney, Donald Sultan (paintings), and Bryan Hunt (sculptures). Through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **HABER THEODORE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Eleven European and American artists in an exhibition of paintings (Michael Goldberg, Antoni Tàpies), sculptures (Louise Nevelson, Gio Pomodoro), and works on paper (Sam Francis, Hans Hofmann). Through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Romantic nineteenth-century paintings of the American West in a loan exhibit that includes works by Albert Bierstadt, George Catlin, and a Swiss artist named Karl Bodmer, who accompanied Prince Alexander Philip Maximilian von Wied, of Germany, on an exploration (1832-34) of the northern extremities of the Missouri River. Through Friday, Oct. 2. . . . **MARKEL,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works in mixed mediums, dealing with the stars at night, by twenty-five artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **ODYSSIA,** 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Landscapes by Marjorie Portnow, Sandra Rubin, William Beckman, and about twenty others. Through Saturday, Oct. 10.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Robert Barry and Carole Gallagher—Works on paper by the former; photographs by the latter (greenhouse interiors and exteriors); and a joint effort involving words and photographs projected on a wall. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Works on paper—flowers, floral patterns, anatomical studies. Through Oct. 11. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Jeffrey Brosk / Joseph Saltzer—A thirty-three-foot-long installation entitled "Hemingway's Wall," which consists of concrete blocks, stucco, wood, and sand. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. / Closeup photographs of walls. Through Wednesday, Oct. 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

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Hilo Chen / Nathan Slate Joseph—Photo-Realist watercolors of flowers. / Metal panels collaged with pieces of found metal. Very durable works. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Jean Cocteau (1889-1963)—Drawings, pastels, and ceramics. Through Oct. 13. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Raymon Elozua / Jack Radetsky—Miniature ceramic sculptures of broken-down industrial works as imagined by the artist. / Folding screens on which shadowy representations of the interiors they belong in are painted. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

George Greenamyer—Steel sculptures by an artist who pokes fun at Uncle Sam, bureaucrats, and suburban life styles. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

K. H. Hödicke—A Berlin artist who paints large, vigorous figurative works in the Expressionist tradition of, say, Kirchner. Through Oct. 24. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Buffie Johnson / Gerald Samuels—Paintings covering the past four decades, including one done during the nineteen-fifties as a study for one of the abstract murals in the Astor Theatre. / Charcoal-and-graphite drawings of shells. Through Oct. 14. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

Don Judd—A work, eighty feet long, composed of a row of massive wooden bins made of sanded marine plywood. It occupies the whole north wall of this spacious gallery. Through Oct. 17. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Lucio Pozzi—Four large recent oils, apocalyptic in theme and violent in color. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Rodney Ripps / Laurie Anderson—Shaped paintings in relief, mostly of clowns, astronauts, and angels. / Four audio-accompanied wall works. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Andy Warhol—A show called "American Myths" includes silk-screened portraits of Santa Claus, Greta Garbo, Howdy Doody, Mickey Mouse, and Warhol himself. Diamond dust is incorporated in the processing of the works. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At the **BOONE,** 417 and 420 West Broadway: The works of seven gallery artists, including two new paintings by Ross Bleckner and a diptych by David Salle. Through Wednesday, Oct. 7. . . . **CHRISTIAN,** 110 Greene St.: Forty Famous Californians—a show of works on paper which is intended to convince the East that Art is alive and thriving on the West Coast. The guest curator is Michael Walls, and the artists include Richard Diebenkorn, Sam Francis, Chris Burden, Robert Arneson, Bruce Nauman—big guns all. Through Oct. 14. . . . **COWLES,** 420 West Broadway: A selection of works by Dennis Ashbaugh, Tom Holland, and Alan Saret, plu photographs by Gerald Incandela. Throug Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 13 Greene St.: Recent works on paper by eleve emerging artists, including David Winte (acrylic and colored-pencil drawings), Thoma Corey (architectural representations on trans lucent paper), and John Billingham (tin paper sculptures). Through Oct. 28. (Ope Mondays; open Wednesday evenings unt 8.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Ne works by a number of the gallery artist among them John Okulick, Joseph Raffae and Howard Buchwald. Through Wednesda Oct. 7. . . . **SEMAPHORE,** 462 West Broadwa Figurative works by thirteen artists, amon them Alice Neel, Jed Garet, and Robert Lon go. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **SPERON WESTWATER FISCHER,** 142 Greene St.: Drawing by Francesco Clemente, Malcolm Morle Julian Schnabel, and other prominent con temporary artists. Through Oct. 17. . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: A dozen galler artists showing new works, including a pain ing in which heavily impastoed fish form pattern in a wall, by John Lees; a horse pa ing homage to a satyr by David True; an a mysterious landscape by April Gornik Through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **TOLL,** in ne quarters at 146 Greene St.: Nine gallery ar ists showing new work: a cryptic story told i pictures by Liliana Porter; a triptych pain ing by Milo Reice; and a curious vase b Curtis Ripley. Through Saturday, Oct. 10.

OTHER GALLERIES

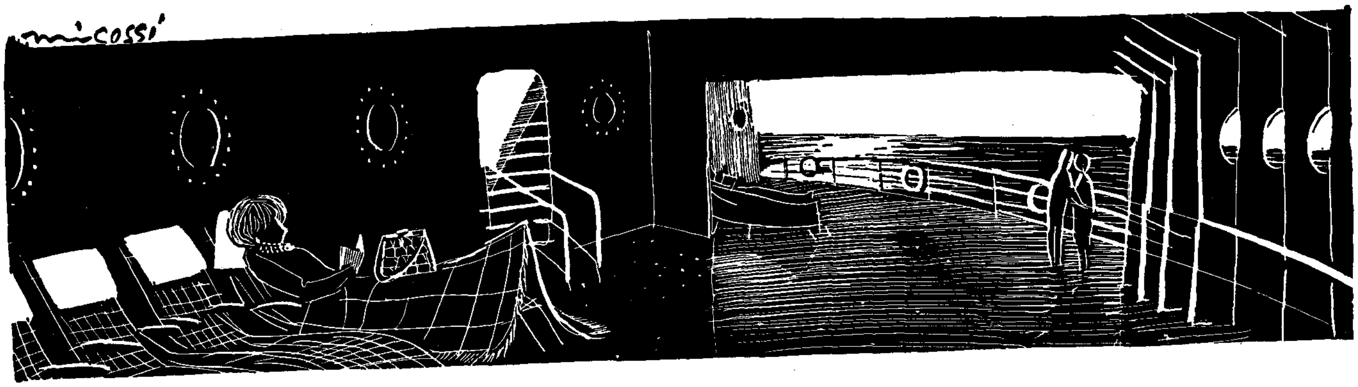
Sesquicentennial Tribute to New York Universi—A four-part exhibit in celebration of th institution's hundred and fiftieth annive sary: Paintings by Jim Dine, Ad Reinhard and others from the university's collectio works from the collection of Dr. and Mr John Brademas (the former is the presiden designate of the university), including orig nal posters by Robert Rauschenberg, Robe Indiana, and James Rosenquist; paintings b Ralph Fasanella of the Washington Squa area; and one hundred photographs of th N.Y.U. neighborhood by André Kertés. Through Oct. 17. (Grey Art Gallery, Ne York University, Washington Pl., just east Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 1 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—A hundred an twenty-five prints of the French countrysid This is the first of four Atget shows planne by the Museum of Modern Art, which h more than five thousand of the photo rapher's prints and negatives. See belo under "Museums," for dates and times.

John Baldessari / Deborah Turbeville—Startin with an enlarged, closely cropped photograp of a struggling snake, the artist has selected number of other photographs—a footba player, scuba divers—and trimmed them fit a space identical to the snake's. / Phot graphs of Versailles, part of a series recentl published as a book. Through Saturday, Oc 10. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Nell Dorr—A fifty-year retrospective of th octogenarian's work, beginning with her po traits of children in the Florida Keys durin the twenties and including prints of nude flowers, and the numerous mother-and-chil studies which she has done over the year Through Oct. 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave at 69th St.)



BERNARD FAUCON—Fresson-color prints. Through Oct. 17. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

LOUIS FAURER—Prints of New York and Philadelphia in the forties and fifties. Seventy-five in all. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN HORGAN, JR.—Late-nineteenth-century mammoth albumin-plate photographs of life on the plantations of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

PEGGY JARRELL KAPLAN—Portraits of contemporary artists and dancers: twenty-five subjects, including Joseph Beuys, Eleanor Antin, Ida Applebroog, and Stanley Boxer. Through Friday, Oct. 9. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

DANNY LYON—Recent shots of New York (street scenes) and Colombia, South America (slum children, the interiors of brothels), plus some earlier character studies; seventy-five prints in all. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

M. MILLER—Formal portraits of mostly upper-class Chinese—the mandarins and compradors of Hong Kong and Canton—made between 1861 and 1864 by this photographer who was then living in Hong Kong. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

GORDON PARKS—Dye-transfer prints. Through Oct. 17. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

I. SEELEY / JOHN STASZYN—High-contrast color prints, among other works. / Abstract still-lifes. Through Oct. 17. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—The Museum of Modern Art has installed a survey of photographs of the American landscape in fifty-five prints. Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, and Frank Gohlke are among the artists. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

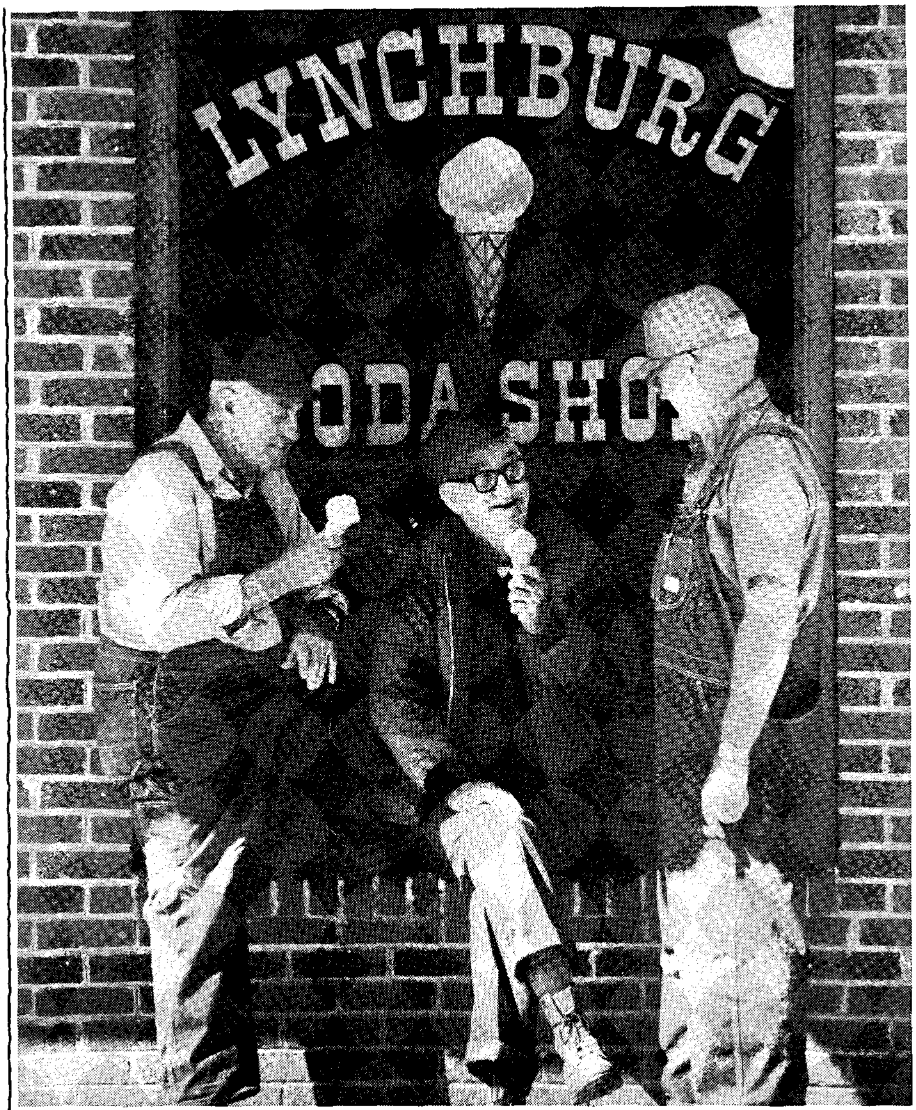
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display (in photographs) of Frederick Law Olmsted's and Calvert Vaux's plans and drawings for the creation of Central and Prospect Parks, plus historical and contemporary photographs and a topographical model of Central Park as it was in 1873, with its requisite balance of "turf, wood, and water." The show was put together by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and twenty etchings by four seventeenth-century Dutch printmakers: Allart van Everdingen and Esaias and Jan van de Velde (genre scenes and landscapes), and Romeyn de Hooghe (portraits, cityscapes, political caricatures). Through Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the career of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp: examples of her early abstract style; a number of marionettes she created for the Swiss Puppet Theatre in the mid-teens; two painted-wood Dada heads and watercolors from the nineteen-twenties; and drawings, gouaches, oils, and a series of painted-wood reliefs from the late nineteen-thirties. Over forty entries in all. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works, which date from the thirties, are from the museum's collection. Starts Thursday, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ In a show that deals broadly with the ways artists link words and pictures are illustrations for literary works; drawings that use words as either symbol or image; and artists' books that substitute pictures for words. Charles Demuth, Max Ernst, and Carl Andre are a few of the artists. Through Tuesday, Oct. 6. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Starts Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ "American Landscapes." Through Sunday, Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Just over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done by Roy Lich-



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tenstein in the nineteen-seventies. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and fifty recent drawing acquisitions, the works of a stellar—and diverse—cast: Prendergast, Gorky, Diebenkorn, Guston, Calder, Nevelson, Reinhardt, Steinberg, Arneson, and others. Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O’Keeffe from the museum’s collection. Through Sunday, Oct. 4. . . . **COMPOSERS’ SHOWCASE:** The twenty-fifth year. Three evenings of music, all at 7 and 9:30. On Wednesday, Sept. 30: An all-Stravinsky program, including “L’Histoire du Soldat,” with Aaron Copland, Roger Sessions, Virgil Thomson, Robert Craft, Speculum Musicae, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1: “A Kurt Weill Encore,” with, among others, Lotte Lenya, Celeste Holm, Richard Woitach, and Richard Cassilly, and including little-known works. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 2: The concert-version première of Arthur Miller’s “Up from Paradise,” performed by Mr. Miller and Austin Pendleton as well as by singing actors and a chamber ensemble (directed by the composer of the work, Stanley Silverman). Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden’s collages from the past decade. Through Nov. 29. A complementary show (starting Thursday, Oct. 1) will be at Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition, a biennial show whose works were chosen from open viewings at the museum. Starts Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Black-and-white photographs from the late nineteen-forties to the present by N. Jay Jaffee of scenes taken in such disparate locations as Brooklyn and Paris. Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Twenty-three watercolors with overlaps of ink-on-acetate drawings, plus text (in calligraphy), all done for a children’s book, by Jay Ells. Through Nov. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The microscope’s role in the annals of science—from Leeuwenhoek through Louis Pasteur to the museum’s 23,000-power scanning electron microscope. A mid-seventeenth-century illustration of a flea, which Leeuwenhoek considered “endowed with as great perfection in its kind as any large animal,” is compared to a flea seen through a modern-day lens. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Starts Saturday, Oct. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A tribute to the written word, bounded at one end by a full-size replica of the inscription on Trajan’s column, and at the other by a word-processor. The evolution of writing implements (styluses, quills, felt-tip pens), accessories (inkwells, pencil boxes), surfaces (papyrus, vellum), and even desks is explored, as are penmanship and the learning of one’s ABC’s. A section on book arts includes a fifteenth-century encyclopedia entitled “Nuremberg Chronicle,” an original Beardsley drawing, and lithographs by Delacroix for an illustrated “Hamlet.” Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight strangely “modern” watercolors by William Blake (1757-1827) done late in his career as illustrations for John Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and advancing in sequence from “John Bunyan Dreams a Dream,” to “The Slough of Despair,” and arriving at last at “The Gates of Heaven.” The show is open through Nov. 1 from 10 to 6 Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from 1 to 6 on Sundays (closed Mondays). It is intended as a complement to another Blake show, at the Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The William Blake representation here (ending Sunday, Oct. 4) is larger and more diverse than the Frick’s, including a series of twenty-one watercolors done in 1805 for “The Book of Job,” a bound volume of the engravings for his 1793 “America,” and complete sets of illustrations for both his “Songs of Innocence” and “Songs of Experience.” Also on display is the “Pickering Manuscript,” the only extant holograph of Blake’s work. Besides the Blake exhibition, the Morgan is also showing drawings and maquettes by Maurice Sendak (who claims Blake as one of his early influences) for the sets and costumes of a production of Mozart’s “The Magic Flute” by the Houston Grand Opera. Mr. Sendak’s show will run through Nov. 1. And, to round things off, the Morgan also has on view (through Sunday, Oct. 4), among several other Mozart manuscripts, one of the three known sketches for “The Magic Flute,” written shortly before his death. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Nearly seventy early Buddhist works of art that have been borrowed from the Hōryū-ji monastery in Nara, where Buddhism was established in Japan by Prince Shōtoku Taishi in the seventh century. Included in the display are a late-seventh-century gilt-bronze Yumetagae Kannon and a ninth-century wood Jizō (both national treasures), painted and sculpted images of the prince, and metal openwork decorations taken from the temple. Through Oct. 25. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A hundred and seventy photographs, plus written material, all of which highlight the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). The photographs (including ninety taken in the early nineteen-sixties showing Kafka’s neighborhood haunts) focus in part on his education, the women he knew, and the years before his death; the texts include first editions (“America,” “The Metamorphosis”), author’s proofs with notations (“A Country Doctor”), and memorabilia. Through Jan. 10. (Open Thursday, Oct. 1, from noon to 5; Sunday, Oct. 4, from 11 to 6; and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 5-6, from noon to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of a hundred and twenty-five seventeenth-to-nineteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Rouen Museum. Watteau, Delacroix, Géricault, Poussin, Ingres, and others. Starts Thursday, Oct. 1. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of music manuscripts, books, and prints central to early-American musical history (the tunes for the national anthem, “Hail Columbia,” and “Yankee Doodle”) and other music memorabilia. Through Dec. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection’s survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings on Plexiglas by Tom Wolf, drawings and life-sized cardboard sets by Philippe Demontaut, and a photographic installation by Annette Messager. Through Oct. 17.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Alison Knowles’ “The Book of Bean,” an installation set up as a book, which the viewer “reads” by walking through it, page by page. Through Saturday, Oct. 3.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615.—Amina Claudine Meyers (music), Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; Ned Sublette & the Southwesterners (music), Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8: “Norma,” with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Placido Domingo, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; conducted by James Levine. . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8: “La Traviata,” with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Cornell MacNeil; Nicola Rescigno. . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 7: “Siegfried,” with Elisabeth Payer, Manfred Jung, Ragnar Ulfung, Donald McIntyre, Franz Mazura, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2: “Norma,” with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Placido Domingo, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8: “Das Rheingold,” with Ellen Shade, Jocelyne Taillon, Eva Randova, Timothy Jenkins, Joszef Dene, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 5, at 8: “La Traviata,” with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Cornell MacNeil; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8: “Norma,” with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Placido Domingo, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; James Levine. . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8:30: “Madame Butterfly,” with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Ariel Bybee, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Arthur Thompson; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:30: “Das Rheingold,” with Ellen Shade, Jocelyne Taillon, Eva Randova, Timothy Jenkins, Franz Mazura, and Donald McIntyre; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 7: “Siegfried,” with Elisabeth Payer, Manfred Jung, Ragnar Ulfung, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Jozsef Dene, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at

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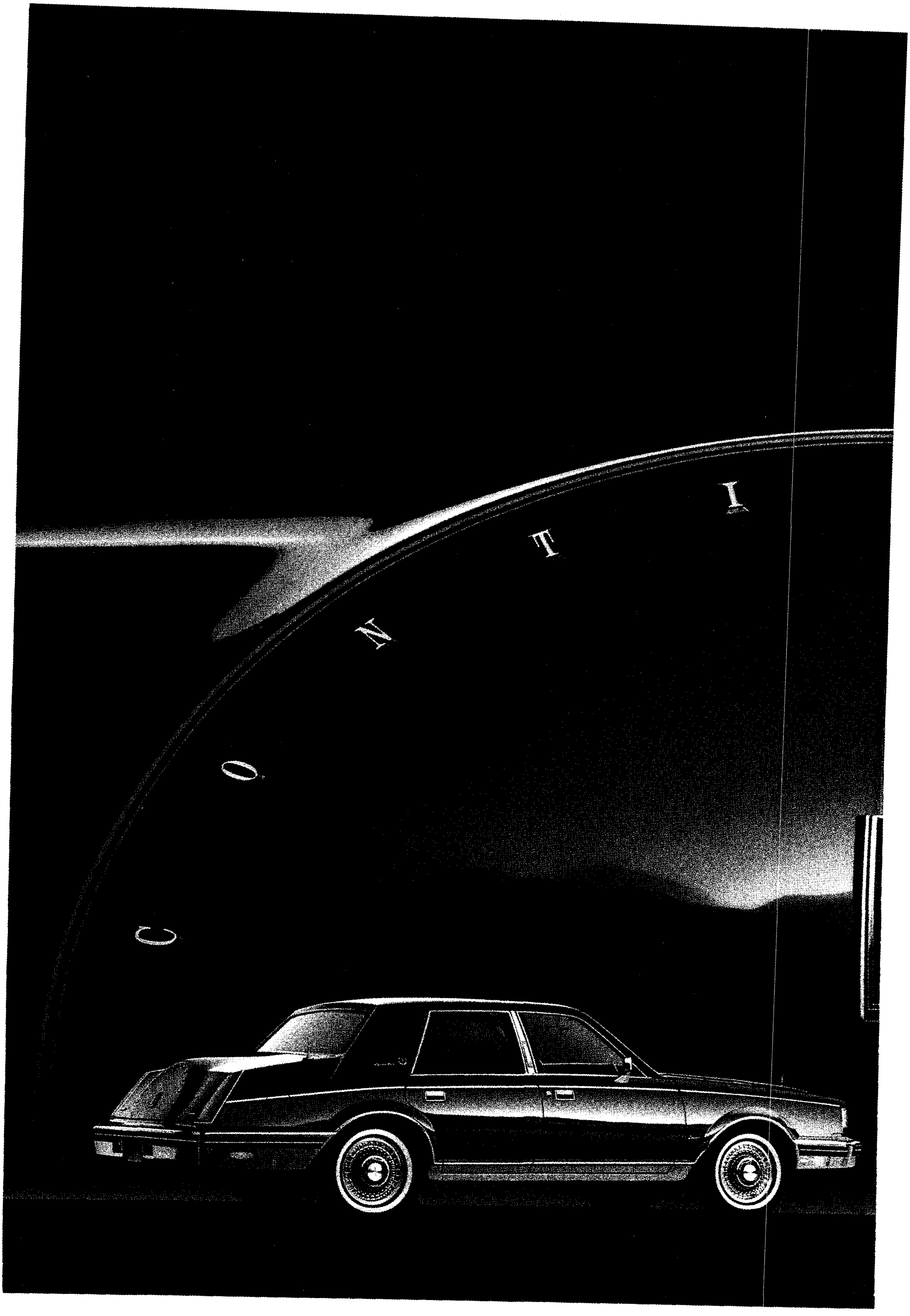
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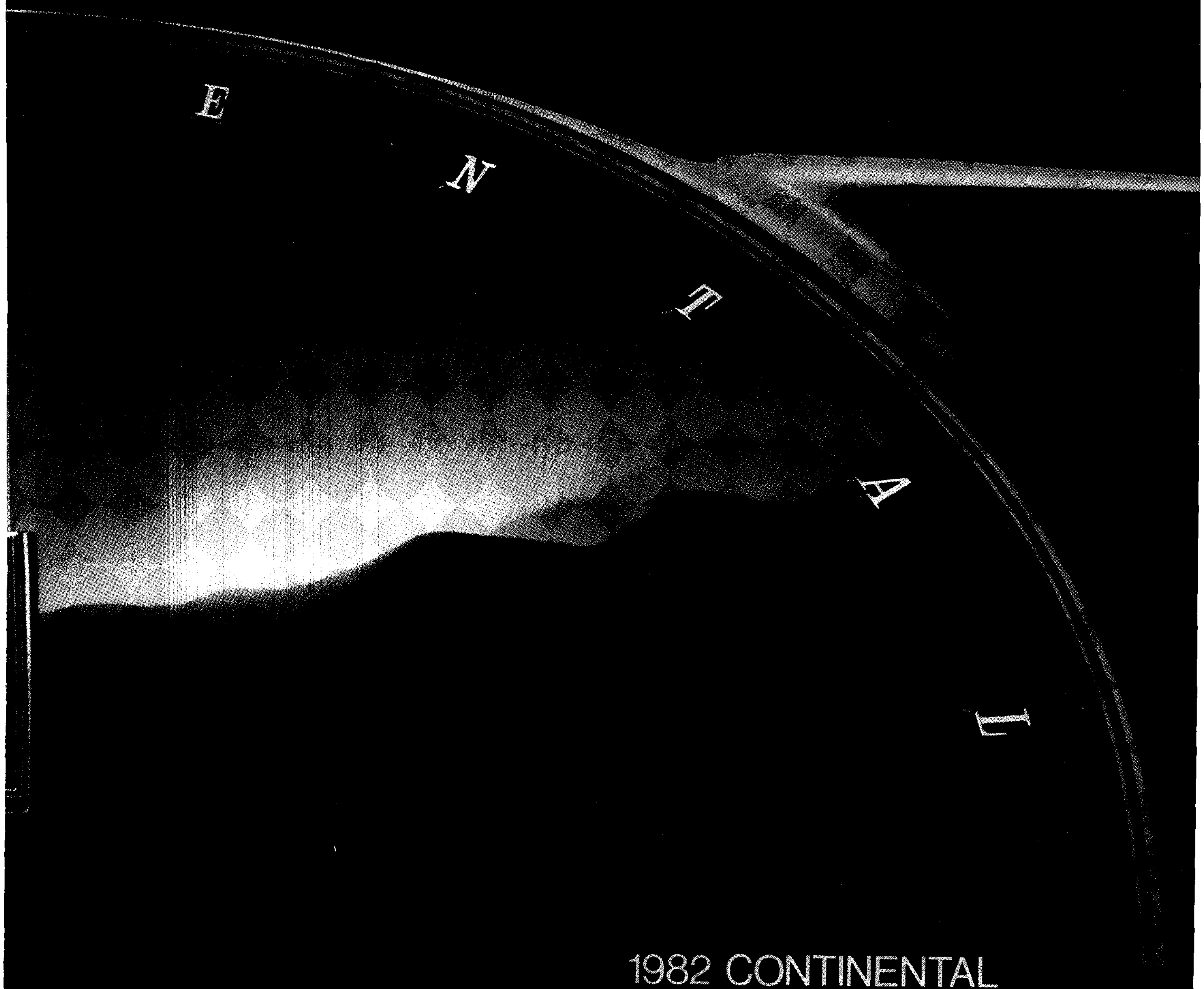

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Ariel Bybee, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Arthur Thompson; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Cornell MacNeil; Nicola Rescigno.

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Sept. 30: "Carmen," with Patricia Miller, Faith Esham, Garry Grice, and Charles Long; conducted by Semyon Bychkov. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 1: "I Puritani," with Gianna Rolandi, Janis Eckhart, John Aler, Pablo Elvira, and David Cumberland; Theo Alcantara. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 2: "Nabucco," with Marisa Galvany, Janis Eckhart, John Broecheler, John Lankston, and Justino Díaz; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 3: "I Puritani," with Gianna Rolandi, Janis Eckhart, John Aler, Pablo Elvira, and David Cumberland; Theo Alcantara. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 3: "Carmen," with Patricia Miller, Faith Esham, Garry Grice, and Charles Long; Semyon Bychkov. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 4: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Elizabeth Hynes, Barry McCauley, and Alan Titus; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 4: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Leigh Munro, John Lankston, Jerry Hadley, Dominic Cossa, and James Billings; David Effron. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 6: "Carmen," with Gail Gilmore, Faith Esham, Riccardo Calleo, and James Dietsch; Semyon Bychkov. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 7: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, John Broecheler, Spiro Malas, and John Aler; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "La Bohème," with Heather Thomson, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Alan Titus; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "I Puritani," with June Anderson, Janis Eckhart, Chris Merritt, Richard Fredricks, and Justino Díaz; Theo Alcantara. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 10: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Leigh Munro, John Lankston, Jerry Hadley, Dominic Cossa, and James Billings; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; Vincent La Selva. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8; Friday, Oct. 2, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 7:30: A Stockhausen-Beethoven-Stravinsky program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 5, at 8: A nonsubscription concert, with Montserrat Caballé singing arias by Bellini, Donizetti, and Wagner. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8-9, at 8: A Gerhard Samuel-Chopin-Mozart program, with Cecile Licad, piano.

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with André-Michel Schub, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3.)

National Arts Center Orchestra of Canada—Mario Bernardi conducting a Shostakovich-Beethoven program, with Felicity Palmer, soprano, and Marius Rintzler, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

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Dallas Symphony Orchestra—Eduardo Mata conducting a Ravel-Beethoven program, with Yefim Bronfman, piano; Eliot Chapo, violin; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Cathedral Singers—Richard Westenburg directing a program of Bach cantatas. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Gregory Fulkerson—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—The Ensemble's string quartet performing a Mozart-Beethoven-Schumann program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Menahem Pressler and the Juilliard String Quartet—A program of music for piano and strings. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—Two concerts presenting the complete Bartók quartets. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Quartets 1, 2, and 3, Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8; and Quartets 4, 5, and 6, Sunday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Gilbert Price—Baritone. (Holy Trinity Church, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 947-7171.)

Harald Vogel—Organ, with assisting artists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

D'Anna Fortunato—Mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Mendelssohn-Chopin-Franck program performed by Lee Luvisi, piano; Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 5-6, at 8.)

Mark Zeltser—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

David Jolley—Horn, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Lindsay String Quartet—A British quartet in a program that includes the American première of Michael Tippett's String Quartet No. 4. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Alan Mandel—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Jan DeGaetani, Lee Luvisi, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, mezzo-soprano, piano, and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Linda Chesis—Flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:30.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Coldstream Guards and the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards—Band, pipes, drums, and Highland dancers. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 1 and 5:30.)

SPORTS

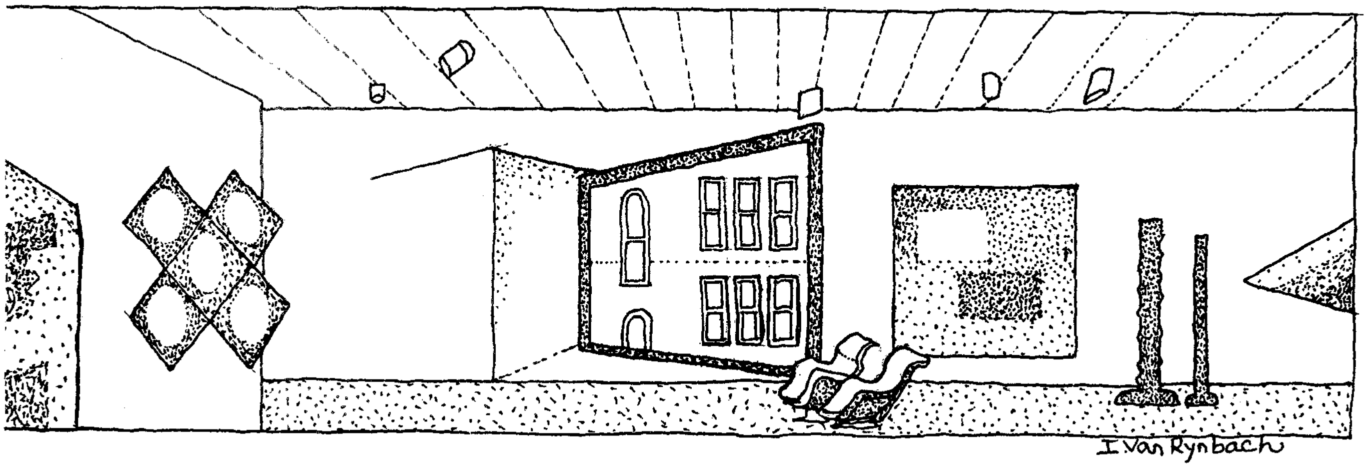
Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:05; and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 3-4, at 2:05. . . . **american league and national league preliminary playoffs:** Start Tuesday, Oct. 6.

College Football—**saturday, oct. 3** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Cornell, at Piscataway. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Navy, at New Haven. . . . **sunday, oct. 4:** Manhattan vs. Livingston, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1. . . . **saturday, oct. 10:** Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. William and Mary, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Yale, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 4: Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami.

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers (exhibition game), Wednesday, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders (exhibition game), Friday, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Tuesday, Oct. 6. (Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.) . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers (exhibition game), Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 12. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 3; the Frizette, Sunday, Oct.



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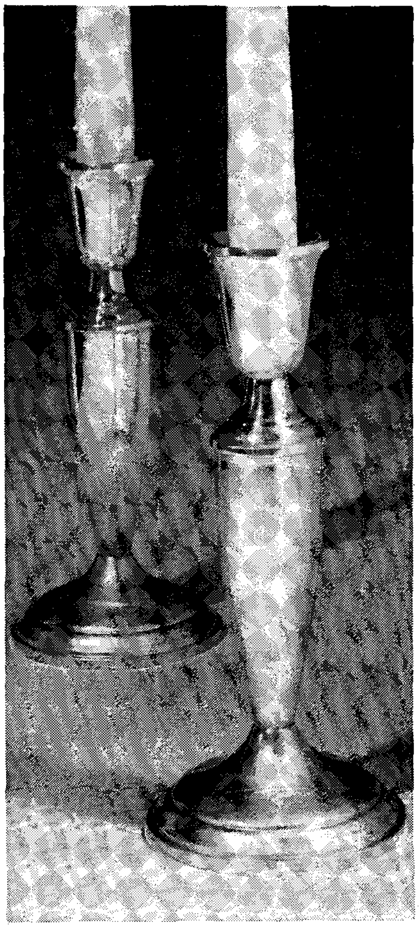

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4; the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 9; and the Jockey Cup Gold Cup and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Thursday, Oct. 1, and the Queen Charlotte, Friday, Oct. 9. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Oct. 19.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7.

Yachting—The fifteenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, around the West Bank Light and back to the 69th Street Pier in Brooklyn. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 10 (storm date, Sunday, Oct. 11). A spectator boat will embark from the South Street Seaport (no boat on the storm date); for information about tickets and departure time, call 766-9056.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—David St. John and Jane Shore reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ Frederick Morgan reading from his own works and introducing poets Dana Gioia and Emily Grosholz. A benefit for the *Hudson Review*. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 755-9040.)

Walking Tours—A fall bird walk in Central Park, lead by Lambert Pohner and Sarah Elliott. Sunday, Oct. 4, starting at the Loeb Boathouse, northeast corner of the lake at 74th Street, at 2. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ "Upper Fifth Avenue: The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 4, starting at the Museum, *Fifth Ave. at 104th St., at 2.* For information, call 534-1672. . . . ¶ Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of northern Central Park. Saturday, Oct. 10, starting at 100th Street and Central Park West, at 10:45. No tickets necessary.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Saturday, Oct. 3, at 10:15: American paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 10:15 and 2: Contemporary prints, among them works by Jim Dine, Jasper Johns, and Robert Motherwell. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 1. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 2: Silver, watches, *objets de vertu*, and Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . PHILLIPS, 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Monday, Oct. 5, at 11: European and American furniture and decorations.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 3 elections will be Tuesday, Oct. 6, and Saturday, Oct. 10, from 1 to 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY-OFFS AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY-OFFS: Starts Oct. 13. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 20, in the home park of the American League champion.

Professional Basketball—The Knicks open their regular season at Madison Square Garden, on Oct. 31 vs. Indiana. . . . ¶ The Nets open their regular season at the Byrne Meadowlands Arena on Oct. 30 vs. the Knicks.

Professional Football—SUNDAY, OCT. 11: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 18: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Seattle. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 25: Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 1: Giants vs. Jets, at Giants Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 8: Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Milwaukee, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Oct. 14 (Vancouver), Oct. 18 (St. Louis), Oct. 21 (Los Angeles), Oct. 25 (Montreal), Oct. 28 (Edmonton), and Nov. 1 (Calgary). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: *Oct. 15* (Vancouver), Oct. 17 (Rangers), Oct. 20 (Los A geles), Oct. 24 (Washington), Oct. 27 (E monton), Nov. 3 (Calgary), and Nov. (Buffalo).

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madis Square Garden. Nov. 3-8.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Oct. 14-Dec. 31. . LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 20-Dec. 31.

Running—The New York City Marathon, sta ing at the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge Pla and ending at the Tavern-on-the-Green, O 25.

Trotting—At *Roosevelt Raceway,* Westbu Nov. 9-Dec. 31.

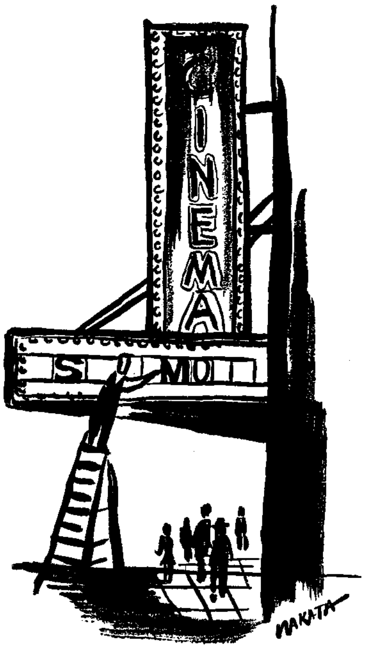
Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The s son continues through April 17. . . . AV FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Ph harmonic season continues through May . . . ¶ American Philharmonic Orchestra, O 19. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Ali de Larrocha, piano, Nov. 8. . . . CARNEGIE H (247-7459): Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. and 27. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Oct. and 17. . . . ¶ Dylana Jenson, violin, O 16. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, O 20. . . . ¶ Polish Chamber Orchestra, Oct. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck and the Tureck Ba Players, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ New York Cho Society, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Zagreb Philharmo Nov. 2. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orches Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Moura Lympany, piano, N 9. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Er Friedman, violin, Oct. 11. . . . Mich Rogers, piano, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Natan Bra piano, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Soci of Lincoln Center, Oct. 18-20, and Nov and 8. . . . ¶ Irene Gubrud, soprano, O 26. . . . ¶ Clarion Concerts, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ E semble for Early Music, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Cla Frank, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Waverly Cons Nov. 5 and 7. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT H 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Y Chamber Sy phony, Oct. 17-18, Oct. 24, and N 7. . . . ¶ Zvi Zeitlin, violin, Oct. 28. ¶ Cantilena Chamber Players, Nov. 1. ¶ Group for Contemporary Music, Nov. . . . ¶ Bella Davidovich, piano, Nov. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Met politan Museum (570-3949): Guarneri Qu tet, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Beaux Arts Trio, O 23. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. and 31. . . . ¶ Aston Magna, Oct. 29. ¶ Jens Nygaard & Friends, Oct. 30. ¶ Alexander Schneider & Friends, Nov. 5.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to o during the next several weeks: "Marlowe, rock musical based on the life of Christop Marlowe. The book is by Leo Rost, the mu is by Jimmy Horowitz, and the lyrics are both. Patrick Jude will have the title r Lisa Mordente and Raymond Serra will a be in the cast. . . . ¶ Joanne Woodward star in Bernard Shaw's "Candida." With Ja Curtin, Ronald Bishop, John Gilliss, Ron rady, and Tait Ruppert. . . . ¶ "Einstein a the Polar Bear," a play by Tom Griffin, have Peter Strauss in the lead. . . . ¶ M O'Shea and Eric Roberts will return to th roles in Bill C. Davis's play "Mass Appe which ran Off Broadway last spring. . . . limited engagement of the Lerner and Loe musical "Camelot," with Richard Harris Arthur. . . . ¶ A musical, "Merrily We Along," with a book by George Furth a music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim ba on the 1934 George S. Kaufman-Moss H play of the same title. With James Weiss bach, Ann Morrison, and Lonny Pri . . . ¶ "Crimes of the Heart," Beth Henle Pulitzer Prize-winning play, will move Broadway with Mary Beth Hurt, Mia Dill Lizbeth Mackay, and Peter McNichol in roles they originated Off Broadway last w ter. . . . ¶ Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers Ronald Harwood's "The Dresser," a p about a Shakespearean actor and his goss dresser. With Rachel Gurney, Leslie Barr Marge Redmond, and Douglas Seale. ¶ "Oh, Brother!," a musical by Don Driver (book and lyrics) and Michael Vale (music) centered on two sets of twins separ ed as infants and reunited as adults. The c includes David James Carroll, Harry Gr ner, Judy Kaye, Elizabeth Mastrontonio, a Larry Marshall.

Other Dates—The National Arts and Antiq Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, O 10-18. . . . ¶ Columbus Day will be celebra on Monday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Daylight-sav time ends Sunday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Elect Day is Tuesday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Veterans D is Wednesday, Nov. 11.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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EAST SIDE

le Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7171; theatre opens in the late after-oon.)
The Shooting Party" (1977; directed by Emil Loteanu; in Russian). No performances on Monday, Oct. 5.

, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
hrough Oct. 1: "A Star Is Born" (†) and "Meet Me in St. Louis." (†)
rom Oct. 2: "Hound of the Baskervilles" (Paul Morrissey), with Dudley Moore and Peter Cook.

Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
hrough Oct. 1: "S.O.B." (†) and "Airplane!" (†)
rom Oct. 2: To be announced.

amercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.

Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.

rray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
So Fine" (Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden.

ws 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-544)
heatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown. From Oct. 2: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.
heatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
heatre 3: "Mommie Dearest" (Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.

h St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
hrough Oct. 8: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
rom Oct. 9: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.

tside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
hrough Oct. 8: "The Disappearance" (Stuart Cooper), with Donald Sutherland and Francine Racette.
rom Oct. 9: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.

ton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
'True Confessions" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.

tham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
'Southern Comfort" (Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.

za, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
'Arthur." (†)

nhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-420)
heatre 1: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
heatre 2: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.

ronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-663)
heatre 1: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.
heatre 2: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
'Tim" (Michael Pate), with Piper Laurie and Mel Gibson.

nema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-022/0774)
heatre 1: "Chariots of Fire" (Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson.
heatre 2: "Prince of the City." (†)

mini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
heatre 1: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.
heatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown. From Oct. 9: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.

ekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"So Fine" (Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden.

ews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
heatre 1: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
heatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†) From Oct. 2: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 1: "Superman II." (†)
Oct. 2-8: "New York, New York." (†)
From Oct. 9: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Arthur." (†)

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Mommie Dearest" (Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.
Theatre 2: "Prince of the City." (†)

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "So Fine" (Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown. From Oct. 2: "Final Exam."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "September Wheat" (directed by Peter Krieg; a West German film, in English), a documentary. From Oct. 7: "Tiefland" (1954; Leni Riefenstahl; in German), with Riefenstahl.
Theatre 2: A festival of Rainer Werner Fassbinder films (all in German): Through Oct. 4: "The Third Generation," with Eddie Constantine and Hanna Schygulla. Oct. 5-7: "The Merchant of Four Seasons." (†) From Oct. 8: "In a Year of 13 Moons" (1978), with Volker Spengler.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Arthur." (†) From Oct. 9: "Rich and Famous" (George Cukor), with Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Best Boy." (†) From Oct. 2: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "The Disappearance" (Stuart Cooper), with Donald Sutherland and Francine Racette. From Oct. 9 (tentative): "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort. From Oct. 9 (tentative): "Prince of the City." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Oct. 1: "The Disappearance" (Stuart Cooper), with Donald Sutherland and Francine Racette.
From Oct. 2: "Hound of the Baskervilles" (Paul Morrissey), with Dudley Moore and Peter Cook.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Honky Tonk Freeway" (John Schlesinger), with Beau Bridges and Hume Cronyn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman" (Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 8: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
From Oct. 9 (tentative): "Rich and Famous" (George Cukor), with Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman" (Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heartland." (†)

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Prince of the City." (†)

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "New York, New York." (†) From Oct. 5: "Cutter's Way." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 7: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini. From Oct. 8: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.
Theatre 3: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "Pixote" (Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From Oct. 5: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "Cutter's Way." (†) From Oct. 5: "Pixote" (Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "The Inheritance" (1976; Mauro Bolignini; in Italian), with Dominique Sanda and Anthony Quinn. From Oct. 2: "Hound of the Baskervilles" (Paul Morrissey), with Dudley Moore and Peter Cook.
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†) From Oct. 2: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Arthur." (†) From Oct. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belu-

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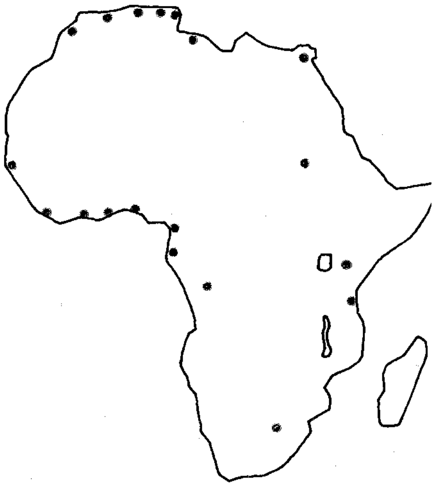

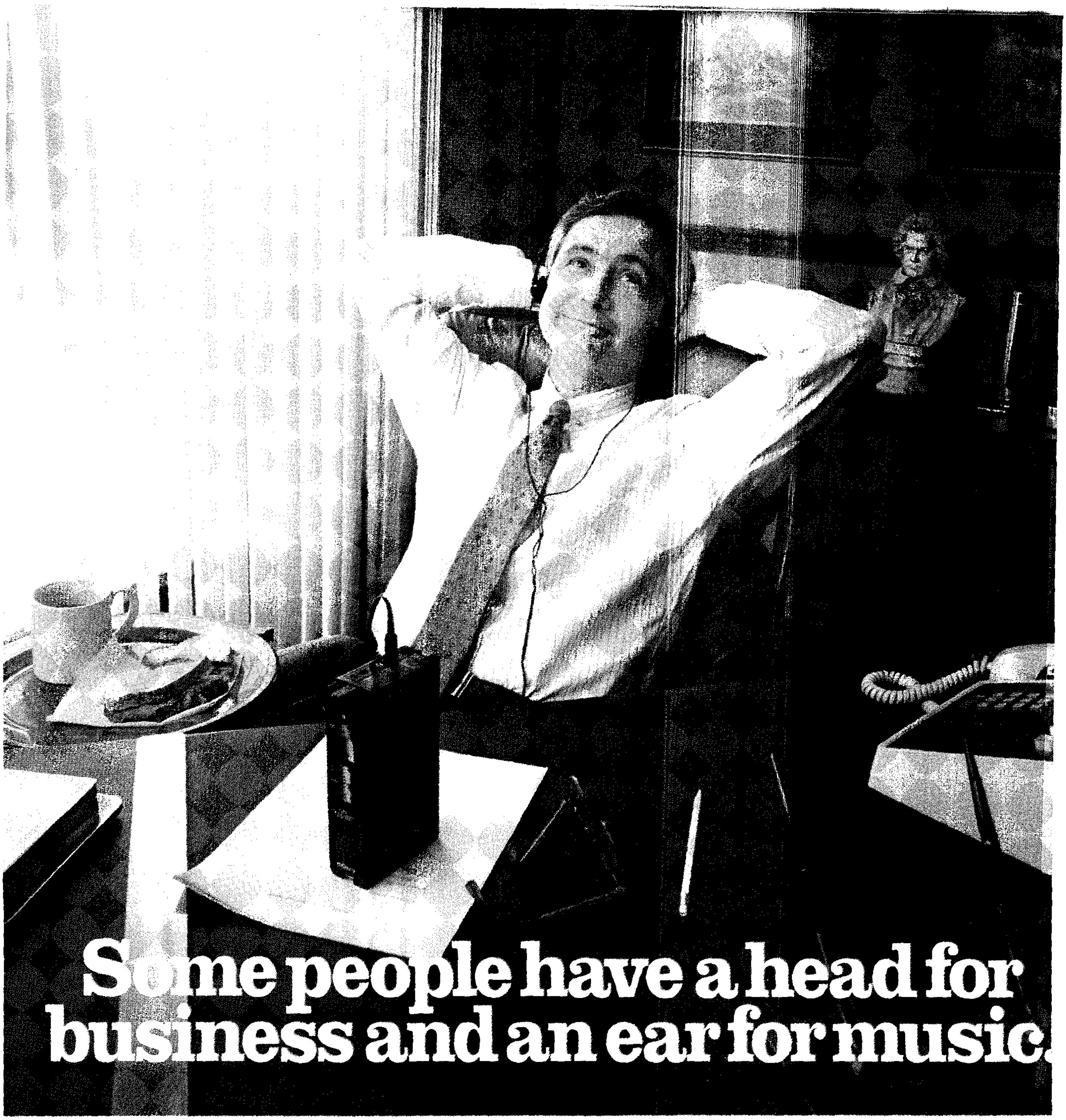
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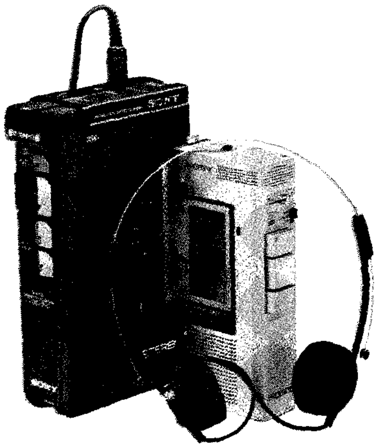

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shi and Blair Brown. From Oct. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "So Fine" (Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden. From Oct. 9: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan. From Oct. 9: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 3: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 1: "Best Boy." (†) From Oct. 2: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Southern Comfort" (directed by Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts. From Oct. 9: "So Fine" (Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 1: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown. From Oct. 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 5: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 6: "Arthur." (†)

Mbassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 8: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)
From Oct. 9: "Dead & Buried" (Gary A. Sherman), with James Farentino and Melody Anderson.

Mbassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Heavy Metal," an animated film. From Oct. 9: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.
Theatre 3: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 4: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

Mbassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
Through Oct. 8: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.
From Oct. 9: "Grim Reaper."

Oews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Oews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner. From Oct. 2: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: "Mommie Dearest" (Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.

Ovieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 8: "So Fine" (Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden.
From Oct. 9: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.

Ational, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.

.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "True Confessions" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Slaughter in San Francisco" and "The Unseen." From Oct. 2: "Slaughter in San Francisco" and "Final Exam."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Leecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 30: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46; directed by Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov.
Oct. 1: "Happy Birthday, Gemini" (1980; Richard Benner), with Madeline Kahn, Rita Moreno, and Robert Viharo; and another feature, to be announced.
Oct. 2-3: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Damned." (†)
Oct. 4-5: "Despair" (†); and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
Oct. 6: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and another Japanese film, to be announced.
Oct. 7: "The Devil Is a Woman" (†) and "Morocco." (†)
Oct. 8: "Dance, Girl, Dance" (1940; Dorothy Arzner), with Maureen O'Hara, Lucille Ball, and Louis Hayward; and "The Bride Wore Red" (1937; Dorothy Arzner), with Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, and Billie Burke.
Oct. 9-10: "Zabriskie Point" (†); and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
A mixed bag of films, shown several times on an erratic schedule. Among them are "The Lady Vanishes," "Savage Messiah," "Tess," "Gigi," "The Great Dictator," "Fellini's Casanova," "The Godfather," and "Taxi Driver." Each film will be shown two or three times over a two- or three-day period. Call theatre for dates, times, and other titles.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 1: "Straight Time" (1978; Ulu Grosbard), with Dustin Hoffman; and "Night Moves" (1975; Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman.
Oct. 2-3: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
Oct. 4-6: "The Damned" (†); and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
Oct. 7-8: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
Oct. 9-10: "American Pop" (1981) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973), both animated films, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 8: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.
Oct. 9-10: "Shoot the Piano Player" (†) and "Last Year at Marienbad." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 3: "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman; and "Last Embrace" (1979; Jonathan Demme), with Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin.
Oct. 4-6: "Fedora" (†); and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.
Oct. 7-10: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 3: "Bustin' Loose" (1981; Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson; and "Which Way Is Up?" (1977; Michael Schultz), with Richard Pryor.
Oct. 4-6: "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd; and "The Jerk." (†)
Oct. 7-10: "Deliverance" (1972; John Boor-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

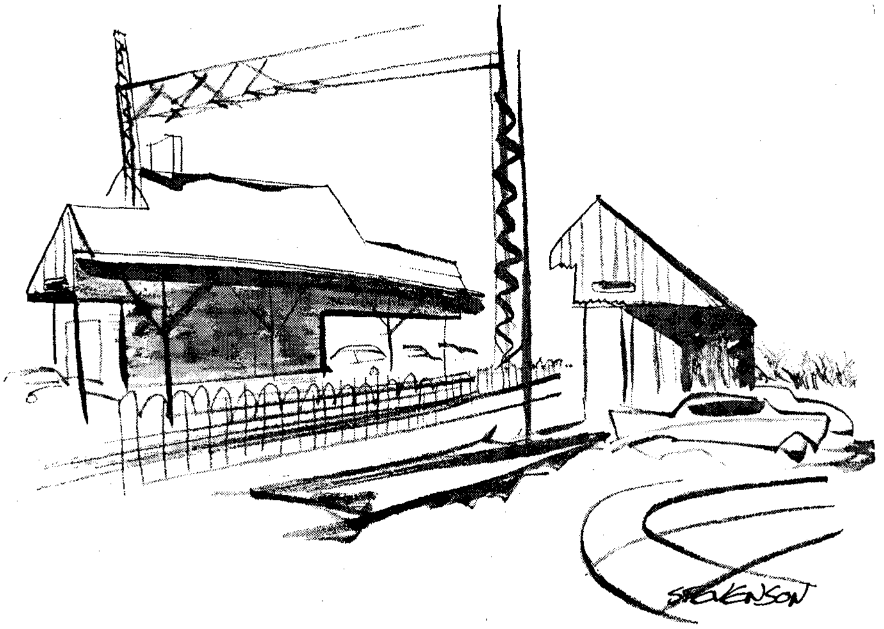
man), with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 1: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), Monica Vitti, Gabrielle Ferzetti, and Lea Massari; and "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.
Oct. 2-3: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.
Oct. 4-6: "Manhattan" (1979) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Oct. 7-8: "The Magic Flute." (†)
Oct. 9-10: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "Lumière." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 30: "I'm All Right, Jack" (1960; John Boulting), with Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Margaret Rutherford, and Richard Attenborough; and "The Knack . . . And How to Get It" (1965; Richard Lester), with Rita Tushingham, Ray Brooks, Michael Crawford, and Donal Donnelly.
Oct. 1-3: "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
Oct. 4-5: "The Man in the White Suit" (†) and "Genevieve." (†)
Oct. 6-7: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton; and "The Great Race" (1965; Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood, Peter Falk, and Keenan Wynn.
Oct. 8-10: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "My Sister Eileen." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Sept. 30: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine; and "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters).
Oct. 1: "Luna" (1979; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "The Mark" (1961; Guy Green), with Maria Schell, Stuart Whitman, and Rod Steiger.
Oct. 2-3: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.
Oct. 4: "Wuthering Heights" (†) and "The Divorce of Lady X." (†)
Oct. 5: "Viva Zapata!" (†); and "Wild River" (1960; Elia Kazan), with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, Albert Salmi, Jay C. Flippen, and Jo Van Fleet.
Oct. 6: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and François Dorléac.
Oct. 7: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "Popcorn." (†)
Oct. 8: "Pink Floyd" (1974; Adrian Maben); and "Yessongs" (1975), a filmed rock concert.
Oct. 9-10: "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970) and "Blank Generation" (1979), both concert films.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 30: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and "Man Hunt" (1941; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett Walter Pidgeon, and George Sanders.
Oct. 1: "Winter Meeting" (1948; Bretaigne Windust), with Bette Davis, Janis Paige James Davis, and John Hoyt; and "Specia Agent" (1935; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Ricardo Cortez.
Oct. 2: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang) with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Human Desire" (1954; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Broderick Crawford.
Oct. 3-4: "Twentieth Century" (1934 Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.
Oct. 5: "The Shopworn Angel" (†) and "Th Shop Around the Corner." (†)
Oct. 6: "The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "They Made M a Criminal." (†)
Oct. 7: "Jezebel" (†) and "The Letter." (†)
Oct. 8: "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), wit William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kir Novak, Susan Strasberg, Betty Field, an Cliff Robertson; and "Craig's Wife." (†)
Oct. 9: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingma Bergman; in Swedish), with Max vo Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passio of Anna" (1970; Ingmar Bergman; i Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Anders



son, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.

From Oct. 10: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of recent films from India, all with English subtitles: Oct. 1 at 2:30: "The Role" (1977; directed by Shyam Benegal; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 1 at 6: "Magic Mirror" (1972; Kumar Shahani; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 1 at 8:30: "Golden Sita" (1977; G. Aravindan; in Malayalam). . . . Oct. 2 at 2:30: "Magic Mirror." . . . Oct. 2 at 6: "Ascent" (1977; Adoor Gopalakrishnan; in Malayalam). . . . Oct. 3 at 2:30: "The Omniscient" (1979; Ramdas Phutane; in Marathi). . . . Oct. 3 at 5: "What Makes Albert Pinto Angry" (1980; Saeed Mirza; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Ascent." . . . Oct. 5 at noon: "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" (1977; Ismail Merchant) and "Jama Masjid Street Journal" (1979; Mira Nair). . . . Oct. 5 at 2:30: "Scorching Wind" (1973; M. S. Sathyu; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 5 at 6: "What Makes Albert Pinto Angry." . . . Oct. 6 at noon: "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" and "Jama Masjid Street Journal." . . . Oct. 8 at 2:30: "The Whole Sky" (1969; Basu Chatterji; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 8 at 6: "A Folk Tale" (1980; Ketan Mehta; in Gujerati). . . . Oct. 8 at 8:30: "The Omniscient." . . . Oct. 9 at 2:30: "Last Rites" (1970; Pattabhi Rama Reddy; in Kannada). . . . Oct. 9 at 6: "Cry of the Wounded" (1980; Govind Nihalani; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 10 at noon: "Rikki Tikki Tavi" (1980; A. Zaguridi; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 10 at 2:30: "Cry of the Wounded." . . . Oct. 10 at 5: "Vicious Circle" (1980; Rabindra Dharmaraj; in Hindi). . . . ¶ Other, non-Indian, films scheduled during this period: Oct. 3-4 at noon: "Grandma's Boy" (1922; Fred Newmeyer; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis. . . . Oct. 4 at 5 and Oct. 6 at 2:30: "The Sky Above, the Mud Below" (1961; Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau), a documentary. . . . Oct. 6 at 6: "Retratos" (1980; Steward Bird), a documentary. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Last Dance" (1981; James Benning), a film installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Mr. Benning will be present on Thursday, Oct. 1, at 2. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Oct. 1 at 8: A program of four Kenneth Anger films. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 8: A program of five Kenneth Anger films. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2: A video program by Shalom Gorewitz, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 8: A program of five Bruce Baillie films. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 8: "Quick Billy" (1971; Bruce Baillie). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 8: A program of films by Jordan Belson and Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 8: "Flesh of Morning" (1956) and "Anticipation of the Night" (1968), both films directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 8: A program of fifteen films by Robert Breer. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: A program of eight films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: A video program by Dieter Froese, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 8: "Dog Star Man" (1961-64; Stan Brakhage).

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (363-1911)—Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Fit to Be Untied" (Silvano Agosti, Marco Bellochio, Sandro Petraglia, and Stefano Rulli; Italy, 1975). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30 and Oct. 1 at 6:15: "The Mystery of Oberwald" (Michelangelo Antonioni; Italy). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "Mephisto" (István Szabó; Hungary and West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Mural Murals" (Agnès Varda; United States) and "Documenteur: An Emotion Picture" (Agnès Varda; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; West Germany; for adults only). . . . ¶ Oct 3 at 11: "Only a Mother" (Alf Sjöberg; Sweden, 1949) and "Karin Mansdotter" (Alf Sjöberg; Sweden, 1953). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3:30: "Mural Murals" and "Documenteur: An Emotion Picture." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 7: "Transes" (Ahmed El Manouni; Morocco). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Contract" (Krzysztof Zanussi; Poland). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2: "Taxi Zum Klo." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 4:30: "Contract." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 7: "We Were German Jews" (Michael Blackwood; United States) and "Hopper's Silence" (Brian O'Doherty; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9:30 and Oct. 5 at 6:15: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; Italy and France). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9:30 and Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Looks and Smiles" (Ken Loach; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30 and Oct. 7 at 6:15: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Le Pont du Nord" (Jacques Rivette; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6:15: "Vernon, Florida" (Errol Morris; United States) and "Stations of the Elevated" (Manfred Kirchheimer; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:30: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30 and Oct. 10 at 12:30: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 3: "Le Pont du Nord." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "My Dinner with Andre." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9: "Beau Père."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AIRPLANE! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 1.)

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Plaza, U. A. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 9.)

EST BOY (1980)—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl, whose presence on both sides of the camera imposes a sense of assurance about the movie's honesty and the validity of our feelings for its unusual hero. (3/10/80) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Oct. 1.)

CRAIG'S WIFE (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the classic American ice maiden, the frigid Mrs. Craig, and John Boles as her depressed husband. Dorothy Arzner directed this fairly literal version of the George Kelly play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

CUTTER'S WAY—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting Oct. 5.)

THE DAMNED (1969)—Luchino Visconti's view of depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. The Nazis are rotten, scheming degenerates, who look like werewolves talking politics while green lights play on their faces. When the young hero's impersonation of Marlene Dietrich is interrupted by the news that "in Berlin, the Reichstag is burning," he goes into a snit. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. Ingrid Thulin is the fag-hag mother, a Krupp-Borgia baroness. She turns her son (Helmut Berger) into a dope-addicted transvestite molester of little girls who eventually beds down with mother; this is too much even for her and she becomes a zombie. It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. With Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Griem, Charlotte Rampling, Florinda Bolkan, and Umberto Orsini. Though some of the actors speak their own English, this version of "The Damned" has all the disadvantages of a dubbed movie—the characters talk in a language that belongs to no period or country and sounds like translated subtitles. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 2-3. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Oct. 4-6.)

DESPAIR (1979)—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 4-5.)

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directed her in this clever, perversely dehumanized picture, which was said to have been one of his favorites. With Lionel Atwill and Cesar Romero. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 7.)

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (1938)—Expensively produced attempt at a sophisticated romantic comedy; it's rather foolish and a little draggy, and is mainly of interest because of the cast—Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, Binnie Barnes. They don't do much in the way of acting, but their arch romping is at least a curiosity. Alexander Korda produced; Tim Whelan directed. (Thalia; Oct. 4.)

FEDORA (1979)—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo. The thin-ice aspect comes up in the fact that Wilder uses show-biz name-dropping and apparent show-biz vulgarities of judgment to give us a witty farce about these very things. With Hildegard Knef, Marthe Keller, and William Holden, who plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 4-6.)

GENEVIEVE (1954)—Funny English comedy, di-

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rected by Henry Cornelius, with Kenneth More as an amiable old-car nut who goes on the London-to-Brighton annual motor race for petrol-driven antiques. Good about English mews life, with an entrancing sequence when the beautiful late Kay Kendall plays the trumpet. (Regency; Oct. 4-5.)

Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (10/8/79) (Paris.)

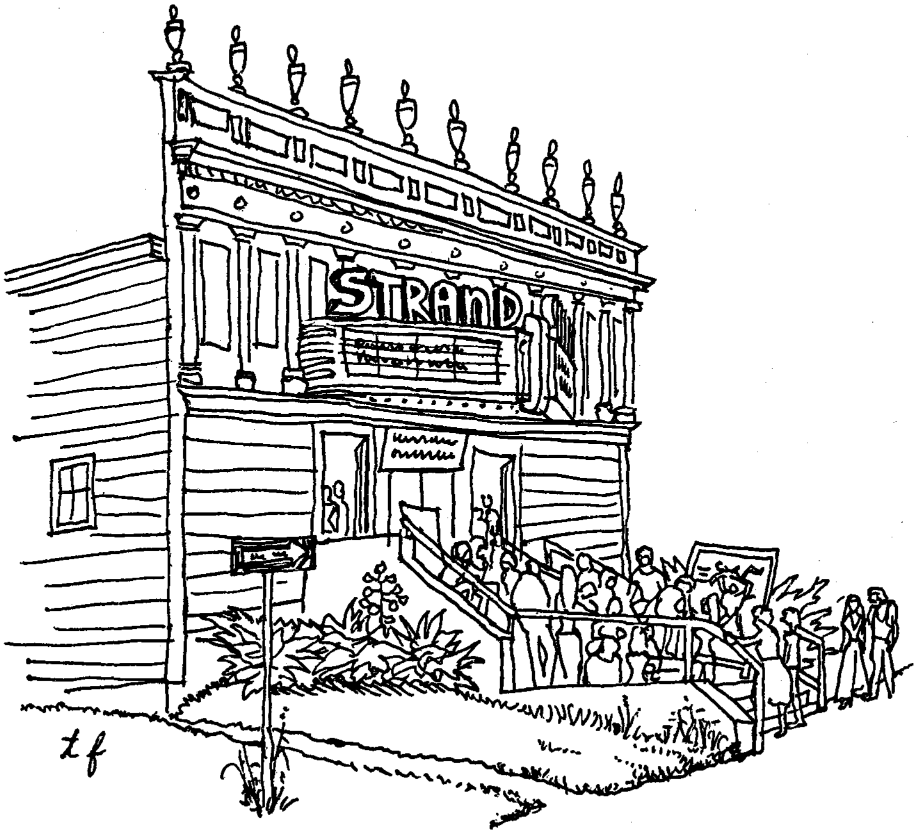
The Jerk (1979)—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 4-6.)

Jezebel (1938)—A dazzling romantic melodrama. Bette Davis is impulsive, complex Julie, the Southern belle who destroys her chances for happiness by perversely flouting convention. William Wyler produced and directed this sumptuous, moss-hung evocation of pre-Civil War New Orleans, with its great balls where tradition decreed that unmarried ladies dress in white—and where Julie's red dress wrecks her life. It's hard to know which is Davis's "big scene" in the movie—the painful, flamboyant error of her appearance in red, or the breathtaking moment of her apology in white. The content was already dated but was brought out of mothballs and refurbished because of the popularity of the novel "Gone with the Wind," which this production beat to the screen; without the zing Davis gave to it, it would have looked very mossy indeed. She took the Academy Award as Best Actress. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Richard Cromwell, John Litel, Donald Crisp, Spring Byington, Eddie Anderson, Henry O'Neill, Irving Pichel, and Fay Bainter (Best Supporting Actress). The script is by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel, and John Huston (based on a play by Owen Davis, Sr.). Cinematography by Ernest Haller; music by Max Steiner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7.)

Kramer vs. Kramer (1979)—This emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, based on a novel by Avery Corman, was written and directed by Robert Benton, who was a co-author of "Bonnie and Clyde" and, more recently, the author and director of "The Late Show." It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case, but its deeper search is into the mores of rising young families on the middle East Side of New York, whose anxious lives have never been examined with such a scrupulous and certifying attention to background and detail. Four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—almost convince you that this is a masterpiece instead of a first-class tearjerker, but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. The photography, which is also of a high order, is by Nestor Almendros. (12/24/79) (Loews New York, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Oct. 8.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 9-10.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it marked her tenth year in films, and it is one of her few good vehicles. Somerset Maugham's melodrama (generally believed to be based on an actual incident) had been a Broadway success for Katharine Cornell and was filmed—memorably—in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels. (Those blessed with movie-loving parents may still retain images of Eagels' corrupt beauty, and of her frenzied big scene when the heroine tells off her husband.) The central figure is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it (in the courts, at least, because in Singapore the white ruling class must stick together). Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. Cold and proper, she yet manages to suggest the passion of a woman who'd kill a man for trying to leave her. She is helped by an excellent script (by Howard Koch) and by two unusually charged performances—James Stephenson as her lawyer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes two formidable women—Frieda Inescort, who seems ineffably absurd as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard, whose performance as the Eurasian woman was actually taken very seriously by many people. With Bruce Lester, Cecil Kellaway, Victor Sen Yung, Willie Fung, Tetsu Komai, and Doris Lloyd. The insistent music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, taut direction and the erotic awareness he brings to the material. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7.)



Lumière (1976)—Jeanne Moreau wrote, directed, and stars in this elevated daydream about the life of an actress. The picture is delicately dissociated; it nibbles around the edges of its subject. And it shares a weakness of many other high-flown junk movies: it is less interested in pace than in culture. With Francine Racette, Bruno Ganz, François Simon, Caroline Cartier, and Lucia Bosé. In French. (Olympia Quad 1; Oct. 9-10.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixilated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame; the story comes across even more directly than when you hear the opera sung in English. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Olympia Quad 1; Oct. 7-8.)

The Man in the White Suit (1951)—Alec Guinness has often been at his comic best in the role of an ordinary man with an obsession and who can be as ordinary and obsessed as an inventor? In this film, he plays a quirky idealistic scientist who lives in the modern economy of quick obsolescence yet is fixated on the long-range benefits to humanity of a cloth that will stay clean and last forever. Guinness' bland monomaniacal scientist is beautifully matched by Joan Greenwood, who is all guile and scorn and perversity, without any real aim or purpose. Alexander Mackendrick directed this deft capital-science-labor comedy. With Cecil Parker, and Ernest Thesiger as a half-dead industrialist. Screenplay by Roger MacDougall, John Dighton, and Mackendrick. (Item for collectors of movie memorabilia: the gurgling, bubbling squirts and drips of the hero's experimental apparatus were joined to a rhythm and issued by Coral Records as "The White Suit Samba." (Regency; Oct. 4-5.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Art through Oct. 1.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when are the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. And, most important of all, it isn't likable. With Irm Hermann and Hanna Schygulla. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 5-7.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first Hollywood film, and perhaps Josef von Sternberg's most effective piece of romantic mythmaking. It's enchantingly silly, full of soulful grand passions, drifting cigarette smoke, and a few too many pictorial shots of the Foreign Legion marching this way and that. Dietrich is Amy Jolly, a mysterious woman with a past she won't talk about, who arrives in Morocco and gets a job singing in a rough café. You feel that she's a real performer here: when she comes out to sing, her energy level soars. For her first number, she appears in top hat, white tie, and tails; a Legionnaire (Gary Cooper) shushes the raucous, jeering crowd. She sings, in a deep, harsh voice, and then, in perhaps the most daring moment in all of her pictures, she eyes a woman at a table, takes a flower from her, kisses the startled woman on the mouth, and, turning, tosses the flower to Cooper. When, in a feather boa and a short leotard that shows off her long sleek legs, she sings "What Am I Bid for My Apples?," the Legionnaire knows just what to offer. Dietrich is at the peak of her naughty perfection—cool effrontery and a hint of amusement. The contrast of her high, rounded forehead and Madonna-like face with her low, uncouth voice provides an extraordinary sexual charge; her torso is sturdier than in her later movies, and her upper arms look full and strong, yet her face seems more ethereal than perhaps at any other time. Still the German Dietrich—not the almost abstract, international Dietrich she later became—she's charming throughout, and she and Cooper look great together. This is the movie with the classically giddy, ridiculously satisfying romantic finish: she says goodbye to rich, kind, worldly Adolphe Menjou, who loves her, kicks off her high heels, and follows Cooper and the departing Legionnaires into the desert. With Juliette Compton, Ullrich Haupt, and Eve Southern; one could do with less of the eavesdropping café owner (Paul Porcasi). Jules Furthman wrote the script, based on the novel "Amy Jolly," by Benno Vigny. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes, with additional work by Lucien Ballard; the songs are by Leo Robin and Karl Hajos. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 7.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Ruth McKenney's *New Yorker* stories about her and her younger sister's experiences in Greenwich Village were turned into a Broadway hit, and then into this less than dazzling romantic comedy. (There was also the 1953 Bernstein-Comden-Green Broadway musical, "Wonderful Town," and the 1955 Jule Styne-Leo Robin movie musical, "My Sister Eileen.") As Ruth, leggy Rosalind Russell is too boisterously aware that she's the life of the party, and as Eileen, Janet Blair is very pretty but not much else. (The actual Eileen McKenney married Nathanael West and died with him in an automobile crash in 1940.) Alexander Hall directed. With Brian Aherne, Allyn Joslyn, George Tobias, and June Havoc. (Regency; Oct. 8-10.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner who died during the final editing stages.) (Lincoln Plaza; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Oct. 2-8.)

Popcorn (1969)—It's a trap: hardly enough footage of the Rolling Stones and a few other groups to make a short, which has been stretched to feature length with surfing, shots of Twiggy, a disc jockey mugging for the camera, a sickeningly cheery singer named Johnny Farnham, a Western gundown, fictional shorts, travelogues, and documentary footage of a cremation in India. The rock footage is intercut with animals being butchered and views of Vietnam and the atomic bomb—you'd have to be a real ninny to accept the film's claims to significance. (Thalia; Oct. 7.)

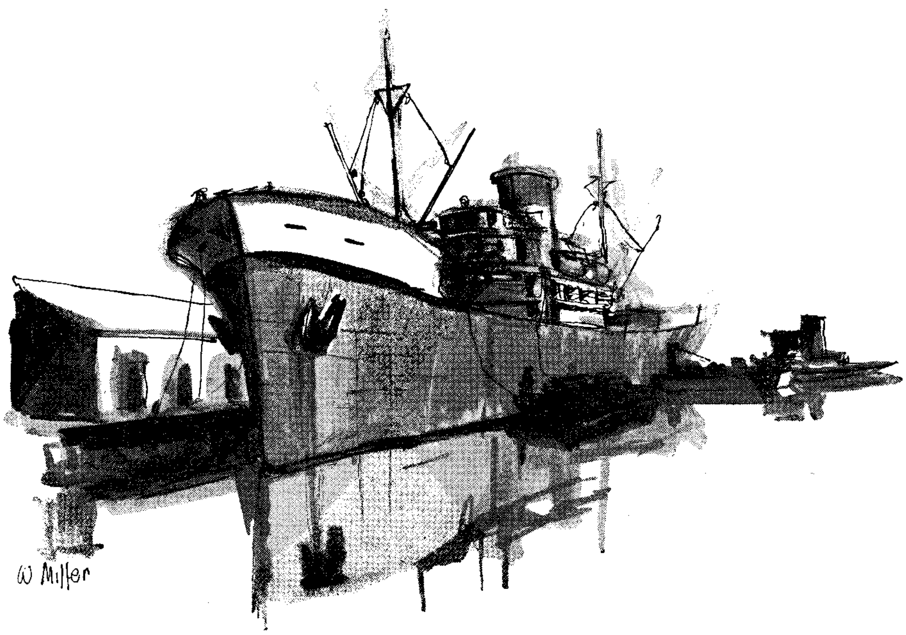
Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Cinema II, Loews Orpheum, Cinema 3, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 9, tentative.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1960)—This François Truffaut film is based on David Goodis's "Down There," a trim, well-written American crime novel. The movie busts out all over—and that's what's wonderful about it. Comedy, pathos, and tragedy are all scrambled up. Charlie, the sad-faced little piano player (Charles Aznavour), is the thinnest-skinned of modern heroes: each time he has cared about someone he has suffered, and now he just wants to be "out of it." This is a comedy about melancholia—perhaps the only comedy about melancholia. Truffaut is freely inventive here—a young director willing to try almost anything—and Charlie's encounters with the world are filled with good and bad jokes, bits from old Sacha Guitry films, clowns and thugs, tough kids, songs and fantasy and snow scenes, and homage to the American Grade-B gangster films of the forties and fifties. The film is nihilistic in attitude and at the same time totally involved, in its wit and good spirits, with life and fun. Nothing is clear-cut; the ironies crisscross and bounce. It's a modern classic. With Nicole Berger, Marie Dubois, Albert Rémy, Michèle Mercier, and Daniel Boulanger. Written by Truffaut and Marcel Moussy; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 9-10.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive pre-drawling Stewart. As for Sullavan, this is a peerless performance: she makes the shopgirl's pretensions believable, lyrical, and funny. The script by Samson Raphaelson is a free adaptation of a play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, Sara Haden, Edwin Maxwell, and Inez Courtney. (A 1949 musical remake starring Judy Garland and Van Johnson was called "In the Good Old Summertime.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

The Shopworn Angel (1938)—The material is shopworn, too; it's a remake of Dana Burnet's 1918 *SatEvePost* story "Private Pettigrew's Girl," which had been filmed in 1919 with Ethel Clayton and in 1929 with Nancy Car-



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roll (who was lovely in it) and Gary Cooper. Margaret Sullavan manages to be poetically believable in the outdated role of the cynical, chain-smoking Broadway actress who is so touched by the adoration of an innocent soldier (James Stewart) that she marries him before he goes off to war. There are too many shots of Stewart, in doughboy uniform, looking yearningly at her, and her character reformation pulls the movie down, but Sullavan and Stewart always had a special rapport—a tenderness that seemed to allow for her hard edges and conflicts. (She always played the more complex role in their pictures together.) Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz for M-G-M, and directed by H. C. Potter, who creates the right sort of romantic atmosphere. The young Waldo Salt did the subtle screenplay—tart yet plaintive. With Walter Pidgeon as the rich man who has been "keeping" the actress, and Hattie McDaniel, Sam Levene, Alan Curtis, and Nat Pendleton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Richard Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags as a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously. Blake Edwards wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, which is acknowledged to be based on his own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. With Shelley Winters, William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 1.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tearjerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (Art; through Oct. 1.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Embassy.)

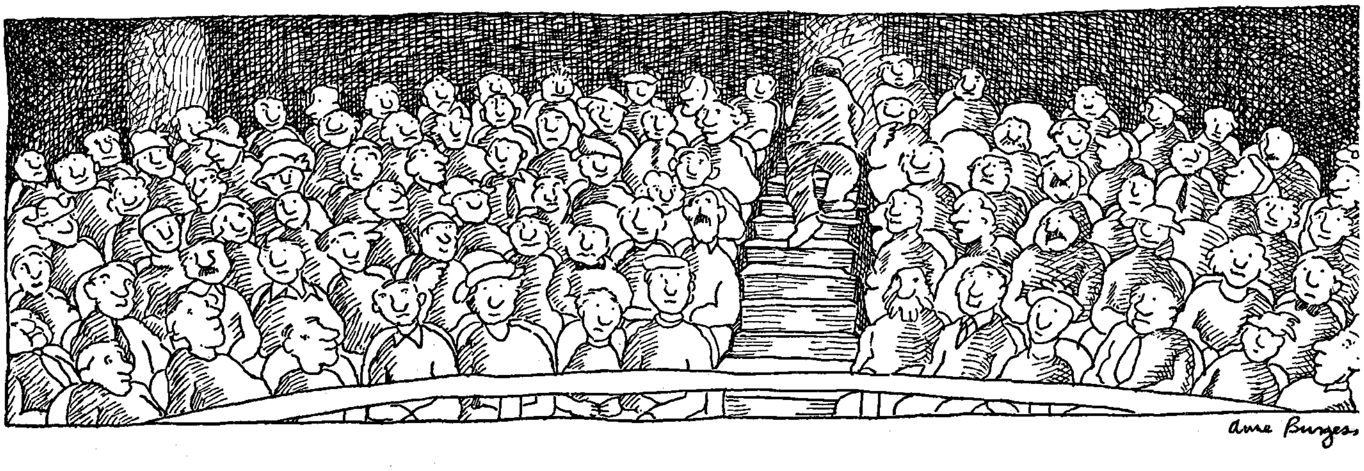
Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, has become a smoothie; his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three archfiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 1.)

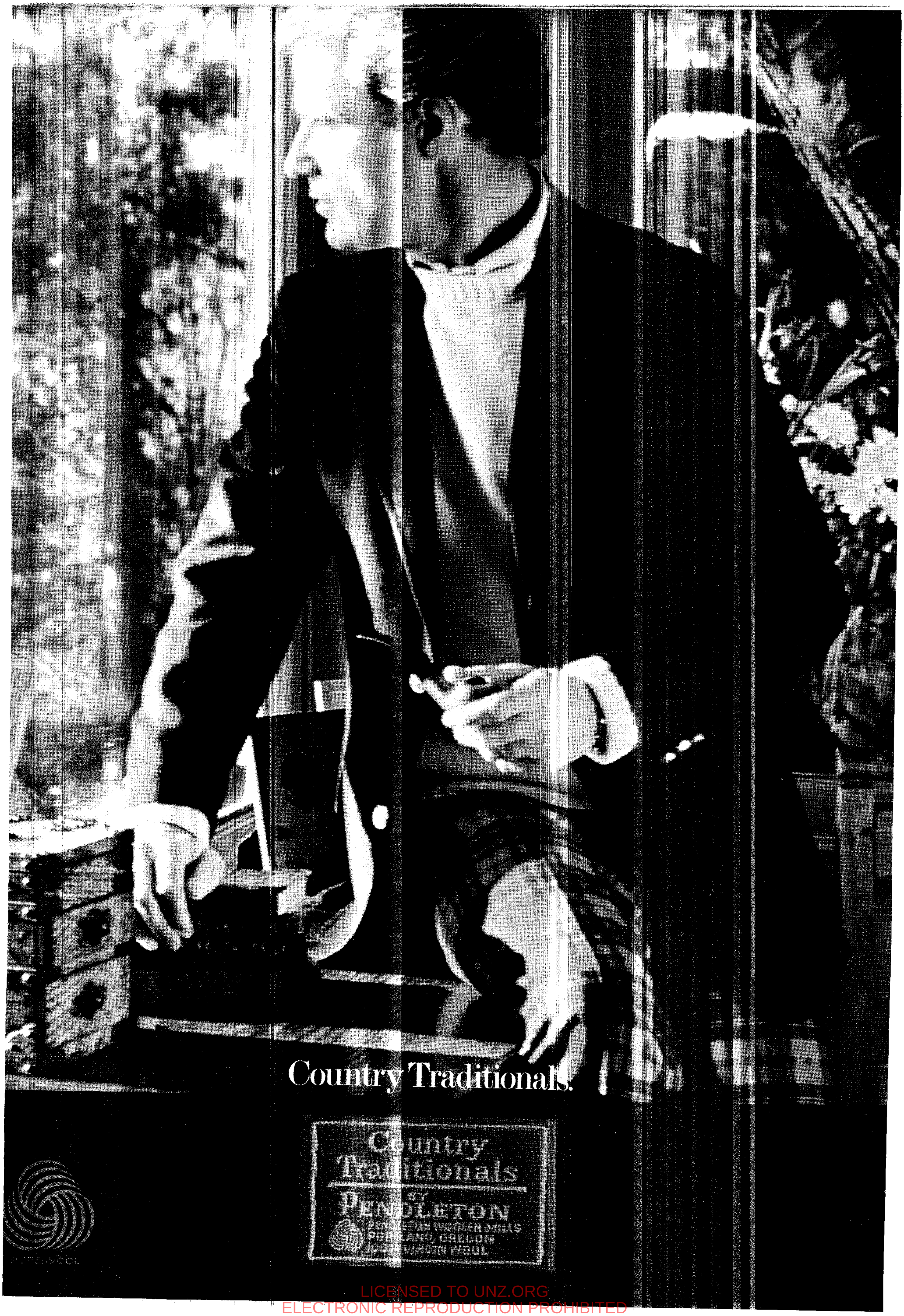
They Made Me a Criminal (1939)—The screenwriters must have gone berserk on this one, or maybe it was some higher-up's idea to cast John Garfield as a New York prizefighter on the lam from a murder charge, who gets a job on a date ranch in Arizona, which is run by a kindly old lady (May Robson) as a work farm for delinquent boys—the Dead End Kids. When the do-gooding old broad is about to be evicted, the redeemed Garfield enters a local prizefight, and is spotted by a New York detective. To add to the unlikeliness, Busby Berkeley was the director. The melodrama is mawkishly familiar, but there are watchable bits along the way, and it's tolerable. Barbara Pepper and Ann Sheridan figure in the big-city dirty glitter at the beginning, and on the ranch there's twisty-mouth Gloria Dickson as the good-woman blonde—she's an odd one, even by Warner's thirties standards. James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Before the rifles of that infamous concealed regiment get poor Zapata (Marlon Brando), John Steinbeck's script has thoroughly done him in. Land and liberty, the simple slogans of the Mexican civil wars of 1911-19, are transformed into the American liberal clichés of 1952 and phrased in that slurpy imitation of simplicity and grandeur which some high-school English teachers and TV producers call "poetry." The virtues of the production are in Elia Kazan's headlong direction: some of the scenes have startling immediacy; the fighting is first-rate; even the phony folklore holds one's interest. And the actors are fun to watch: there's the magnetic young Brando (age twenty-seven) impersonating a great revolutionary leader—an illiterate young titan, a peasant and a thinker (and, in the time-worn actor-peasant tradition, he screws up his face when he has to think). And there are Anthony Quinn (his performance took the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor) as Zapata's older brother; Jean Peters as Josefa; Joseph Wiseman, acting like some sinister mixture of Judas Iscariot and a junkie, as Fernando the journalist; Alan Reed as Pancho Villa; Lou Gilbert as Pablo; Margo as Soldadera; Harold Gordon as Madero; Frank Silvera as Huerta; and Mildred Dunnock, Abner Biberman, Philip Van Zandt, Henry Silva, and Arnold Moss. The film includes Steinbeck's folly: the famous, supposedly terribly touching wedding-night scene in which Zapata asks Josefa to teach him to read. Cinematography by Joe MacDonald. (Thalia; Oct. 5.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script. Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Thalia; Oct. 4.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's American-made movie is about a semi-political boy (Mark Frechette) and an uncommitted girl (Daria Halprin) and how everything they encounter in American life is cruel and rotten. (They meet in Death Valley.) When the boy is (implausibly) killed by a "pig," the girl sees what must come: the destruction of America (which turns out to be a ravishingly pretty apocalypse). It's a very odd sensation to watch a message movie by a famous European artist telling us what is wrong with America while showing us something both naïve and decrepit; if it weren't for this peculiar sense of dislocation and the embarrassment you feel for Antonioni, this would be just one more "irreverent" pandering-to-youth movie, and (except visually) worse than most. He can't animate the young performers—he can't, it seems, truly connect with them. He falls back on the youth mythology so popular in the mass media (the young are good guys and the older white Americans are bad guys), and this rigid, schematic point of view doesn't fit his deliberately open-ended, sprawling style. The movie seems unconsciously snobbish—as if Antonioni thought America should be destroyed because of its vulgarity. With Rod Taylor. Cinematography by Alfio Contini; script by Antonioni, Fred Gardner, Sam Shepard, Tonino Guerra, and Clare Peploe. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 9-10.)

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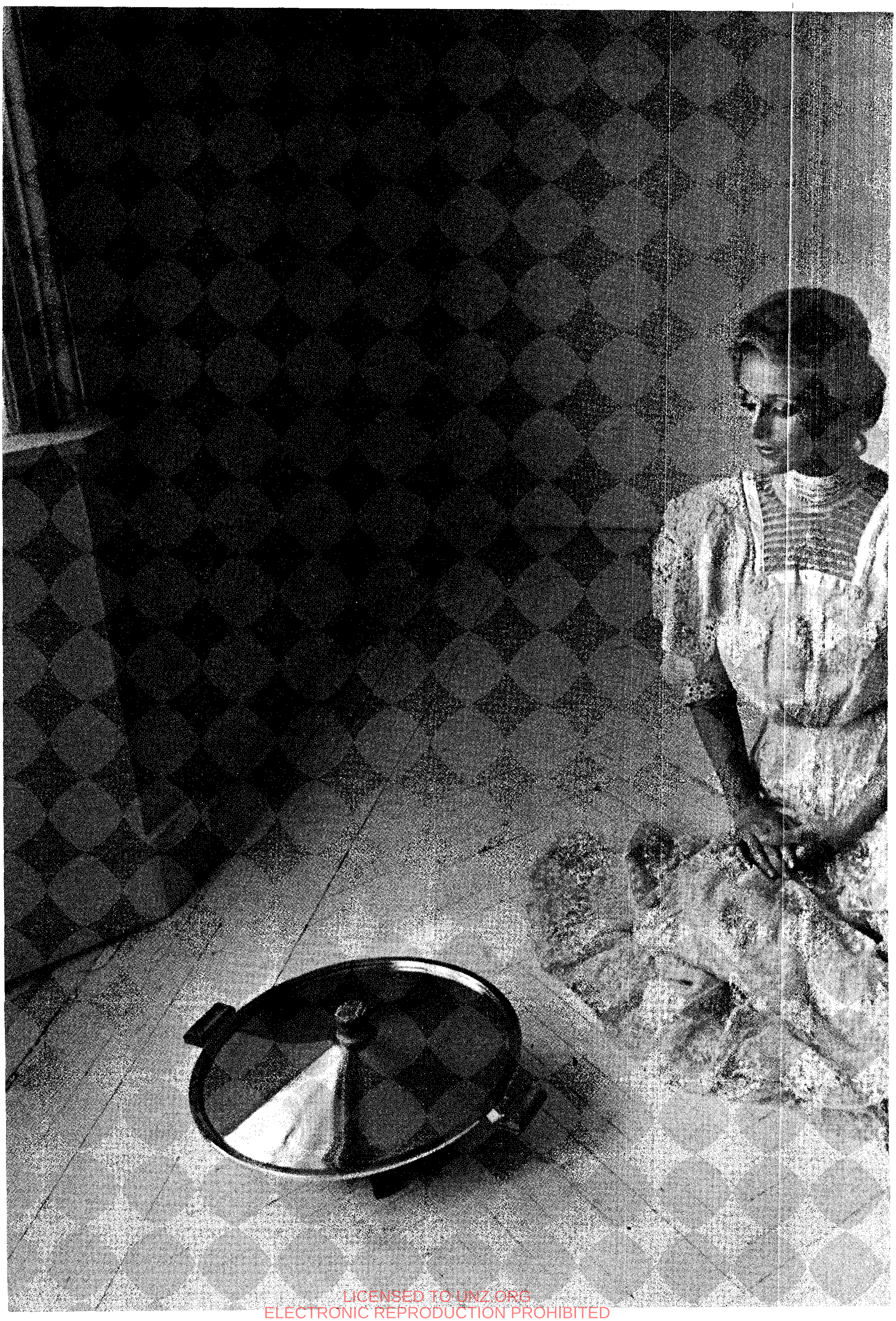

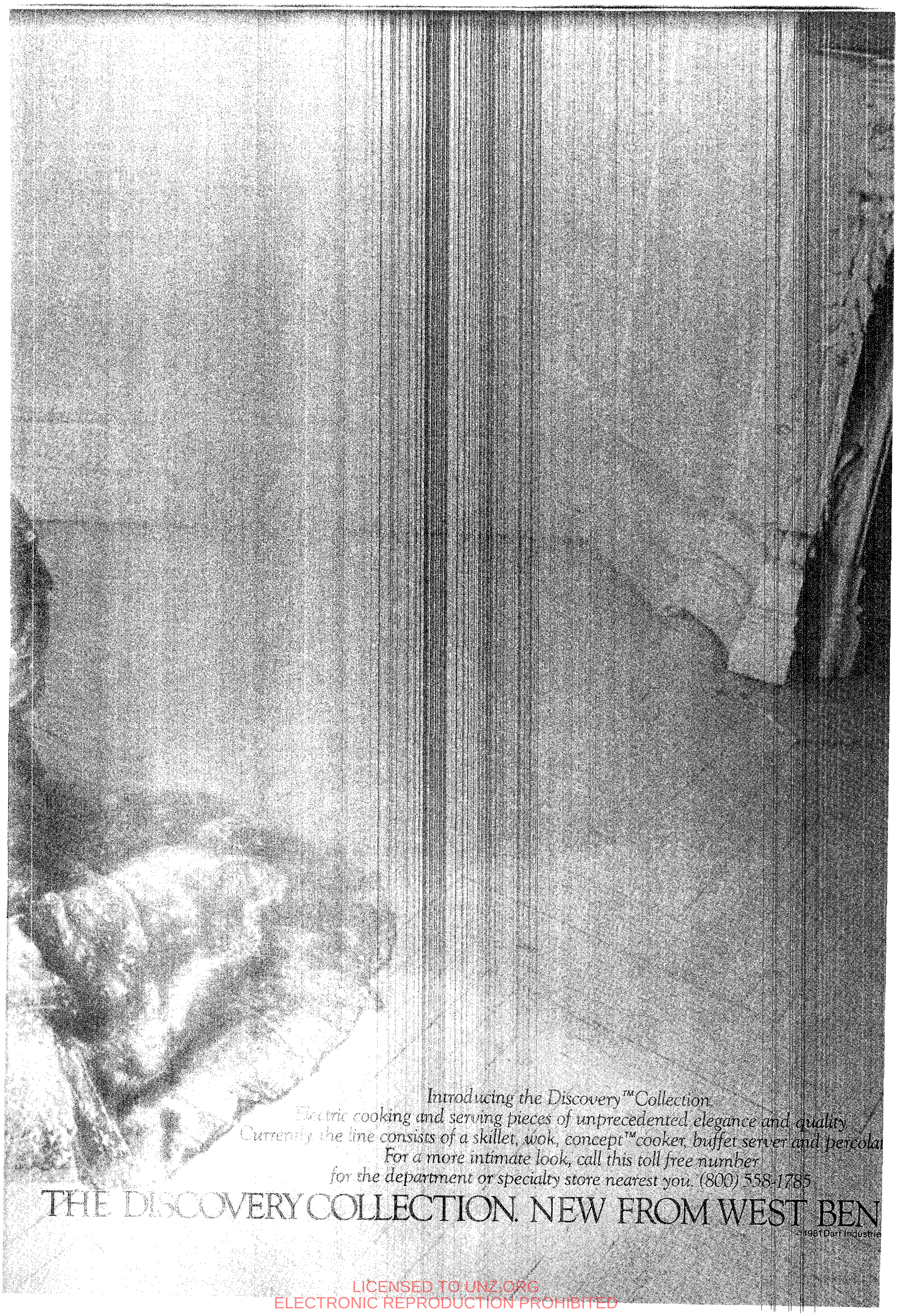

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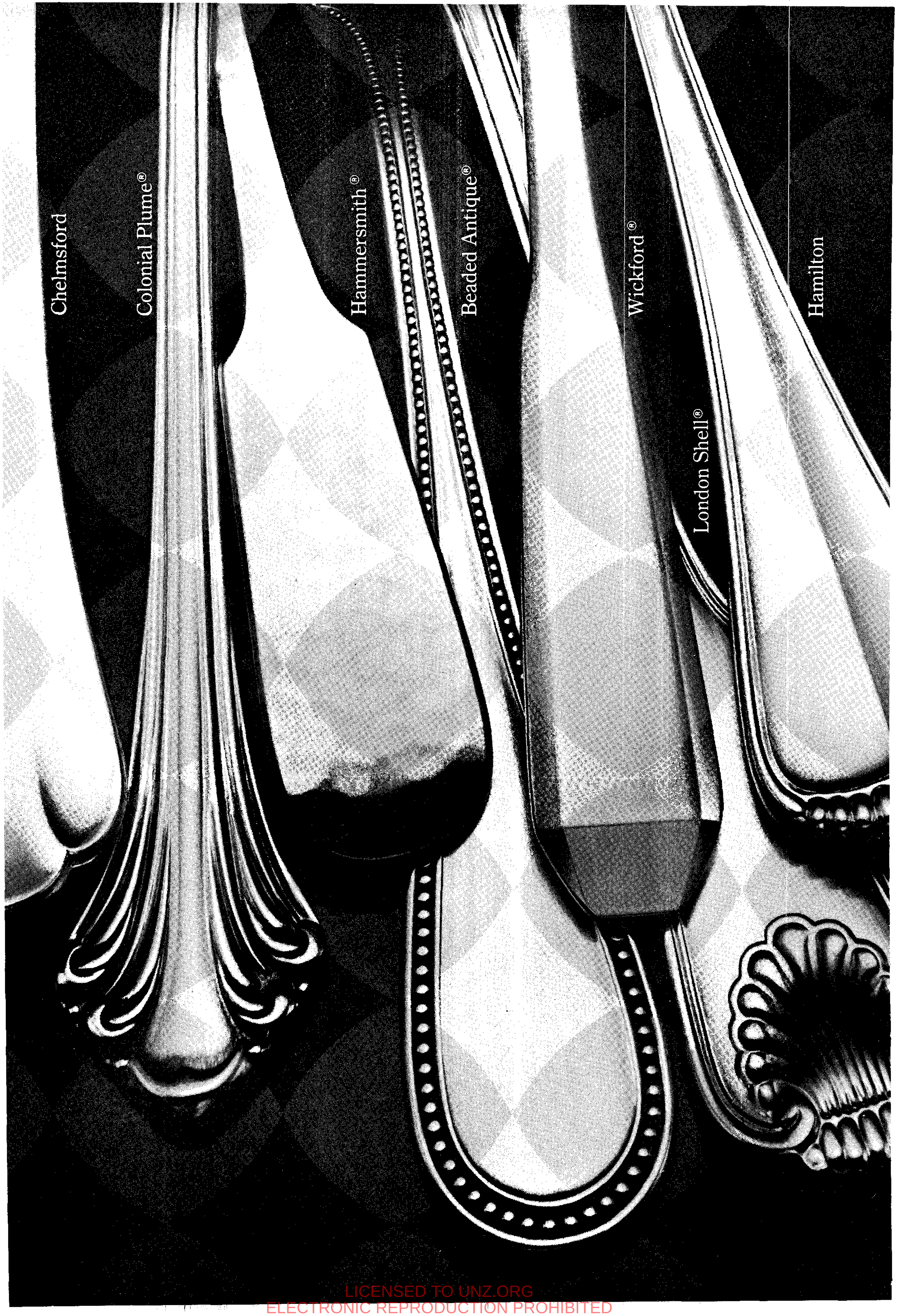
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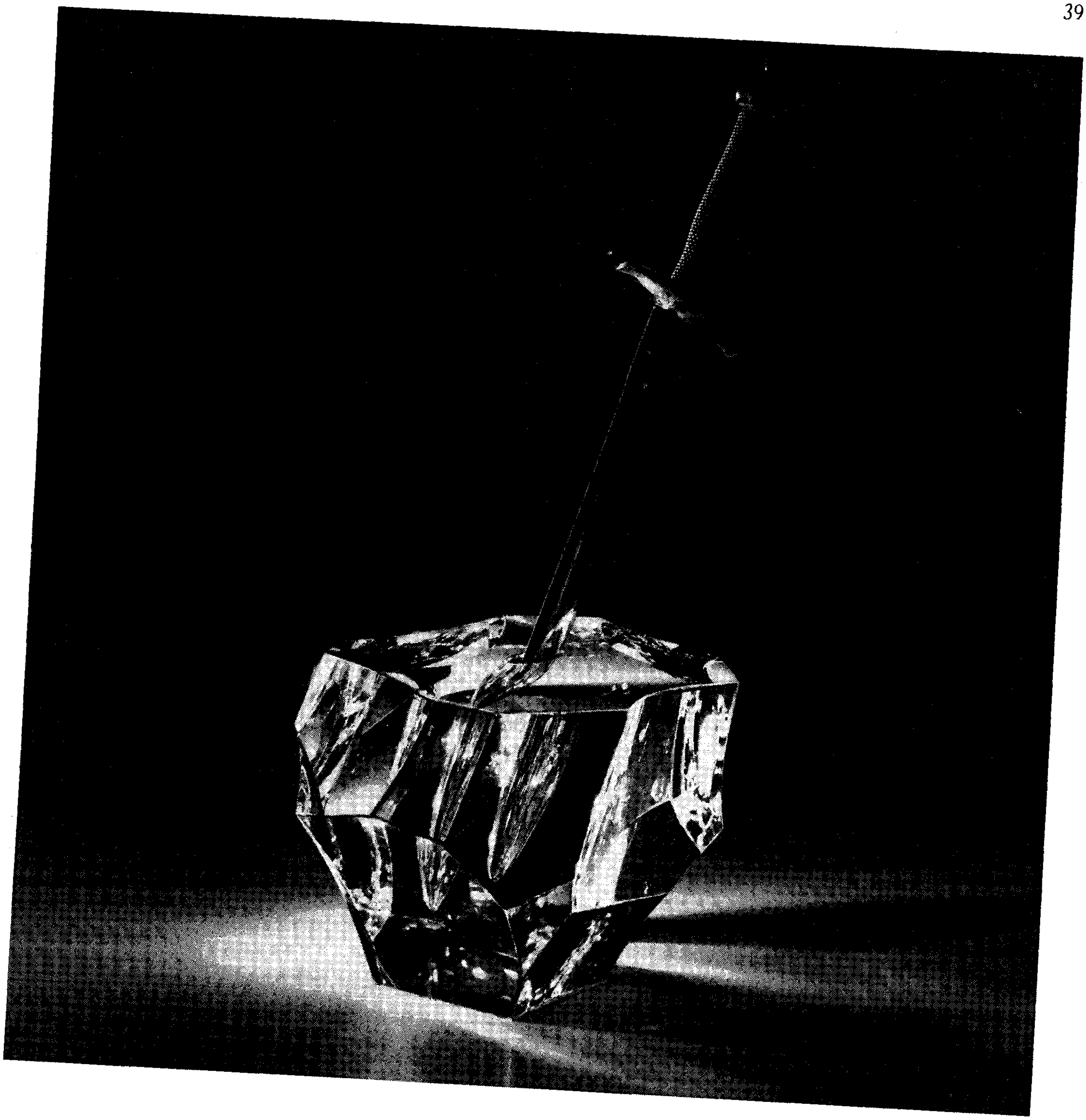

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

ANYBODY who has tried to fight through a rush-hour midtown crowd, or to get anywhere in e city during the day in a bus, car, or xi, might have questioned the urban hythms in "Model," Frederick Wise-an's documentary film about the fash-on-model business, shot in Manhat-n and recently shown on WNET-V. Wiseman kept cutting away from e models to scenes of effortlessly liding traffic that seemed to swim the ty streets and sidewalks like fish in n upstate stream. Something like e ten-minute dead-halt traffic jam Jean-Luc Godard's "Weekend" ight have felt more familiar to New orkers. But the crafty Wiseman sac-ficed one kind of truth for another. is shots of ceaselessly moving pedes-ians and vehicles—with plenty of mbulances and fire engines thrown , for maximum freedom of naviga-on—were as far as anything could be om the stalled scrutiny that model-ng brings to the simplest gesture. Viseman captured the one way in hich physical progress through the ty *is* easy: the lack of self-conscious-ess in ordinary daily movement. Peo-le walk and ride and drive without inking much about it.

The film began by showing how odelling depends on distinctions so btle that the rest of the world walks n by them: the difference between five et six and a half and five feet seven, e minute variations of expression on man's face as he studies his kissable rench cuffs. Then models were own trying to walk. They could alk fine in real life, but in front of e fashion photographers' cameras ey were forced to become physical competents. A young woman—for me reason modelling with an envelope held in her teeth—repeated the same few steps along a sidewalk over and over, trying to get them "right," while an older-woman passerby carrying a shopping bag interrupted the shooting by walking over the same ground with no trouble at all. Three men modelling outdoorsy gear for Macy's catalogue linked arms, took half a stride forward, and froze in their tracks. A photographer complaining about a new breed of teen-age models who lack concentration said, "I wanted to give one girl a Valium or something, because she wouldn't stand still." A less therapeutic-minded photographer irritably directed a stocking model carrying a briefcase through repeated exits from a town-house door and down a short flight of steps: "And, *action!* . . . Sweetheart, the only thing wrong . . . You just stop for a second and then go. . . . Darling, that was too pose-y there. . . . What were you doing with that case? . . . The pause here was very good." A man and a woman model practiced bumping into each other spontaneously on the street. Another stocking model raised her leg to eight prespecified heights close to a hundred times for a TV commercial that would show her leg moving in a semi-pinwheel effect.

Finally, modelling got as close as it ever does to walking: models poured onto the runway in a Seventh Avenue designer's showroom and made tour after tour, turning stiffly to replay the front and back views of their dresses, tucking in their splayed arms to squeeze past each other, interweave, and reverse direction like cars forever plying a narrow two-lane dead-end highway. It was the only traffic jam in the film, and Wiseman cut from its cramped excitement to a serene view of the F.D.R. Drive at dusk.

The beauty of some of the models would "stop traffic," said a model-agency employee earlier in the film. But the city traffic didn't stop; trucks, roller skaters, Yorkshire terriers, shoppers on Fourteenth Street all kept going, and a Kneeling Bus was never even called upon to kneel. Small crowds did gather to watch some of the outdoor photographic sessions, but the most striking instance of stopped traffic came when an old man pushing a cart of apples in the garment district dislodged some of his boxes and two people crossing the street paused to help pick them up.

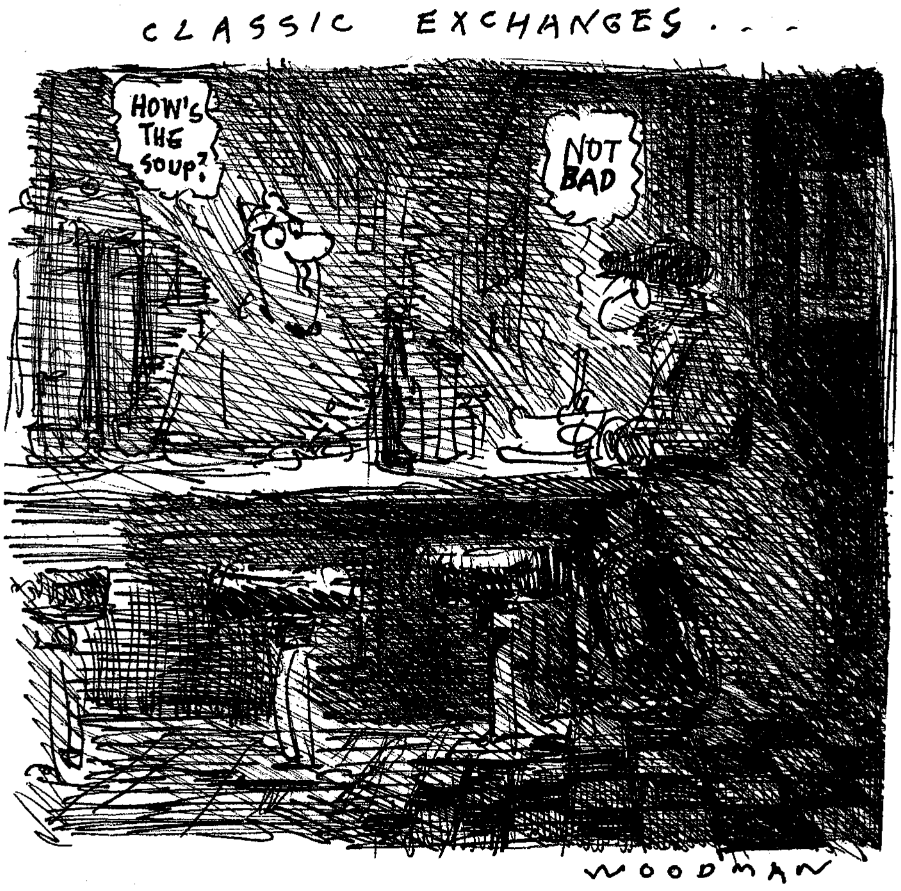
"Model," like Wiseman's other films, had a democratic spirit—not because, as some critics suggested, he was playing the models' shallow glamour off against the pitifully frumpy authenticity of regular people but because he saw regular people's casual mobility as the model, the standard of completion and grace. New Yorkers became physical comedians:

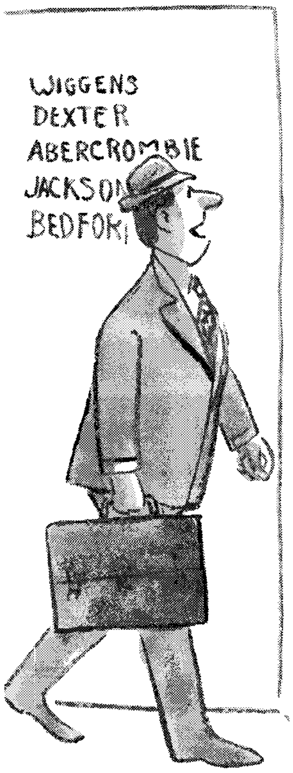
the fashion models, like W. C. Fields maneuvering his hat and cane, were foiled again and again, while all around them human motion was set free by millions of Buster Keatons.

• •

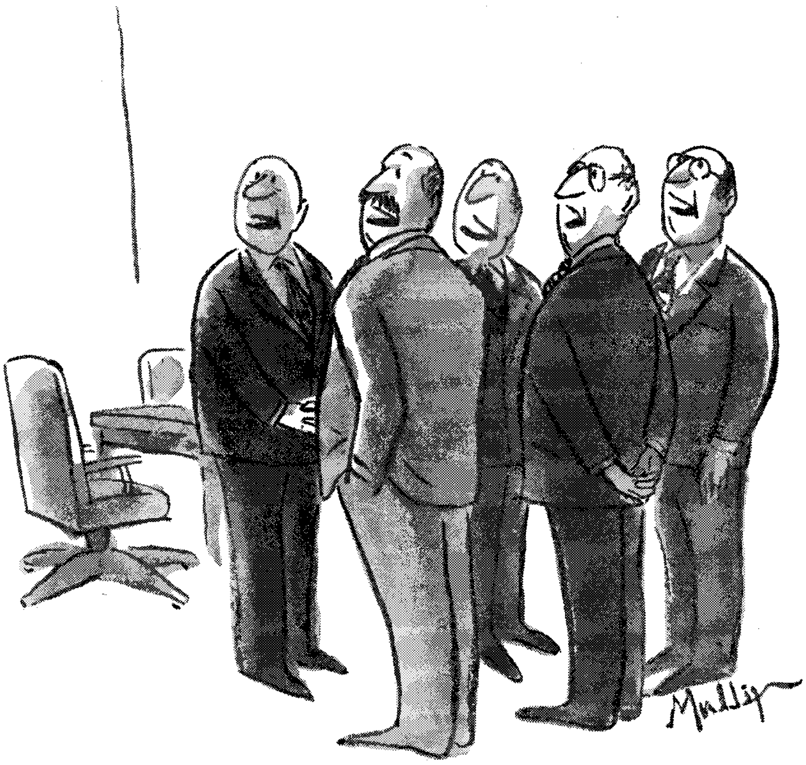
On the Great Lawn

ON the mornin' of Simon and Garfunkel on the Great Lawn,
Tommy Punch, age thirty-four, lookin' weary, lookin' wistful, staked out his place on a blanket, on the Great Lawn.
Katie Simmons was with him, and some other friends.
They were feelin' sad, feelin' over thirty.
Lookin' for somethin', lookin' for nothin', but feelin' glad to have Paul and Artie.
They waited all day, until there were half a million on the Great Lawn.
Tommy Punch was comfortable, wearin' bluejeans, and a sweater, and glasses that he said were "sort of Diane Keaton-style."
Strangers half his age or twice his age stepped over his body on the Great Lawn.
Tommy Punch didn't like havin' them there
They stepped on his beer and crushed his Fig Newtons on the Great Lawn,
But it was worth it to Tommy Punch and his friends.
Simon and Garfunkel sang twenty songs on the Great Lawn and gave ninety minutes on the Great Lawn.
Twice as many minutes as Sinatra ever gave, some folks claimed, or
Four times as many minutes as the Beatles ever gave in a concert.
The biggest show-business event in history, folks said,
And Mayor Koch, at the concert, said, Gee, I wish I could sing.
Tommy and Katie knew all the words of all twenty of the songs,
And they sang along, in "Mrs. Robinson," "Little Susie," and "Scarborough Fair," on the Great Lawn.
Strangers got mud on Tommy's blanket and kicked Katie in the shoulder,
But they sang along, in "Late in the Evening," "Bridge Over Troubled Water,"
"Still Crazy After All These Years," and "50 Ways to Leave Your Lover," on the Great Lawn.
Around them, strangers, knapsacks by their side, smoked a little pot, drank a little beer, and listened to "Old Friends" on the Great Lawn.
Strangers brought their dogs, strangers brought their babies, listened to "Feelin' Groovy" on the Great Lawn.
Smilin' at each other and lovin', on the Great Lawn.
Some folks even stood in the lake to listen to the sweet music.
They couldn't get on the Great Lawn.
The whole program was videotaped.
Half a million were very quiet.
Very peaceful.
Very good.
Feelin' sad, but feelin' glad to have Paul and Artie.
And Mrs. Robinson.
The next day, the New York *Times* printed a picture of Simon and Garfunkel on the front page.
The New York *Times* printed a picture of some of the half million.
The bulldozers came at dawn, to tur it all over.
The Parks Department set up a Mobile Operations truck on the Great Lawn.
The Parks Commissioner said, Be careful not to hurt these last holdouts—the hard-core fans still on the Great Lawn.
Some of the kids with knapsacks wer still sleepin' on the Great Lawn.
Trucks came and took away the sno fences and the police barricades.
Forklifts came and knocked down th aluminum scaffoldin' and the stag set of the New York skyline.
Garbage trucks moved quickly to pic up the litter and the garbage on Fifth Avenue and on Central Parl West.
Garbage trucks moved inside the Pa to pick up the soda cans.
Football players came out to the Grea Lawn.
Soccer players came out to the Great Lawn.
Frisbee throwers came out to the Great Lawn, because it was Sund mornin'.
Fiorucci and Hirsh, of Fiorucci & Hirsh Enterprises, were happy.
They had put up the money for the concert on the Great Lawn.
Half a million people had seen "Fiorucci" and they had seen "Hirsh" on the smokestack of the set at the concert.
The men drivin' the forklifts didn't care.
The drivers knocked down "Fiorucci on the Great Lawn.
The drivers knocked down "Hirsh" on the Great Lawn.
By noon, a little garbage was still le on the Great Lawn.
Some knapsacks were still around.
The bulldozers had turned up a lot dirt to make a new Great Lawn.


CLASSIC EXCHANGES...
HOW'S THE SOUP?
NOT BAD
WOODMAN



"Wiggens, Dexter, Abercrombie, Jackson & Bedford?"



"Right." "Right." "Right." "Right." "Right."

• •

Tommy Punch, feelin' sad, came out
 to the Great Lawn.
ookin' for somethin', lookin' for
 nothin', lookin' for lost glasses.
left my glasses last night, he said
 to a Parks Department man.
o to the police, the man said.
y generation, Tommy said, thought
 we'd change the world,
nd we didn't mind.
ookin' for somethin',
e couldn't find it.
was at Woodstock. I'm comfortable
 with the masses.
ookin' lost, soundin' plaintive,
 Tommy said, I left my glasses on
 the Great Lawn.
thought I'd just come out and see
 if I could find my glasses.

anctuary

ETTER from a woman in Pennsylvania:

On the first day that really felt like ll, Roger and I biked to a wildlife nctuary in our community. Roger ets melancholy over autumn, and, esides, we had moved from a sixty-re farm only a few months before, so e idea of going to a wildlife sanc- ary in the middle of town at the be- inning of fall had a promise of sadness it. But we enjoyed our expedition.

At the entrance to the sanctuary, which covered seventy-five acres, a sign told us to leave pets at home and to "touch, not take." We picked up a brochure that said, "The silent observer sees the most. Take only memories, leave only footprints. Stay on the trails." It listed a woods-edge trail along the local river, an orchard trail, a tree-edge trail, and a woodland loop, offering varying "habitat experiences of stream, field, thicket, and forest." Most of the trails were carpeted with wood chips. Along the orchard trail, the rotting apples on the ground smelled like vinegar. The trail led to the bird blind, a three-sided six-foot barrier of woven strips of wood, painted red, with openings to look through at several feeders. People had written on the bird blind "You saw somethin' else, didncha?" and "I'm Free." On a clipboard you could record the birds you saw at the feeders. Billy Zaboroush had seen a pigeon three days before. I watched for pheasants and wild turkeys, but the only creatures I got a good look at were some chipmunks skittering about and a sparrow—whose markings resembled a chipmunk's—nibbling leaves and cheeping like a day-old chick. Roger was sitting on a bench reading a book called "Two Acre Eden," which he had brought along. He whispered to me that the book said you can try to keep rabbits out of your garden by putting spices on the vegetables but that in fact rabbits are crazy about cabbages sprinkled with chili powder. Around us, the invisible birds were an orchestra tuning up: there was crying and trilling and clucking, led by the teasing mew of a catbird. Now and then, we heard the huff and swish of horses in the shade of the apple trees. When I spotted a robin, Roger told me that his book said a robin gets so single-minded about wild cherries that once it spies one it will fly through a cat's whiskers, if necessary, to get it. All at once, I caught sight of a bird that I thought was an extinct heath hen, but it flew away before I could even guess its real identity. Heath hens had been on my mind since I saw an ad in the "Antiques" classifieds in the *Times* for "extinct heath hens, male and female, mounted on extinct American cedar ($250,000. Call Tom)." I wrote down "Robin" under Billy Zaboroush's pigeon.

We followed the thicket path through reddened poison ivy and raspberries. Everything had a dried-up look about it except a village of white mushrooms in the path. The brightest thing in the woods was the scattered butter-yellow leaves of the tulip poplar. On many trees, patches of leaves had turned brown. We found a large wire cage, its door swinging open. Inside were two hutches, a large feeding pan, and a climbing branch. Outside, on the doorstep, was a hard, yellow cucumber. Fifty feet away, we stumbled across these small gravestones: "Peckie, Loveable and Playful," "Buster, A Cuddly Lovable Puppy," "Fritz, Rebellious Puppy, Lovable Dog," and "Bozo, A Lovable Rogue." I suddenly thought how odd it was that we had to go to a special place, a sanctuary—a refuge, with a sort of religious connotation—for a ritual farewell to nature, because in becoming town dwellers we had already said goodbye.

And then, just down the wood-chip path, we made an unexpected find—bladdernut shrubs. These gracefully bending little trees, up to eight feet high, lined the path, arching to meet overhead. We seemed to be on an endless trail of bladdernut shrubs (*Staphylea trifolia*), all waving reluctant goodbyes. Their clusters of seed packets—some green, some crisp brown—were hidden beneath the highest leaves. The green pods made me think of limp, wrinkled party balloons that have hung too long, and the brown, withered ones were almost as tough as cocoons. The seeds rattled inside like a baby's rattle. The seeds were the size and color of lentils but more spherical, and some of them peeped out—surprised eyes.

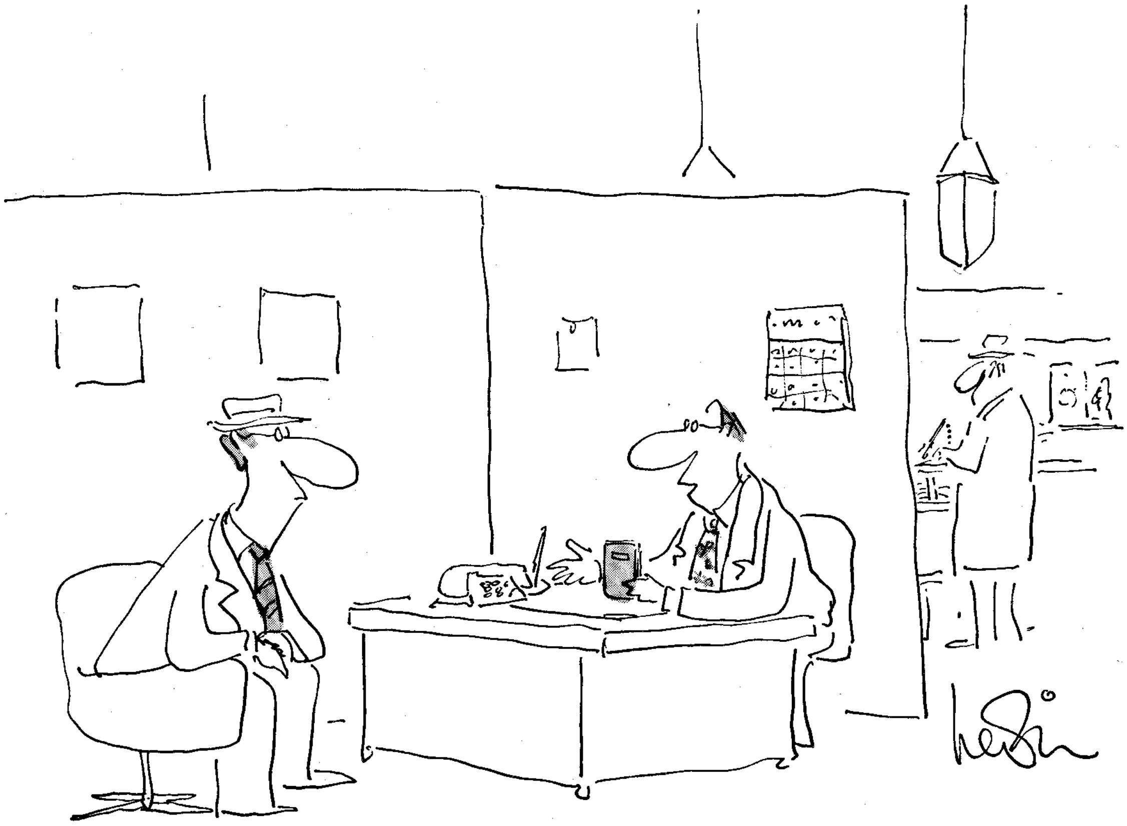
The hanging "cocoons" made me think of butterflies and caterpillars, and I thought that perhaps this grove was the showcase of the sanctuary, a kind of special exhibit of nature's metamorphosis, a hopeful but ironic insistence that, despite appearances, not everything was going to end up in graveyards, parks, or zoos.

As we biked home, a gust of wind pushed a dried leaf alongside me for half a block.

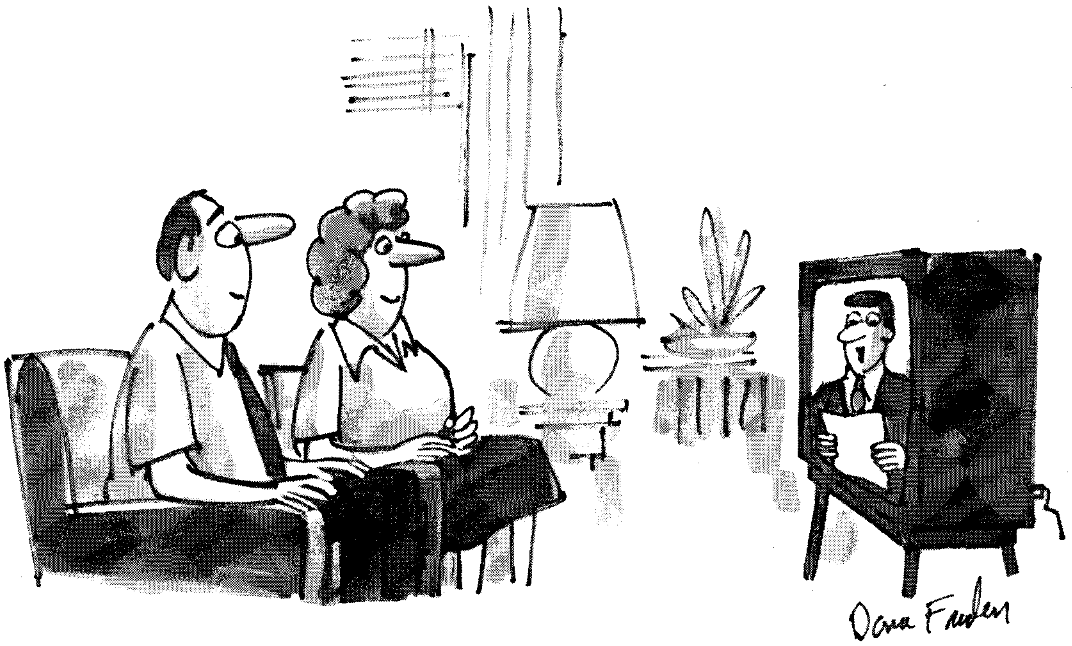
Jerome's Bus

THIS is Jerome's bus. It belongs to Jerome Weinberger, whose calling card describes him as a teacher-sculptor. About Jerome: he's in his late forties, short, well built; trim beard; lives in Long Beach, out on the Island. About the bus: it's a '67 Chevy; Jerome bought it on Staten Island last year, painted it off-white, and then added blue racing stripes and white lettering on both sides. The lettering says "Discoveries in Sculpture." Jerome calls the bus the Mobile Sculpture Gallery. Admission is free, bu you're welcome to make a contribution. According to a pamphlet (als free), Jerome and the bus have wo praise from Ed Graff, principal of th Lido Elementary School, in Long Beach, and from Adria Braverman supervisor of art at Thomas Jefferso High School, in Brooklyn, among others. Several original Weinberger are on display inside the bus, including the llama and baby llama mad out of brushes; the football placekicke made from a stapler; the samura warriors made of vises and clamp and corkscrews; and the motorcycle inner-tube/sardine-can/light-bul tableau, which is an example of Jerome's more daring recent abstrac work.

Jerome's great strength lies in th area of the found object. With foun objects, he makes the stuff that h puts in the bus and brings to SoH on Saturdays in the spring and autumn. His most coveted found object i this parking space on West Broadway between Prince and Spring Streets right in front of th Castelli Gallery. Jerome always aims fo this exact parkin space. With Jerome today is his good frien and associate Phylli Hart. Earlier, shortl after they arrived i SoHo and parked Phyllis suggested tha Jerome take a whit banner with black letters—the banner say "An Experienc Through the Imagination"—and hang upside down on th left side of the bus, th side that faces th traffic. The banner o the other side had already been hung righ side up. Phyllis mentioned the upside down banner just as throwaway idea, bu Jerome thought it wa a marvellous suggestion, and when Phylli realized that he ha actually *done* it sh



"I'm afraid that with this kind of account you can't withdraw your money for another three months. However, I can take you into our vault and let you visit it for a few minutes."



“Ronald Reagan was very, very amiable today.”

• •

thought it was brilliant, too—just the sort of thing that Jerome would do. This approach—using the imagination to break down the preconceived notions we have about our visual reality through the use of the most ordinary objects in new and ingenious associations, as Jerome has described it many times—goes on all the time with the Mobile Sculpture Gallery.

Some other highlights from this Saturday afternoon aboard Jerome’s bus:

Jerome talks with Jim, an actor, about the nature of imagination, and Phyllis inadvertently interrupts:

Jerome: “Jim, your role as an actor is to bring awareness to others. To let them know that what they’re doing is not allowing their imagination to become reality. Most people have a fear of living what their own imagination tells them to do. It’s because they’ve got their own fears. And, hey, don’t think I don’t have my own hangups.”

Phyllis: “Jerome, you’re blocking the doorway.”

Phyllis discusses what it’s like to assist Jerome in his endeavor:

“I straighten out the plastic runner that protects the carpet, I do the lettering on some of the signs in the bus. Like the letters on *that* sign faded—the one where Jerome describes his philosophy—so I just relettered that sign. Jerome doesn’t worry about those details. He’s very busy with his work. I also play the music. Here’s a folk-and-ragtime tape. We try to leave Long Beach at eight o’clock on the dot. The whole way driving in, Jerome’s apoplectic that he’s not going to get this parking spot. I was late in getting ready today and we forgot one of the pieces, an old tricycle that Jerome calls ‘The Acrobats.’ Forgetting it was a horrible experience. Don’t ask. What we usually do while we’re here is at some point I’ll like go for a walk. Maybe I’ll go buy juice. We bring some other food. Jerome’s a vegetarian—not a strict vegetarian but a vegetarian. It’s an integral part of his life—the nonwaste attitude. I find it very stimulating, too.”

Jerome and Phyllis discuss the reality of parking the Mobile Sculpture Gallery on West Broadway:

Jerome: “I’ve had a lot of people from Connecticut come in, for some reason. And I’ve inspired a lot of people to duplicate what I’ve done, although they’ll probably go further. I had a fellow from Venezuela and a fellow from France. They both stopped by and said that this is just what they wanted to do.”

Phyllis: “One Saturday last spring, we were wall-to-wall people all day long. We had a Venezuelan and a Colombian back to back today. We had an ambassador in here once. He grilled Jerome about what he was doing, and when he decided Jerome was O.K. he gave him his card. Very distinguished.”

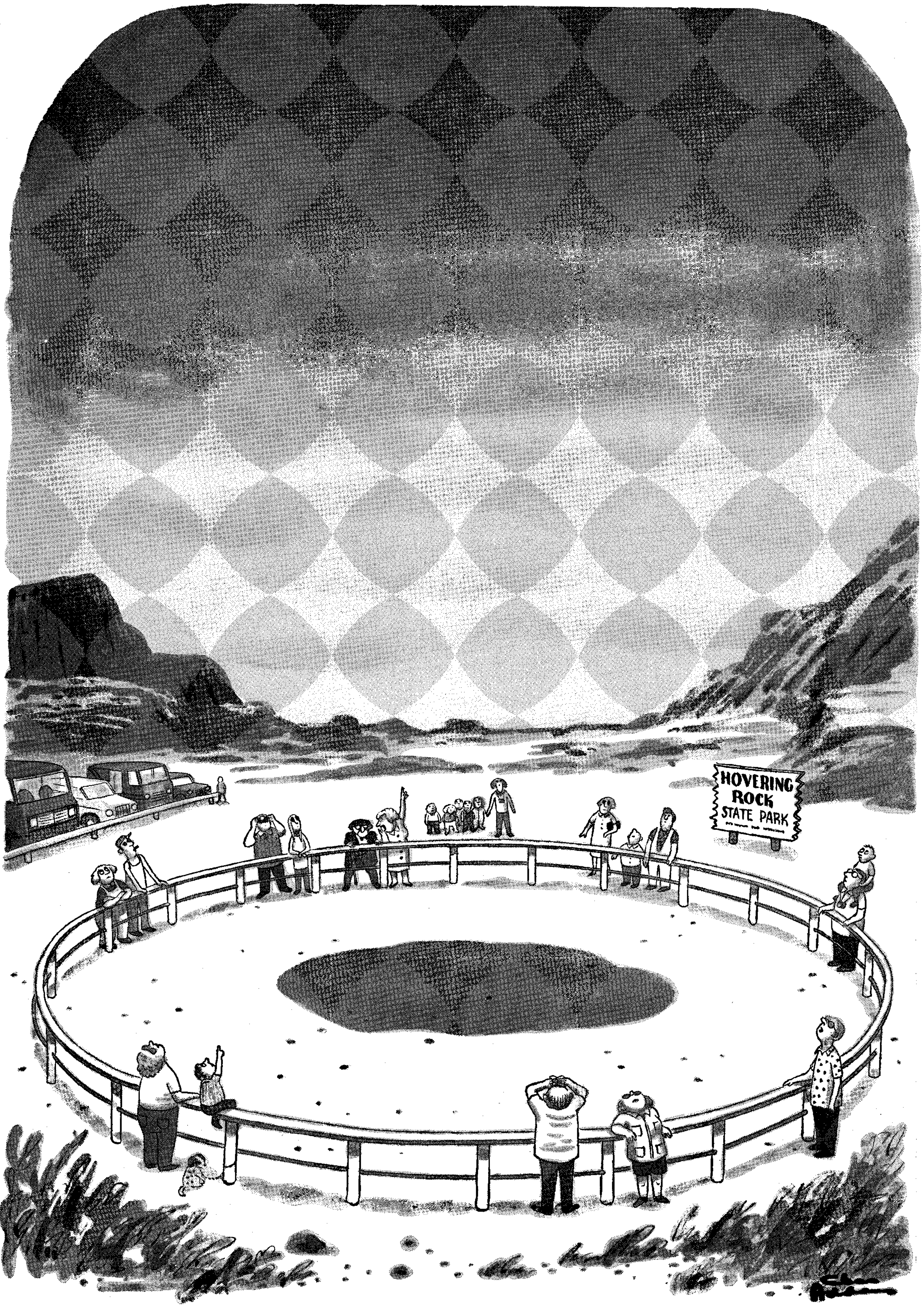
Jerome tells how he fixed up the burlap-covered panels on the interior walls:

“First, I laid the burlap out across a piece of plywood and attached it to the back of the plywood with staples. Then I pulled it in the other direction, so it was real tight, and I stapled it on that side. Then I stretched it across the top and stapled it there and then I stretched it around the bottom—you have to be very careful that you don’t get any wrinkles there—and I stapled it there. Then I took a drill and I drilled these holes in the corners and I screwed the whole thing in place. See the screws? It’s not as complicated as it sounds.”

Jerome talks about his artistic past and future:

“For a long time, most of my life was interior; I never gave myself over to the artistic life and the role that the artist finds himself in. This bus is a reaching out—a desire to communicate and let my presence be felt. I’ve literally changed a thousand different objects from reality into sculpture. I put in fifty thousand miles on beaches, just walking, looking for found objects. I wore out quite a few pairs of shoes and feet. I’m trying to get people to break down their own reality structures in order to open them up to new channels of communication. Break down their way of conceiving reality. I see myself as an educator.

“I’ve met over thirty-five hundred people this way. Meeting all those people, I began to experience my own capacity to stimulate them—children, teen-agers, young adults, middle-aged people, old people. I can’t tell you all the amazing things I’ve done here with *people*. It seems they yearn to be nourished, they’re starved for somebody to make them conscious of the potential of a human being. I don’t know where all this is leading me. I still haven’t clarified my motives to myself. I’m still amazed at the kind of situation the imagination can lead a person into. And yet inside me I feel I’ve accomplished nothing. In many ways, I’m nowhere near my potential.”


HOVERING
ROCK
STATE PARK

CHALLENGE

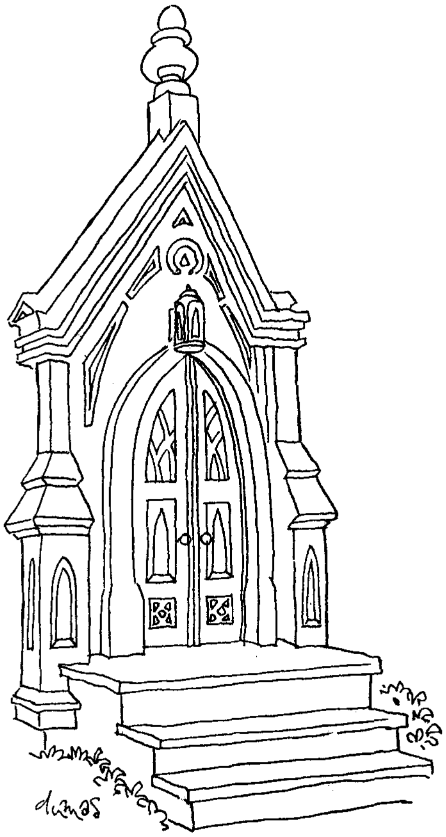
IN 1981, the superiority of the Japanese-made book review to the faltering domestic product, long a source of concern to industry insiders (*Publishers Weekly*, June 10, 1979, "Those Snazzy New Imports"), was dramatically endorsed by enthusiastic American consumers as Japan's U.S. market share rose to a stunning forty-seven per cent. The sleek, space-efficient Japanese reviews were appearing everywhere, and it was clear that the big, clunky American reviews, whose basic design had not been rethought since the days of Orville Prescott, were in Trouble City.

The *soul* of the Japanese review, rooted in the concept of Ma, or space interfacing with time, was large, forthright, ultra-modern, yet warm. It was a soul that consumers found agreeable, spread out all over the coffee table on a Sunday morning, and one that wore its technology lightly, like a plastic raincoat. At the same time, bench tests of the new Japanese reviews disclosed a ferocious efficiency.

The Nakamichi Model 500, for instance, was capable of deconstructing a book of average length in seven seconds, with 0.5 per cent distortion, signal-to-noise ratio of 124 db, and a damping factor of 60—a technological feat well beyond the capacity of any U.S. review. American notices tended to be handwritten, typically by either John Kenneth Galbraith or Joyce Carol Oates; the new Japanese reviews, on the other hand, were produced by teams of computer-directed, white-gowned specialists between bouts of singing the company song "Forward, Nakamichi, Forever"). And there were, in the imports, numerous refinements that the plodding, bulbous American reviews could not hope to match. In the Sanyo Model 350, "highs," or undue enthusiasm, were suppressed by a special microprocessor unit, which could itself sing the company song ("Greatness, Sanyo, Is Possible"). In March of 1981 Yamaha introduced the ultimate n politesse—a review with a sensational "muting" or self-canceling feature (although in fairness it must be noted that this was based on original research done in this country by Lehmann-Haupt and others). Nikko's Model 770 came equipped with a three-foot clip-on extension probe that actually *reached out and ouched the reader's heartstrings*, aid-d by dual LED heartstring meters.

There were, of course, variations in the Japanese product. Close readers ("review nuts") could discern a mushiness in the midrange in some Mitsubishi reviews; the upper registers of a Yamaha review were, in some models, unpleasantly shrill; Subaru's notices were thought to be "charitable." (Sansui's use of industrial robots in book-review assembly was not in itself considered innovative; *The New York Review of Books* had been using robots, usually British, for years.) Still, feature for feature and dollar for dollar, the Japanese entry was a brushed-chrome nifty and the native effort sad, drab knotty pine.

Nor was the export challenge confined to the American market. In England, *The Times Literary Supplement*, never known for liberality in the matter of reviewers' pay—"I would *accept* birdseed," one Brit-crit famously declared—converted instantly to an all-Nippon mode, the Japanese having savvily modified basic models to permit maundering, a fave reviewer tactic in Albion. The imports were cost-effective—that is to say, cheap. An English novelist, renowned for his ability to turn out two lengthy *Sunday Observer* pieces an hour while writing a symphony with his toes, said for attribution, "*It's just bloody unfair!*"—a plaint voiced again and again by his colleagues worldwide. From the *Irish Times* through the *Corriere della Sera* and *Le Monde* to Stockholm's mighty *Aftonbladet*, there was capitulation after capitulation, and big yen flowed toward the Ginza.



IN this country, perilously high levels of reviewer unemployment were reached. The Kirkus Service closed down plants in New Rochelle, New York, and Lordstown, Ohio. *Publishers Weekly*, already under pressure from the Department of Labor for its exclusive employment of thirteen-year-old girls, laid off its entire work force, using blue bubble gum as severance pay. *Book World*, the *Washington Post's* lit. sup., wavered, and then fell; as of the issue of September 18th, it was printed on rice paper and read back to front. The *Saturday Review's* splendid quarter-brow pages looked like so many plates of sushi, and only the New York *Times Book Review*, where the editor-san brooded in his glass-walled office while frightened sub-editors practiced the tea ceremony, held out.

The National Book Critics Circle, under the leadership of Fremont-Smith, although stoutly maintaining in public its belief in global freedom of expression, made private representations to the President demanding savage import quotas, hinting that its members would have a thing or two to say about the Reagan memoirs (a projected $8 million blockbuster for S & S) when he got around to writing them. A noted *Times* daily appraiser announced that he would henceforth devote himself exclusively to his flower-arranging classes at the New School, and a celebrated *Newsweek* critic was observed entering the building wearing a beautifully folded black obi over his Paul Stuart worsteds.

Inevitably, in December, the *TBR* too caved in, the contract going to giant Hitachi Industries of Osaka. As dejected *Times*men stuffed their attaché cases with clips of old reviews and half-consumed packages of Figurines, Hitachi's Managing Director I. Yamaguchi was asked by media reps for the secret of his company's success. "Ma knows best," he said.

—WILLIAM WHITE

•

The average fast-food store patron is 30 years old, compared with 25 a decade ago, Nation's Restaurant News finds.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Time flies when you're eating out.

ILL SEEN ILL SAID

FROM where she lies she sees Venus rise. On. From where she lies when the skies are clear she sees Venus rise followed by the sun. Then she rails at the source of all life. On. At evening when the skies are clear she savors its star's revenge. At the other window. Rigid upright on her old chair she watches for the radiant one. Her old deal spindle-backed kitchen chair. It emerges from out the last rays and sinking ever brighter is engulfed in its turn. On. She sits on erect and rigid in the deepening gloom. Such helplessness to move she cannot help. Heading on foot for a particular point often she freezes on the way. Unable till long after to move on not knowing whither or for what purpose. Down on her knees especially she finds it hard not to remain so forever. Hand resting on hand on some convenient support. Such as the foot of her bed. And on them her head. There then she sits as though turned to stone face to the night. Save for the white of her hair and faintly bluish white of face and hands all is black. For an eye having no need of light to see. All this in the present as had she the misfortune to be still of this world.

The cabin. Its situation. Careful. On. At the inexistent center of a formless place. Rather more circular than otherwise finally. Flat to be sure. To cross it in a straight line takes her from five to ten minutes. Depending on her speed and radius taken. Here she who loves to—here she who now can only stray never strays. Stones increasingly abound. Ever scanter even the rankest weed. Meagre pastures hem it round on which it slowly gains. With none to gainsay. To have gainsaid. As if doomed to spread. How come a cabin in such a place? How came? Careful. Before replying that in the far past at the time of its building there was clover growing to its very walls. Implying furthermore that it

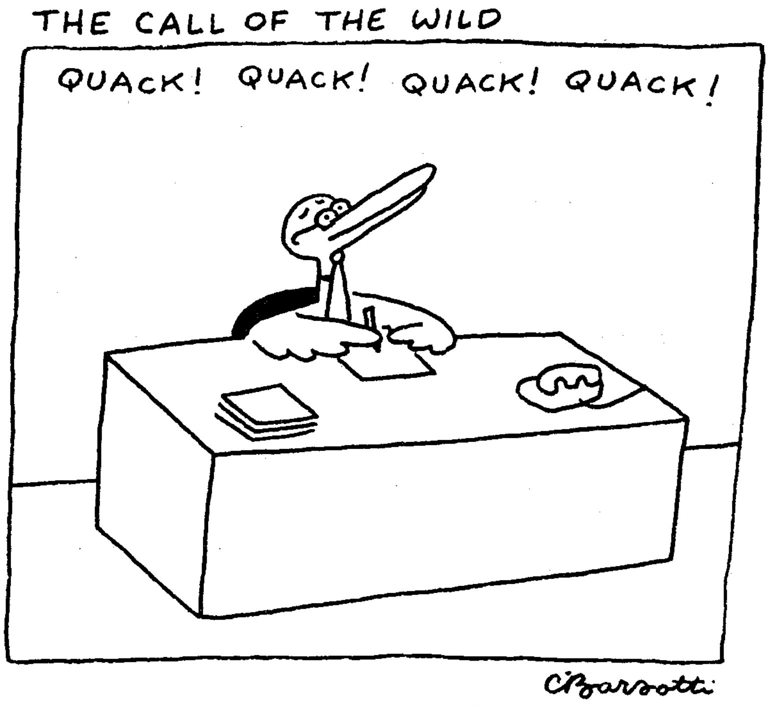
the culprit. And from it as from an evil core that the what is the wrong word the evil spread. And none to urge—none to have urged its demolition. As if doomed to endure. Question answered. Chalkstones of striking effect in the light of the moon. Let it be in opposition when the skies are clear. Quick then still under the spell of Venus quick to the other window to see the other marvel rise. How whiter and whiter as it climbs it whitens more and more the stones. Rigid with face and hands against the pane she stands and marvels long.

The two zones form a roughly circular whole. As though outlined by a trembling hand. Diameter. Careful. Say one furlong. On an average. Beyond the unknown. Mercifully. The feeling at times of being below sea level. Especially at night when the skies are clear. Invisible nearby sea. Inaudible. The entire surface under grass. Once clear of the zone of stones. Save where it has receded from the chalky soil. Innumerable white scabs all shapes and sizes. Of striking effect in the light of the moon. In the way of animals ovines only. After long hesitation. They are white and make do with little. Whence suddenly come no knowing nor whither as suddenly gone. Unshepherded they stray as they list. Flowers? Careful. Alone the odd crocus still at lambing time. And man? Shut of at last? Alas no. For will she not be surprised one day to find him gone? Surprised no she is beyond surprise. How many? A figure come what may. Twelve. Wherewith to furnish the horizon's narrow round. She raises her eyes and sees one. Turns away and sees another. So on. Always afar. Still or receding. She never once saw one come toward her. Or she forgets. She forgets. Are they always the same? Do they see her? Enough.

A moor would have better met the case. Were there a case better to meet. There had to be lambs. Rightly or wrongly. A moor would have allowed of them. Lambs for their whiteness. And for other reasons as yet obscure. Another reason. And so that there may be none. At lambing time. That from one moment to the next she may raise her eyes to find them gone. A moor would have allowed of them. In any case too late. And what lambs. No trace of frolic. White splotches in the grass. Aloof from the unheeding ewes. Still. Then a moment of straying. Then still again. To think there i still life in this age. Gently gently.

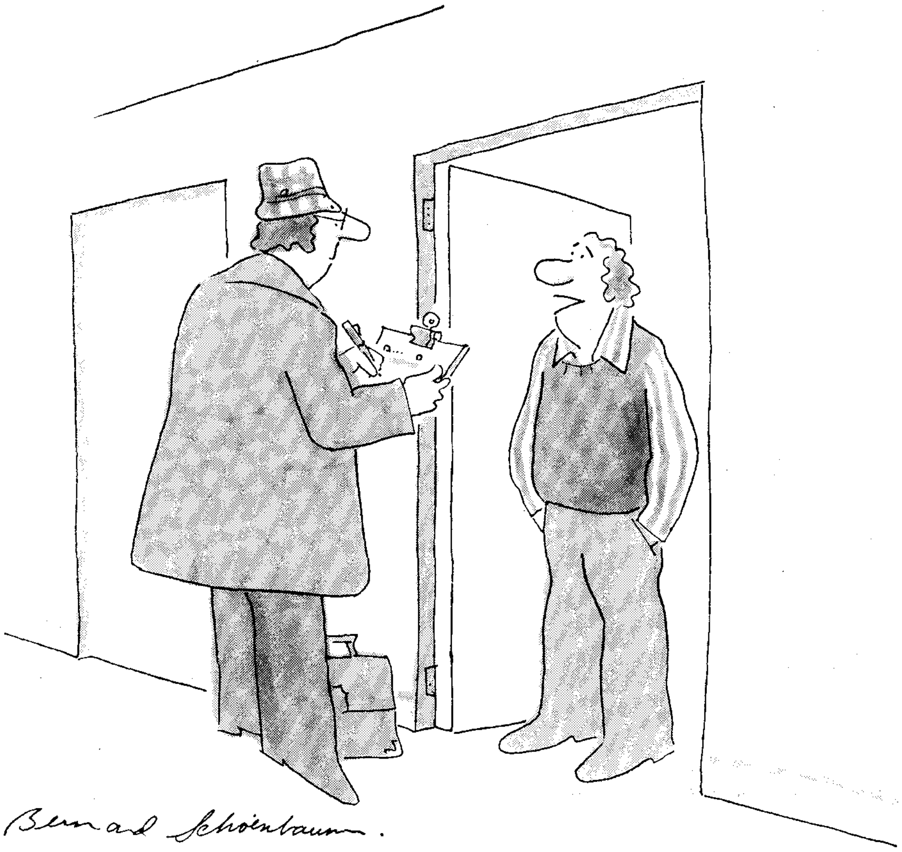
She is drawn to a certain spot. A times. There stands a stone. It it i draws her. Rounded rectangular block three times as high as wide. Four. He stature now. Her lowly stature. When it draws she must to it. She cannot se it from her door. Blindfold she could find her way. With herself she has no more converse. Neve had much. Now none. As had she the misfortune to be still o this world. But whe the stone draws the to her feet the prayer Take her. Especiall at night when the skie are clear. With moo or without. They tak her and halt her before it. There she to as if of stone. Bu black. Sometimes i the light of the moon. Mostly of the star alone. Does she env it?

To the imaginar stranger the dwellin appears deserted. Under constant watch betrays no sign of life



The eye glued to one or the other window has nothing but black drapes for its pains. Motionless against the door he listens long. No sound. Knocks. No answer. Watches all night in vain for the least glimmer. Returns at last to his own and avows, No one. She shows herself only to her own. But she has no own. Yes yes she has one. And who has her.

There was a time when she did not appear in the zone of stones. A long time. Was not therefore to be seen going out or coming in. When she appeared only in the pastures. Was not therefore to be seen leaving them. Save as though by enchantment. But little by little she began to appear. In the zone of stones. First darkly. Then more and more plain. Till in detail she could be seen crossing the threshold both ways and closing the door behind her. Then a time when within her walls she did not appear. A long time. But little by little she began to appear. Within her walls. Darkly. Time truth to tell still current. Though she within them no more. This long time.



"Gee, I don't know. I'd hate to see any candidate lose."

Yes within her walls so far at the window only. At one or the other window. Rapt before the sky. And only half seen so far a pallet and a ghostly chair. Ill half seen. And how in her faint comings and goings she suddenly stops dead. And how hard set to rise from down on her knees. But there too little by little she begins to appear more plain. Within her walls. As well as other objects. Such as under her pillow—such as deep in some recess this still shadowy album. Perhaps in time be by her when she takes it on her knees. See the old fingers fumble through the pages. And what scenes they can possibly be that draw the head down lower still and hold it in thrall. In the meantime who knows no more than withered flowers. No more!

But quick seize her where she is best to be seized. In the pastures far from shelter. She crosses the zone of stones and is there. Clearer and clearer as she goes. Quick seeing she goes out less and less. And so to say only in winter. Winter in her winter haunts she wanders. Far from shelter. Head bowed she makes her slow wavering way across the snow. It is evening. Yet again. On the snow her long shadow keeps her company. The others are there. All about. The twelve. Afar. Still or receding. She raises her eyes and sees one. Turns away and sees another. Again she stops dead. Now the moment or never. But something forbids. Just time to begin to glimpse a fringe of black veil. The face must wait. Just time before the eye cast down. Where nothing to be seen in the grazing rays but snow. And how all about little by little her footprints are effaced.

What is it defends her? Even from her own. Averts the intent gaze. Incriminates the dearly won. Forbids divining her. What but life ending. Hers. The other's. But so otherwise. She needs nothing. Nothing utterable. Whereas the other. How need in the end? But how? How need in the end?

Times when she is gone. Long lapses of time. At crocus time it would be making for the distant tomb. To have that on the imagination! On top of the rest. Bearing by the stem or round her arm the cross or wreath. But she can be gone at any time. From one moment of the year to the next suddenly no longer there. No longer anywhere to be seen. Nor by the eye of flesh nor by the other. Then as suddenly there again. Long after. So on. Any other would renounce. Avow, No one. No one more. Any other than this other. In wait for her to reappear. In order to resume. Resume the—what is the word? What the wrong word?

Riveted to some detail of the desert the eye fills with tears. Imagination at wit's end spreads its sad wings. Gone she hears one night the sea as if afar. Plucks up her long skirt to make better haste and discovers her boots and stockings to the calf. Tears. Last example the flagstone before her door that by dint by dint her little weight has grooved. Tears.

Before left for the stockings the boots have time to be ill buttoned. Weeping over as weeping will see now the buttonhook larger than life. Of tarnished silver pisciform it hangs by its hook from a nail. It trembles faintly without cease. As if here without cease the earth faintly quaked. The oval handle is wrought to a semblance of scales. The shank a little bent leads up to the hook the eye so far still dry. A lifetime of hooking has lessened its curvature. To the point at certain moments of its seeming unfit for service. Child's play with a pliers to restore it. Was there once a time she did? Careful. Once once in a way. Till she could no more. No more bring the jaws together. Oh not for weakness. Since when it hangs useless from the nail. Trembling imperceptibly without cease. Silver shimmers some evenings when the skies are clear. Close-up then. In which in defiance of reason the nail prevails. Long this image till suddenly it blurs.

She is there. Again. Let the eye from its vigil be distracted a moment. At break or close of day. Distracted by the sky. By something in the sky. So that when it resumes the curtain may be no longer closed. Opened by her to let her see the sky. But even without that she is there. Without the curtain's being opened. Suddenly open. A flash. The suddenness of all! She still without stopping. On her way without starting. Gone without going. Back without returning. Suddenly it is evening. Or dawn. The eye rivets the bare window. Nothing in the sky will distract it from it more. While she from within looks her fill. Pfft occulted. Nothing having stirred.

Already all confusion. Things and imaginings. As of always. Confusion amounting to nothing. Despite precautions. If only she could be pure figment. Unalloyed. This old so dying woman. So dead. In the madhouse of the skull and nowhere else. Where no more precautions to be taken. No precautions possible. Cooped up there with the rest. Hovel and stones. The lot. And the eye. How simple all then. If only all could be pure figment. Neither be nor been nor by any shift to be. Gently gently. On. Careful.

Here to the rescue two lights. Two small skylights. Set in the high-pitched roof on either side. Each shedding dim light. No ceiling therefore. Necessarily. Otherwise with the curtains closed she would be in the dark. Day and night in the dark. And what of it? She is done with raising her eyes. Nearly done. But when she lies with them open she can just make out the rafters. In the dim light the skylights shed. An ever dimmer light. As the panes slowly dimmen. All in black she comes and goes. The hem of her long black skirt brushes the floor. But most often she is still. Standing or sitting. Lying or on her knees. In the dim light the skylights shed. Otherwise with the curtains closed for preference she would be in the dark. In the dark day and night.

SEA NOISE

The professorial sea
scribbles mile after mile
of waves. Rustling
and cursive,
the script is crawling,
lullingly sunlit,
illegible,
a green thesis
(of the sea).

Near the shore, it rises,
ranks of old men emeritus,
snuffling, green-gowned;
it propounds upon shoals
interlocutories (baritone):
"Tomb? Tomb?" Also, "Box? Box?"

Across the lower sand,
a bubbling push,
flat-disembodied beard,
vaporous spirit of tumbling
polar bears,
exploded brides,
gravel-scatteringly asks,
"Which human hunger
is least respectable . . . tibble, tibble?"

To which the sand,
with a student hiss,
aglaze in a rushing film,
utters, in a withdrawn whisper,
the delicate lie,
the bubbling polysyllables
of its mostly uninteresting reply.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

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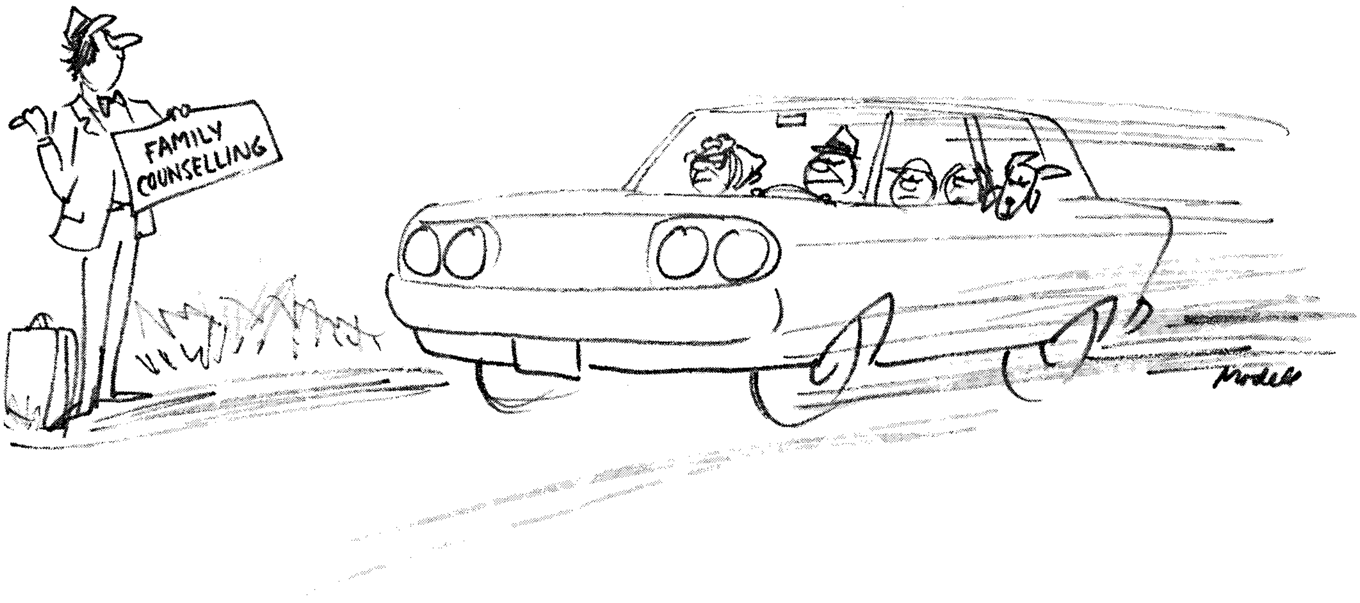
Next to emerge from the shadows an inner wall. Only slowly to dissolve in favor of a single space. East the bed. West the chair. A place divided by her use of it alone. How more desirable in every way an interior of a piece. The eye breathes again but not for long. For slowly it emerges again. Rises from the floor and slowly up to los itself in the gloom. The semi-gloom It is evening. The buttonhook glimmers in the last rays. The pallet scarc to be seen.

Anne Burgess

Weary of the inanimate the eye i her absence falls back on the twelve Out of her sight as she of theirs Alone turn where she may she keep her eyes fixed on the ground. On th way at her feet where it has come to stop. Winter evening. Not to be precise. All so bygone. To the twelv then for want of better the widowe eye. No matter which. In the distanc stiff he stands facing front and th setting sun. Dark greatcoat reachin to the ground. Antiquated block ha Finally the face caught full in the las rays. Quick enlarge and devour befor night falls.

Having no need of light to see th eye makes haste. Before night falls. S



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t is. So itself belies. Then glutted—then torpid under its lid makes way for unreason. What if not her do they ring around? Careful. She who looks up no more looks up and sees them. Some among them. Still or receding. Receding. Those too closely seen who move to preserve their distance. While at the same time others advance. Those in the wake of her wandering. She never once saw one come toward her. Or she forgets. She forgets. Now ome do. Toward but never nearer. Thus they keep her in the center. More or less. What then if not her do hey ring around? In their ring whence she disappears unhindered. Whence they let her disappear. Intead of disappearing in her company. So the unreasoning goes. While the ye digests its pittance. In its private ark. In the general dark.

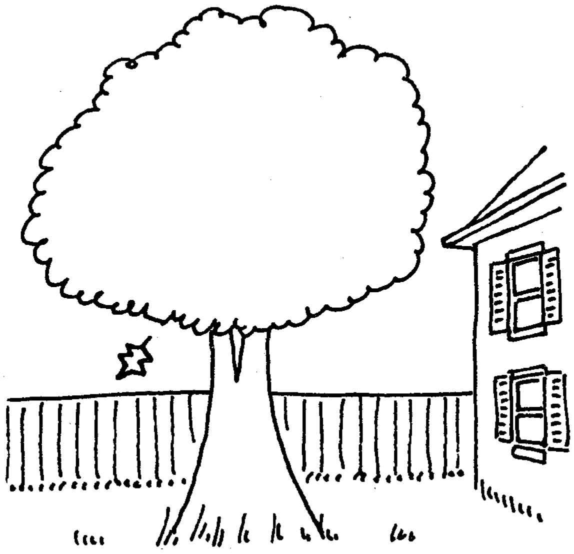
As hope expires of her ever reappearing she reappears. At first sight ittle changed. It is evening. It will lways be evening. When not night. She emerges at the fringe of the pasures and sets forward across them. Slowly with fluttering step as if wantng mass. Suddenly still and as suddenly on her way again. At this rate it will be black night before she reaches home. Home! But time slows all this while. Suits its speed to hers. Whence rom beginning to end of her course o loss or but little of twilight. A matter at most of a candle or two. Bearing south as best she can she asts toward the moon to come her long black shadow. They come at last to the door holding a great key. At the same instant night. When not evening night. Head bowed she stands exposed facing east. All dead still. All save hanging from a finger the old key polished by use. Trembling it faintly shimmers in the light of the moon.

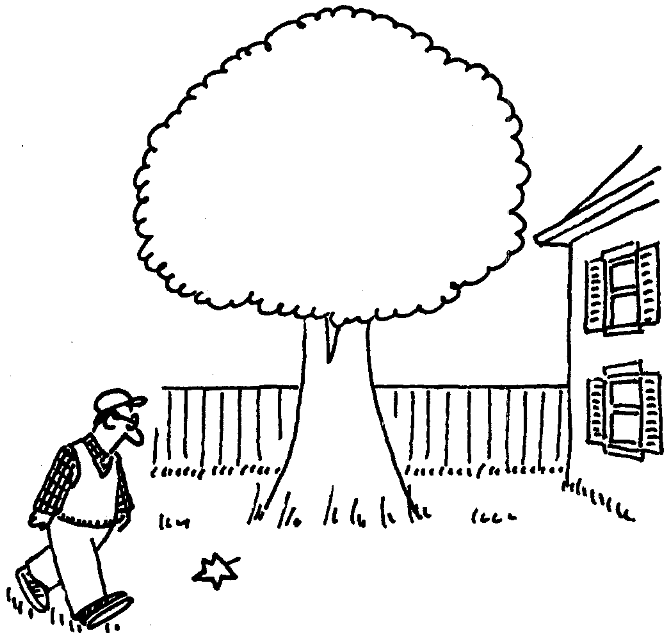
Wooed from below the face consents at last. In the dim light reflected by the flag. Calm slab worn and polished by agelong comings and goings. Livid pallor. Not a wrinkle. How serene it seems this ancient mask. Worthy those worn by certain newly dead. True the light leaves to be desired. The lids occult the longed-for eyes. Time will tell them washen blue. Where tears perhaps not for nothing. Unimaginable tears of old. Lashes jet black remains of the brunette she was. Perhaps once was. When yet a lass. Yet brunette. Skipping the nose at the call of the lips these no sooner broached are withdrawn. The slab having darkened with the darkening sky. Black night henceforward. And at dawn an empty place. With no means of knowing whether she has gone in or under cover of darkness her ways again.

White stones more plentiful every year. As well say every instant. In a fair way if they persist to bury all. First zone rather more extensive than at first sight ill seen and every year rather more. Of striking effect in the light of the moon these millions of little sepulchres. But in her absence but cold comfort. From it then in the end to the second miscalled pastures. Leprous with white scars where the grass has receded from the chalky soil. In contemplation of this erosion the eye finds solace. Everywhere stone is gaining. Whiteness. More and more every year. As well say every instant. Everywhere every instant whiteness is gaining.

The eye will return to the scene of its betrayals. On centennial leave from where tears freeze. Free again an instant to shed them scalding. On the blest tears once shed. While exulting at the white heap of stone. Ever heaping for want of better on itself. Which if it persist will gain the skies. The moon. Venus.

From the stones she steps down into the pastures. As from one tier of a circus to the next. A gap time will fill. For faster than the stones invade it the other ground upheaves its own. So far in silence. A silence time will break. This great silence evening and night. Then all along the verge the muffled thud of stone on stone. Of those spilling their excess on those emergent. Only now and then at first. Then at ever briefer intervals. Till one continuous din. With none to hear. Decreasing as the levels draw together to silence once again. Evening and night. In the meantime she is suddenly sitting with her feet in the pastures. Were it not for the empty hands on the way who knows to the tomb. Back from it then more likely. On the





way back from the tomb. Frozen true to her wont she seems turned to stone. Face to the further confines the eye closes in vain to see. At last they appear an instant. North where she passes them always. Shroud of radiant haze. Where to melt into paradise.

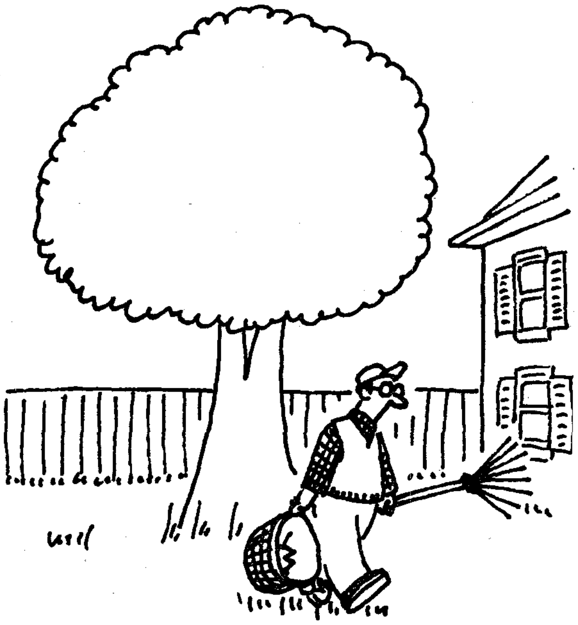
The long white hair stares in a fan. Above and about the impassive face. Stares as if shocked still by some ancient horror. Or by its continuance. Or by another. That leaves the face stone-cold. Silence at the eye of the scream. Which say? Ill say. Both. All three. Question answered.

Seated on the stones she is seen from behind. From the waist up. Trunk black rectangle. Nape under frill of black lace. White half halo of hair. Face to the north. The tomb. Eyes on the horizon perhaps. Or closed to see the headstone. The withered crocuses. Endless evening. She lit aslant by the last rays. They make no difference. None to the black of the cloth. None to the white hair. It too dead still. In the still air. Voidlike calm as always. Evening and night. Suffice to watch the grass. How motionless it droops. Till under the relentless eye it shivers. With faintest shiver from its innermost. Equally the hair. Rigidly horrent it shivers at last for the eye about to abandon. And the old body itself. When it seems of stone. Is it not in fact ashiver from head to foot? Let her but go and stand still by the other stone. It white from afar in the pastures. And the eye go from one to the other. Back and forth. What calm then. And what storm. Beneath the weeds' mock calm.

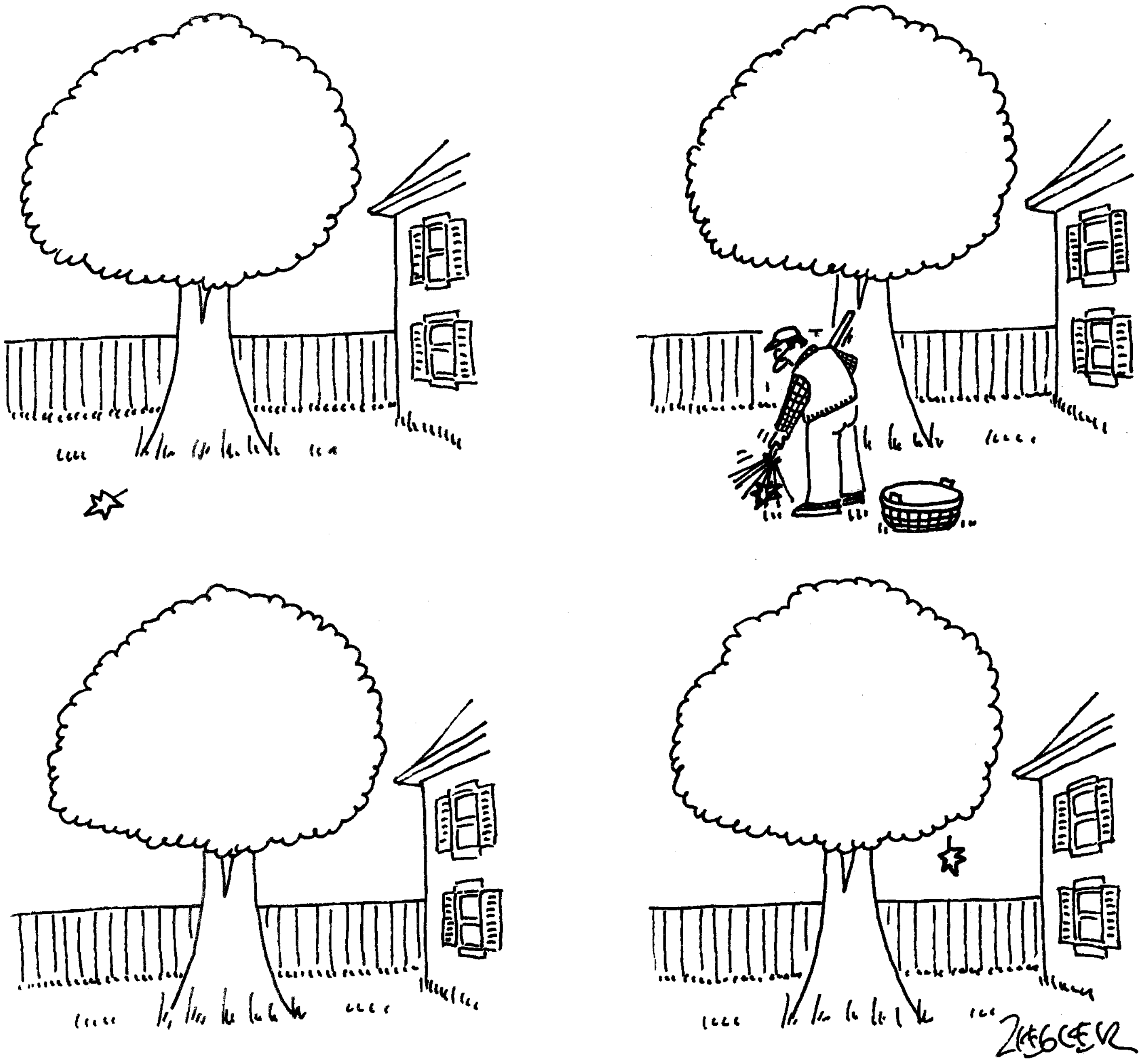
Not possible any longer except as figment. Not endurable. Nothing for it but to close the eye for good and see her. Her and the rest. Close it for good and all and see her to death. Unremittent. In the shack. Over the stones. In the pastures. The haze. At the tomb. And back. And the rest. For good and all. To death. Be shut of it all. On to the next. Next figment. Close it for good this filthy eye of flesh. What forbids? Careful.

Such—such fiasco that folly takes a hand. Such bits and scraps. Seen no matter how and said as seen. Dread of black. Of white. Of void. Let her vanish. And the rest. For good. And the sun. Last rays. And the moon. And Venus. Nothing left but black sky. White earth. Or inversely. No more sky or earth. Finished high and low. Nothing but black and white. Everywhere no matter where. But black. Void. Nothing else. Contemplate that. Not another word. Home at last. Gently gently.

Panic past pass on. The hands. Seen from above. They rest on the pubis



intertwined. Strident white. Their faintly leaden tinge killed by the black ground. Suspicion of lace at the wrists. To go with the frill. They tighten then loosen their clasp. Slow systole diastole. And the body that scandal. While its sole hands in view. On its sole pubis. Dead still to be sure. On the chair. After the spectacle. Slowly its spell unbinding. On and on they keep. Tightening and loosening their clasp. Rhythm of a laboring heart. Till when almost despaired of gently part. Suddenly gently. Spreading rise and in midair palms uppermost come to rest. Behold our hollows. Then after a moment as if to hide the lines fall back pronating as they go and light flat on head of thighs. Within an ace of the crotch. It is now the left hand



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lacks its third finger. A swelling no doubt—a swelling no doubt of the knuckle between first and second phalanges preventing one panic day withdrawal of the ring. The kind called keeper. Still as stones they defy as stones do the eye. Do they as much as feel the clad flesh? Does the clad flesh feel them? Will they then never quiver? This night assuredly not. For before they have—before the eye has time they mist. Who is to blame? Or what? They? The eye? The missing finger? The keeper? The cry? What cry? All five. All six. And the rest. All. All to blame. All.

Winter evening in the pastures. The snow has ceased. Her steps so light they barely leave a trace. Have barely left having ceased. Just enough to be still visible. Adrift the snow. Whither in her head while her feet stray thus? Hither and thither too? Or unswerving to the mirage? And where when she halts? The eye discerns afar a kind of stain. Finally the steep roof whence part of the fresh fall has slid. Under the low lowering sky the north is lost. Obliterated by the snow the twelve are there. Invisible were she to raise her eyes. She on the contrary immaculately black. Not having received a single flake. Nothing needed now but for them to start falling again which therefore they do. First one by one here and there. Then thicker and thicker plumb through the still air. Slowly she disappears. Together with the trace of her steps and that of the distant roof. How find her way home? Home! Even as the homing bird. Safe as the saying is and sound.

All dark in the cabin while she whitens afar. Silence but for the imaginary murmur of flakes beating on the roof. And every now and then a real creak. Her company. Here without having to close the eye sees her afar. Motionless in the snow under the snow. The buttonhook trembles from its nail as if a night like any other. Facing the black curtain the chair exudes its solitude. For want of a fellow-table. Far from it in a corner see suddenly an antique coffer. In its therefore no lesser solitude. It perhaps that creaks. And in its depths who knows the key. The key to close. But this night the chair. Its immovable air. Less than the—more than the empty seat the barred back is piteous. Here if she eats here she sits to eat. The eye closes in the dark and sees her in the end. With her right hand as large as life she holds the edge of the bowl resting on her knees. With her left the spoon dipped in the slop. She waits. For it to cool perhaps. But no. Merely frozen again just as about to begin. At last in a twin movement full of grace she slowly raises the bowl toward her lips while at the same time with equal slowness bowing her head to join it. Having set out at the same instant they meet halfway and there come to rest. Fresh rigor before the first spoonful slobbered largely back into the slop. Others no happier till time to part lips and bowl and slowly back with never a slip to their starting points. As smooth and even fro as to. Now again the rigid Memnon pose. With her right hand she holds the edge of the bowl. With her left the spoon dipped in the slop. So far so good. But before she can proceed she fades and disappears. Nothing now for the staring eye but the chair in its solitude.

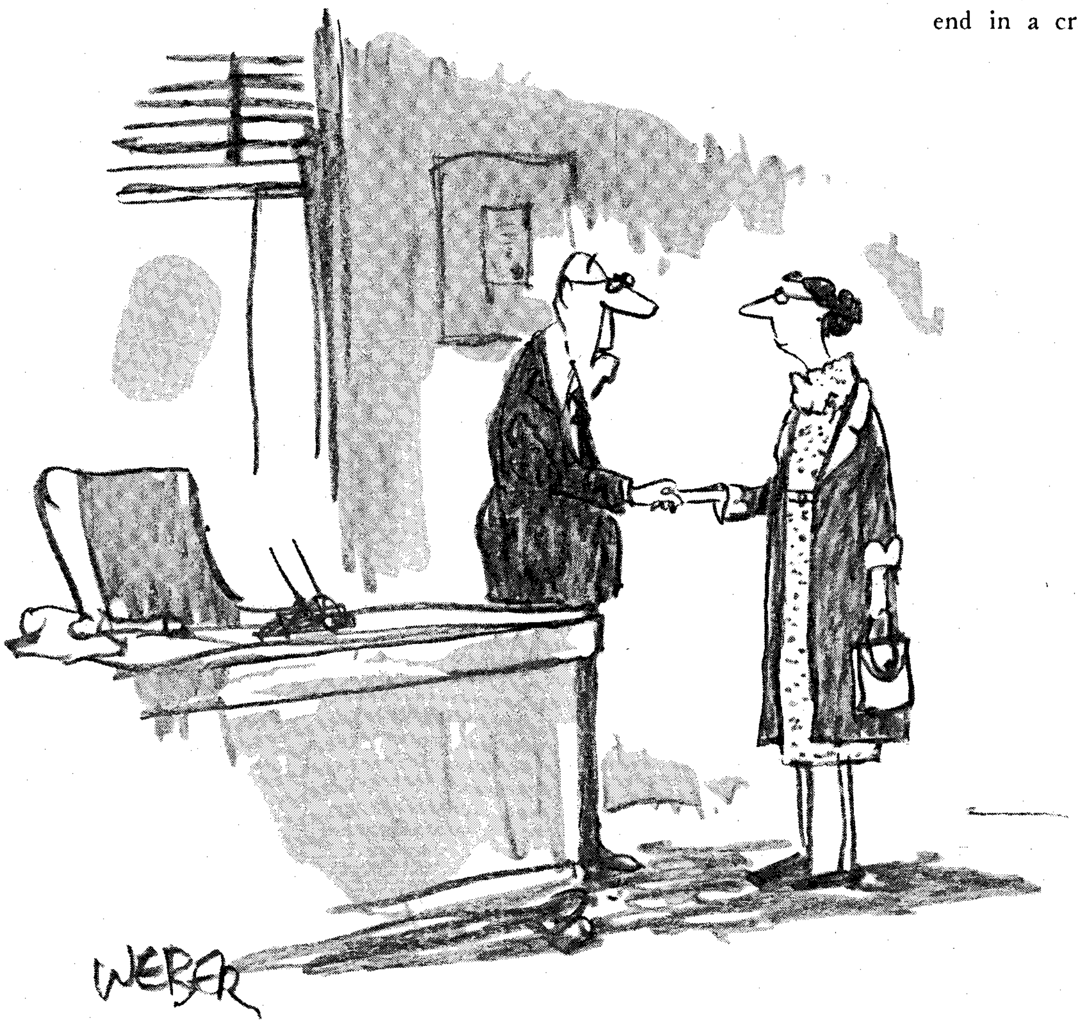
One evening she was followed by a lamb. Reared for slaughter like the others it left them to follow her. In the present to conclude. All so bygone. Slaughter apart it is not like the others. Hanging to the ground in matted coils its fleece hides the little shanks. Rather than walk it seems to glide like a toy in tow. It halts at the same instant as she. At the same instant as she strays on. Stock-still as she it waits with head like hers extravagantly bowed. Clash of black and white that far from muting the last rays amplify. It is now her puniness leaps to the eye. Thanks it would seem to the lowly creature next her. Brief paradox. For suddenly together they move on. Hither and thither toward the stones. There she turns and sits. Does she see the white body at her feet? Head haught now she gazes into emptiness. That profusion. Or with closed eyes sees the tomb. The lamb goes no further. Alone night fallen she makes for home. Home! As straight as were it to be seen.

Was it ever over and done with questions? Dead the whole brood no sooner hatched. Long before. In the egg. Long before. Over and done with answering. With not being able. With not being able not to want to know. With not being able. No. Never. A dream. Question answered.

What remains for the eye exposed to such conditions? To such vicissitude of hardly there and wholly gone. Why none but to open no more. Till all done. She done. Or left undone. Tenement and unreason. No more unless to rest. In the outward and so-called visible. That daub. Quick again to the brim the old nausea and shut again. On her. Till she be whole. Or abort. Question answered.

The coffer. Empty after long nocturnal search. Nothing. Save in the end in a cranny of dust a scrap of paper. Jagged along one edge as if torn from a diary. On its yellowed face in barely legible ink two letters followed by a number. Tu 17. Or Th. Tu or Th 17. Otherwise blank. Otherwise empty.

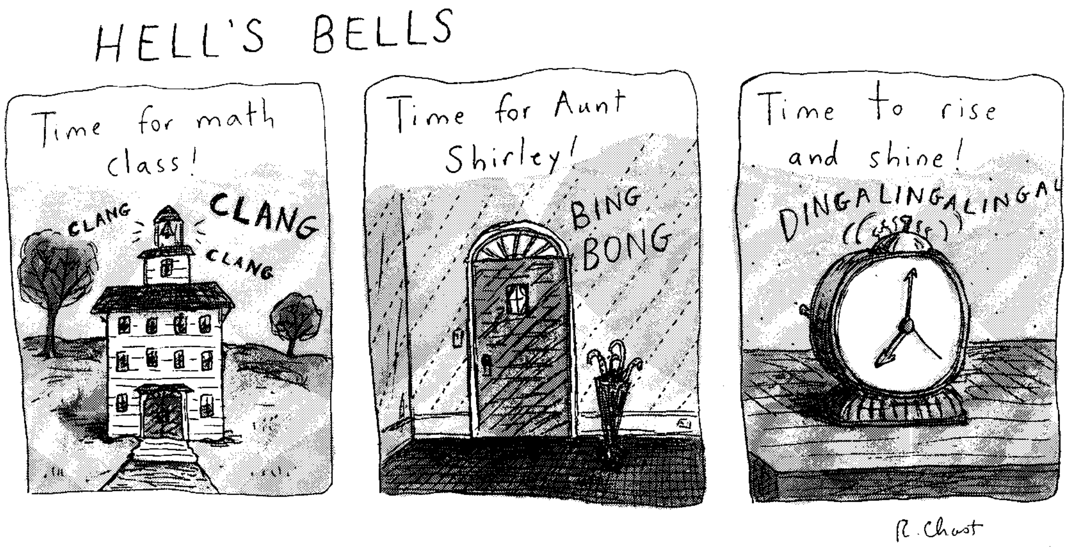
She reëmerges on her back. Dead still. Evening and night. Dead still on her back evening and night. The bed. Careful. A pallet? Hardly if head as ill seen when on her knees. Praying if she prays. Pah she has only to grovel deeper. Or grovel elsewhere. Before the chair. Or the coffer. Or at the edge of the pastures with her head on the stones. A pallet then flat on the floor. No pillow. Hidden from chin to foot under a black covering she offers her face alone. Alone! Face defenseless evening and night. Quick the eyes. The moment they open. Sud-



"You can start on Monday, Miss Creel. No bluejeans."

denly they are there. Nothing having stirred. One is enough. One staring eye. Gaping pupil thinly nimbed with washen blue. No trace of humor. None any more. Unseeing. As if dazed by what seen behind the lids. The other plumbs its dark. Then opens in its turn. Dazed in its turn.

Incontinent the void. The zenith. Evening again. When not night it will be evening. Death again of deathless day. On the one hand embers. On the other ashes. Day without end won and lost. Unseen.


HELL'S BELLS

On resumption the head is covered. No matter. No matter now. Such the confusion now between real and—how say its contrary? No matter. That old tandem. Such now the confusion between them once so twain. And such the farrago from eye to mind. For it to make what sad sense of it may. No matter now. Such equal liars both. Real and—how ill say its contrary? The counter-poison.

Still fresh the coffer fiasco what now of all things but a trapdoor. So cunningly contrived that even to the lidded eye it scarcely shows. Careful. Raise it at once and risk another rebuff? No question. Simply savor in advance with in mind the grisly cupboard its conceivable contents. For the first time then wooden floor. Its boards in line with the trap's designed to conceal it. Promising this flagrant concern with camouflage. But beware. Question by the way what wood of all woods? Ebony why not? Ebony boards. Black on black the brushing skirt. Stark the skeleton chair death-paler than life.

While head included she lies hidden time for a turn in the pastures. No shock were she already dead. As of course she is. But in the meantime more convenient not. Still living then she lies hidden. Having for some reason covered her head. Or for no reason. Night. When not evening night. Winter night. No snow. For the sake of variety. To vary the monotony. The limp grass strangely rigid under the weight of the rime. Clawed by the long black skirt how if but heard it must murmur. Moonless star-studded sky reflected in the erosions filmed with ice. The silence merges into music infinitely far and as unbroken as silence. Ceaseless celestial winds in unison. For all all matters now. The stones gleam faintly afar and the cabin walls seen white at last. Said white. The guardians—the twelve are there but not at full muster. Well! Above all not understand. Simply note how those still faithful have moved apart. Such ill seen that night in the pastures. While head included she lies hidden. Under on closer inspection a long greatcoat. A man's by the buttons. The buttonholes. Eyes closed does she see him?

White walls. High time. White as new. No wind. Not a breath. Unbeaten on by all that comes beating down. And mystery the sun has spared them. The sun that once beat down. So east and west sides the required clash. South gable no problem. But the other. That door. Careful. Black too? Black too. And the roof. Slates. More. Small slates black too brought from a ruined mansion. What tales had they tongues to tell. Their long tale told. Such the dwelling ill seen ill said. Outwardly. High time.

Changed the stone that draws her when revisited alone. Or she who changes it when side by side. Now alone it leans. Backward or forward as the case may be. Is it to nature alone it owes its rough-hewn air? Or to some too human hand forced to desist? As Michelangelo's from the regicide's bust. If there may not be no more questions let there at least be no more answers. Granite of no common variety assuredly. Black as jade the jasper that flecks its whiteness. On its what is the wrong word its uptilted face obscure graffiti. Scrawled by the ages for the eye to solicit in vain. Winter evenings on her doorstep she imagines she can see it glitter afar. When from their source in the west-southwest the last rays rake its averse face. Such ill seen the stone alone where it stands at the far fringe of the pastures. On her way out with the flowers as unerring as best she can she lingers by it. As on her way back with empty hands. Lingers by it a while on her way on. Toward the one or other abode. As unerring as best she can.

See them again side by side. Not quite touching. Lit aslant by the latest last rays they cast to the east-northeast their long parallel shadows. Evening therefore. Winter evening. It will always be evening. Always winter. When not night. Winter night. No more lambs. No more flowers. Empty-handed she shall go to the tomb. Until she go no more. Or no more return. So much for that. Undistinguishable the twin shadows. Till one at length more dense as if of a body better opaque. At length more still. As faintly at length the other trembles under the staring gaze. Throughout this confrontation the sun stands still. That is to say the earth. Not to recoil on until the parting. Then on its face over the pastures and then the stones the still living shadow slowly glides. Lengthening and fading more and more. But never quite away. Under the hovering eye.

Close-up of a dial. Nothing else. White disc divided in minutes. Unless it be in seconds. Sixty black dots. No figure. One hand only. Finest of fine black darts. It advances by fits and starts. No tick. Leaps from dot to dot with so lightning a leap that but for its new position it had not stirred. Whole nights may pass as may but a fraction of a second or any intermediate lapse of time soever before it flings itself from one degree to the next. None at any moment overleaping in all fairness be it said. Let it when discovered be pointing east. Having thus covered after its fashion assuming the instrument plumb the first quarter of its latest hour. Unless it be its latest minute. Then doubt certain—then despair certain nights of its ever attaining the last. Ever regaining north.

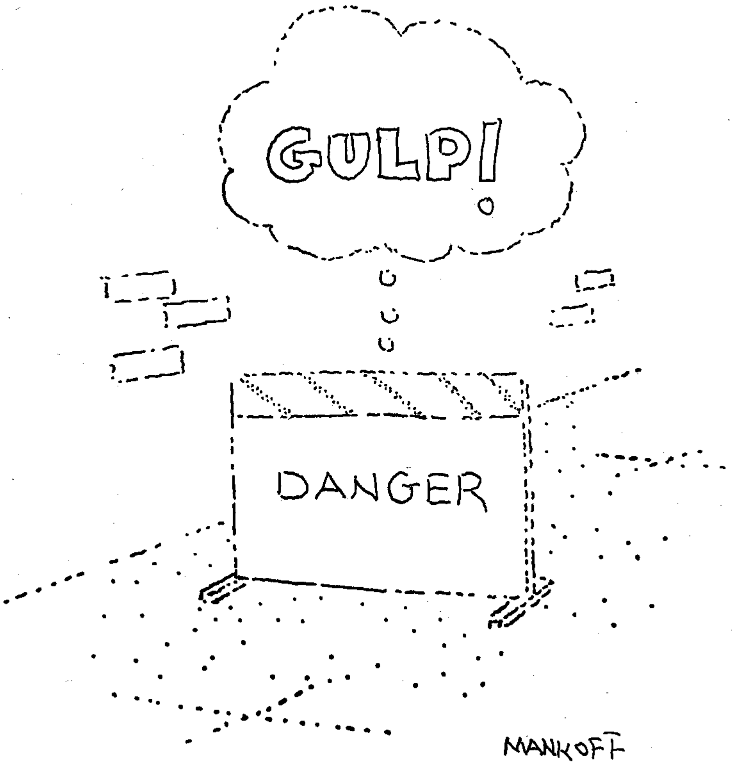
She reappears at evening at her window. When not night evening. If she will see Venus again she must open it. Well! First draw aside the curtain and then open. Head bowed she waits to be able. Mindful perhaps of evenings when she was able too late. Black night fallen. But no. In her head too pure wait. The curtain. Seen closer thanks to this hiatus it reveals itself at last for what it is. A black greatcoat. Hooked by its tails from the rod it hangs sprawling inside out like a carcass in a butcher's stall. Or better inside in for the pathos of the dangling arms. Same infinitesimal quaver as the buttonhook and passim. Another novelty the chair drawn up to the window. This to raise the line of sight on the fair prey loftier when first sighted than at first sight ill seen. What empty space henceforward. For long pacing to and fro in the gloom. Suddenly in a single gesture she snatches aside the coat and to again on a sky as black as it. And then? Careful. Have her sit? Lie? Kneel? Go? She too vacillates. Till in the end the back and forth prevails. Sends her wavering north and south from wall to wall. In the kindly dark.

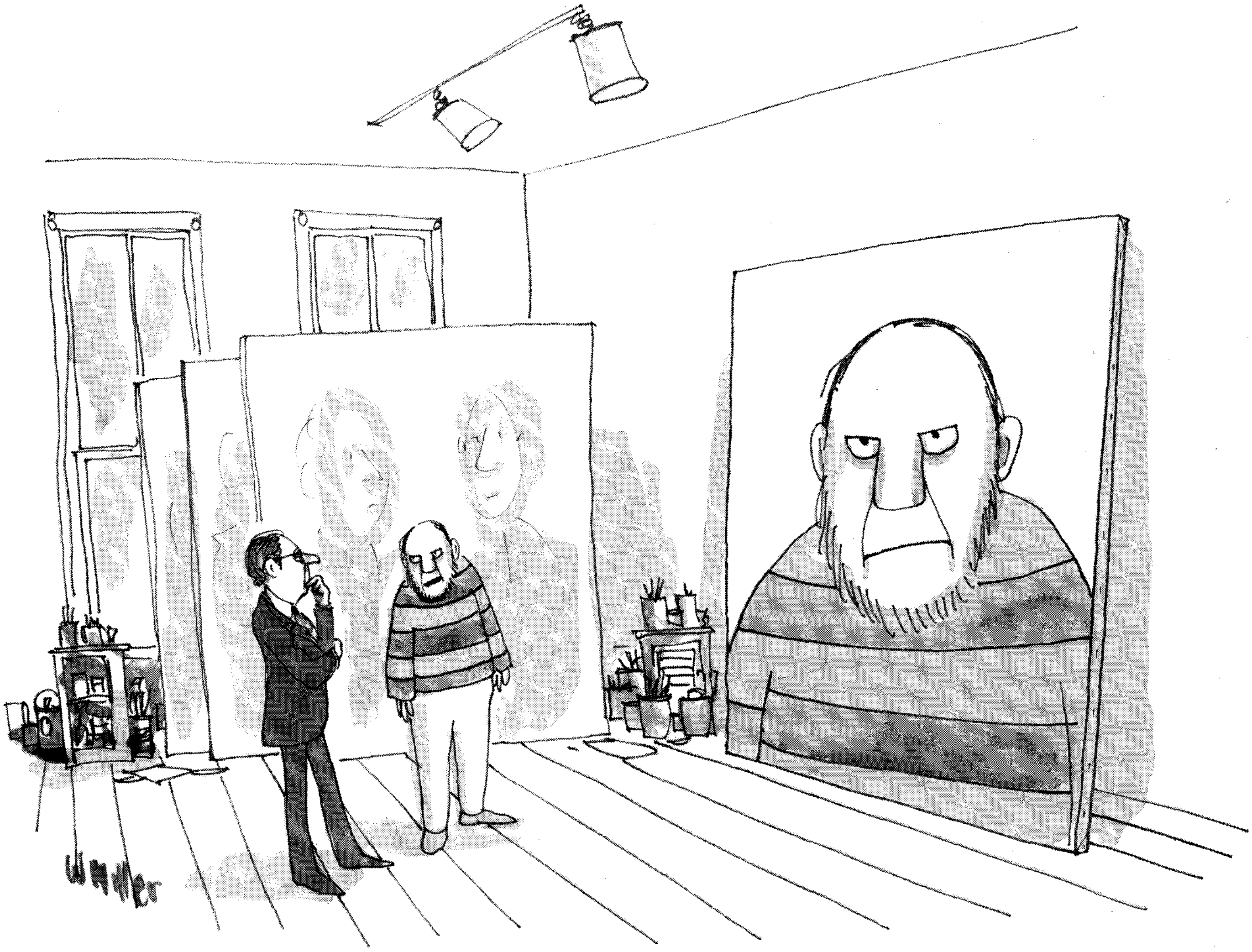
She is vanishing. With the rest. The already ill seen bedimmed and ill seen again annulled. The mind betrays the treacherous eyes and the treacherous word their treacheries. Haze sole certitude. The same that reigns beyond the pastures. It gains them already. It will gain the zone of stones. Then the dwelling through all its chinks. The eye will close in vain. To see but haze. Not even. Be itself but haze. How can it ever be said? Quick however ill said before it submerges all. Light. In one treacherous word. Dazzling haze. Light in its might at last. Where no more to be seen. To be said. Gently gently.

The face yet again in the light of the last rays. No loss of pallor. None of cold. Suspended on the verge for this sight the westering sun. That is the eastering earth. The thin lips seem as if never again to part. Peeping from their join a suspicion of pulp. Unlikely site of olden kisses given and received. Or given only. Or received only. Impressive above all the corners imperceptibly upcurved. A smile? Is it possible? Ghost of an ancient smile smiled finally once and for all. Such ill half seen the mouth in the light of the last rays. Suddenly they leave it. Rather it leaves them. Off again to the dark. There to smile on. If smile is what it is.

Reëxamined rid of light the mouth changes. Unexplainably. Lips as before. Same closure. Same hint of extruding pulp. At the corners same imperceptible laxness. In a word the smile still there if smile is what it is. Neither more nor less. Less! And yet no longer the same. True that light distorts. Particularly sunset. That mockery. True too that the eyes then agaze for the viewless planet are now closed. On other viewlessness. Of which more if ever anon. There the explanation at last. This same smile established with eyes open is with them closed no longer the same. Though between the two inspections the mouth unchanged. Utterly. Good. But in what way no longer the same? What there now that was not there? What there no more that was? Enough. Away.

Back after many winters. Long after in this endless winter. This endless heart of winter. Too soon. She as when fled. Where as when fled. Still or again. Eyes closed in the dark. To the dark. In their own dark. On the lips same minute smile. If smile is what it is. In short alive as she alone knows how neither more nor less. Less! Compared to true stone. Within as sadly as before all as at first sight ill seen. With the happy exception of the lights' enhanced opacity. Dim the light of day from them were day again to dawn. Without on the other hand some progress. Toward unbroken night. Universal stone. Day no sooner risen fallen. Scrapped all the ill seen ill said. The eye has changed. And its drivelling scribe. Absence has changed them. Not enough. Time to go again. Where still more to change. Whence back too soon. Changed but *not enough.* Strangers but not enough. To all the ill seen ill said. Then back again. Disarmed for to finish with it all at last. With her and her rags of sky and earth. And if again too soon go again.





"I don't really want to sell this one. It's too autobiographical."

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Change still more again. Then back again. Barring impediment. Ah. So on. Till fit to finish with it all at last. All the trash. In unbroken night. Universal stone. So first go. But first see her again. As when fled. And the abode. That under the changed eye it too may change. Begin. Just one parting look. Before all meet again. Then go. Barring impediment. Ah.

But see she suddenly no longer there. Where suddenly fled. Quick then the chair before she reappears. At length. Every angle. With what one word convey its change? Careful. Less. Ah the sweet one word. Less. It is less. The same but less. Whencesoever the glare. True that the light. See now how words too. A few drops mishaphazard. Then strangury. To say the least. Less. It will end by being no more. By never having been. Divine prospect. True that the light.

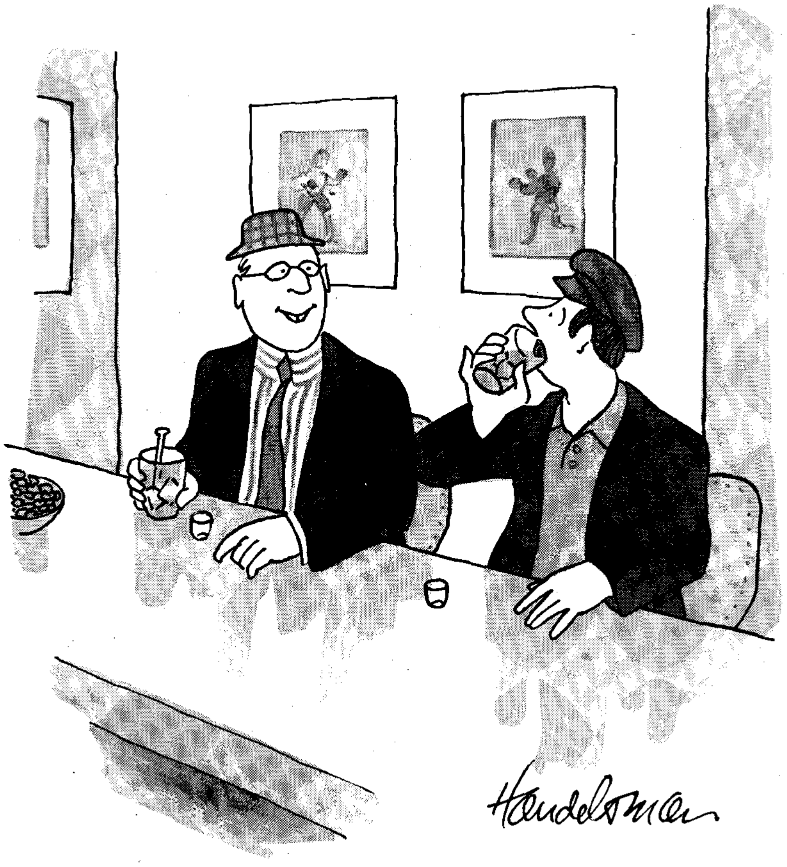
Suddenly enough and way for remembrance. Closed again to that end the vile jelly or opened again or left as it was however that was. Till all recalled. First finally by far hanging from their skirts two black greatcoats. Followed by the first hazy outlines of what possibly a hutch when suddenly enough. Remembrance! When all worse there than when first ill seen. The pallet. The chair. The coffer. The trap. Alone the eye has changed. Alone can cause to change. In the meantime nothing wanting. Wrong. The buttonhook. The nail. Wrong. There they are again. Still. Worse there than ever. Unchanged for the worse. Ope eye and at them to begin. But first the partition. It rid they too would be. It less they by as much.

It of all the properties doubtless the least obdurate. See the instant see it again when unaided it dissolved. So to say of itself. With no help from the eye. Not till long after to reappear. As if reluctantly. For what reason? For one not far to seek. For others then said obscure. One other above all. One other still far to seek. Analogy of the heart? The skull? Hear from here the howls of laughter of the damned.

Enough. Quicker. Quick see how all in keeping with the chair. Minimally less. No more. Well on the way to inexistence. As to zero the infinite. Quick say. And of her? As much. Quick find her again. In that black heart. That mock brain.

The sheet. Between tips of trembling fingers. In two. Four. Eight. Old frantic fingers. Not paper any more. Each eighth apart. In two. Four. Finish with the knife. Hack into shreds. Down the plughole. On to the next. White. Quick blacken.

Alone the face remains. Of the rest beneath its covering no trace. During the inspection a sudden sound. Startling without consequence for the gaze the mind awake. How explain it? And without going so far how say it? Far behind the eye the quest begins. What time the event recedes. When suddenly to the rescue it comes again. Forthwith the uncommon common noun collapsion. Reinforced a little later if not enfeebled by the infrequent slumberous. A slumberous collapsion. Two. Then far from the still agonizing eye a gleam of hope. By the grace of these modest beginnings. With in second sight the shack in ruins. To scrute together with the inscrutable face. All curiosity spent.



"For years, I'd been saying I preferred classical music to jazz, but I suddenly realized the other day that I don't like any kind of music."

Later while the face still unyielding another sound of fall but this time sharp. Heightening the fond illusion of general havoc in train. Here a great leap into what brief future remains and summary puncture of that puny balloon. Far ahead to the instant when the coats will have gone from their rods and the buttonhook from its nail. And been hove the sigh no more than that. Sigh upon sigh till all sighed quite away. All the fond trash. Destined before being to be no more than that. Last sighs. Of relief.

Quick beforehand again two mysteries. Not even. Mild shocks. Not even. In such abeyance the mind then. And from then on. First the curtains gone without loss of dark. Sweet foretaste of the joy at journey's end. Second after long hesitation no trace of the fallen where they fell. No trace of all the ado. Alone on the one hand the rods alone. A little bent. And alone on the other most alone the nail. Unimpaired. All set to serve again. Like unto its glorious ancestors. At the place of the skull. One April afternoon. Deposition done.

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Full glare now on the face present throughout the recent future. As seen ill seen throughout the past neither more nor less. Less! Collated with its cast it lives beyond a doubt. Were it only by virtue of its imperfect pallor. And imperceptible tremor unworthy of true plaster. Heartening on the other hand the eyes persistently closed. No doubt a record in this position. Unobserved at least till now. Suddenly the look. Nothing having stirred. Look? Too weak a word. Too wrong. Its absence? No better. Unspeakable globe. Unbearable.

Ample time nonetheless a few seconds for the iris to be lacking. Wholly. As if engulfed by the pupil. And for the sclerotic not to say the white to appear reduced by half. Already that much less at least but at what cost. Soon to be foreseen save unforeseen too black blanks. Fit ventholes of the soul that jakes. Here reappearance of the skylights opaque to no purpose henceforward. Seeing the black night or better blackness pure and simple that limpid they would shed. Blackness in its might at last. Where no more to be seen. Perforce to be seen.

Absence supreme good and yet. Illumination then go again and on return no more trace. On earth's face. Of what was never. And if by mishap some left then go again. For good again. So on. Till no more trace. On earth's face. Instead of always the same place. Slaving away forever in the same place. At this and that trace. And what if the eye could not? No more tear itself away from the remains of trace. Of what was never. Quick say it suddenly can and farewell say say farewell. If only to the face. Of her tenacious trace.

Decision no sooner reached or rather long after than what is the wrong word? For the last time at last for to end yet again what the wrong word? Than revoked. No but slowly dispelled a little very little like the last wisps of day when the curtain closes. Of itself by slow millimetres or drawn by a phantom hand. Farewell to farewell. Then in that perfect dark foreknell darling sound pip for end begun. First last moment. Grant only enough remain to devour all. Moment by glutton moment. Sky earth the whole kit and boodle. Not another crumb of carrion left. Lick chops and basta. No. One moment more. One last. Grace to breathe that void. Know happiness.

—SAMUEL BECKETT

(*Translated, from the French, by the author.*)

•

The Senate bill also contains $88 million to buy materials to begin the work required to reactivate a second battleship, reportedly in Iowa.—*Pasco* (*Wash.*) *Tri-City Herald.*

Anchors aweigh, everybody.

REFLECTIONS

DIGGING UP SCOTLAND

I HAVE a friend in Scotland, a painter, who still lives in the fishing town he was born in, grew up in, went to school in, was married in, raised his children in, works in, and clearly intends to die in. I look on him with uncomprehending awe, for although I had much the same origins that he had, born and sprouting in rural Scotland, close to the sea, living more by the agrarian round than by outside time, I had in my head from an early age the firm notion of leaving, long before I knew why or how. Even less did I realize then that I would come to restless rest in a whole slew of places, countries, and languages—the shifting opposite of my rooted friend. Walking with him through his parish, I am aware that the buildings and trees are as familiar to him as his own fingernails; that the people he throws a passing word to he has known, in all their changings, over a span of some fifty years; that he has surrounding him his own history and the history of the place, in memory and image, in language and stone; that his past is ever present to him, whereas my own is lost, shed. He has made his peace with place in a way that to me is, if not unimaginable, at least by now beyond me.

I spent a part of the summer of 1980 digging up Scotland and to some extent coming to terms with it, for although I have gone back to it at odd intervals since I first left it, I have always looked on it more as past than as present. My childhood is enclosed, encapsulated in it somewhere, but the threads that connect me to it have long been ravelled. When I return, however, I realize that the place exists spinally in my life, as a kind of yardstick against which I measure myself through time—a setting against which I can assess more clearly the changes that have taken place in me, and in it. When I go back, I am always trying on the country to see if it still fits, or fits better than it did. In one sense, the place is as comfortable to me as old clothes; in another, it is a suit that did not fit me easily from the beginning.

Still, the landscapes of childhood are irreplaceable, since they have been the backdrops for so many epiphanies, so many realizations. I am acutely aware, in Scotland, of how certain moods of the day will put me suddenly on a sharp edge of attention. They have occurred before, and I experience a time warp, past and present in one, with an intense physicality. That double vision is enough to draw anyone back anywhere, for it is what gives us, acutely, the experience of living *through* time, rather than simply living *in* time. People's faces change when they begin to say, "I once went back to . . ." Something is happening to them, some rich realization, the thrill of retrieval Nabokov writes about pervasively, past and present in one. Places provide these realizations more readily than people do: places have longer lives, for one thing, and they weather in less unpredictable ways. Places are the incarnations of a modus vivendi and the repositories of memory, and so always remain accessible to their own children; but they make very different demands on their inhabitants. In Scotland, the sense of place is strong; when I had left that attachment behind me, I had a loose curiosity about new places, and I still spark up at the notion of going somewhere I have never been to before.

Nevertheless (a favorite Scottish qualification), places embody a consensus of attitudes; and while I lived in a cheerful harmony with the places I grew up in, as places, I did not feel one with them. The natural world and the human world separated early for me. I felt them to be somehow in contradiction, and still do. The Scottish landscape—misty, muted, in constant flux and shift—intrudes its presence in the form of endlessly changing weather; the Scottish character, eroded by a bitter history and a stony morality, and perhaps in reaction to the changing turbulence of weather, subscribes to illusions of permanence, of durability, asking for a kind of submission, an obedience. I felt, from the beginning, exhilarated by the first, fettered by the second. Tramps used to stop at our house, men of the road, begging a cup of tea or an old shirt, and in my mind I was always ready to leave with them, because between Scotland and myself I saw trouble ahead.

When I go back to Scotland, I gravitate mostly to the East Neuk of Fife, that richly farmed promontory jutting into the North Sea to the north-

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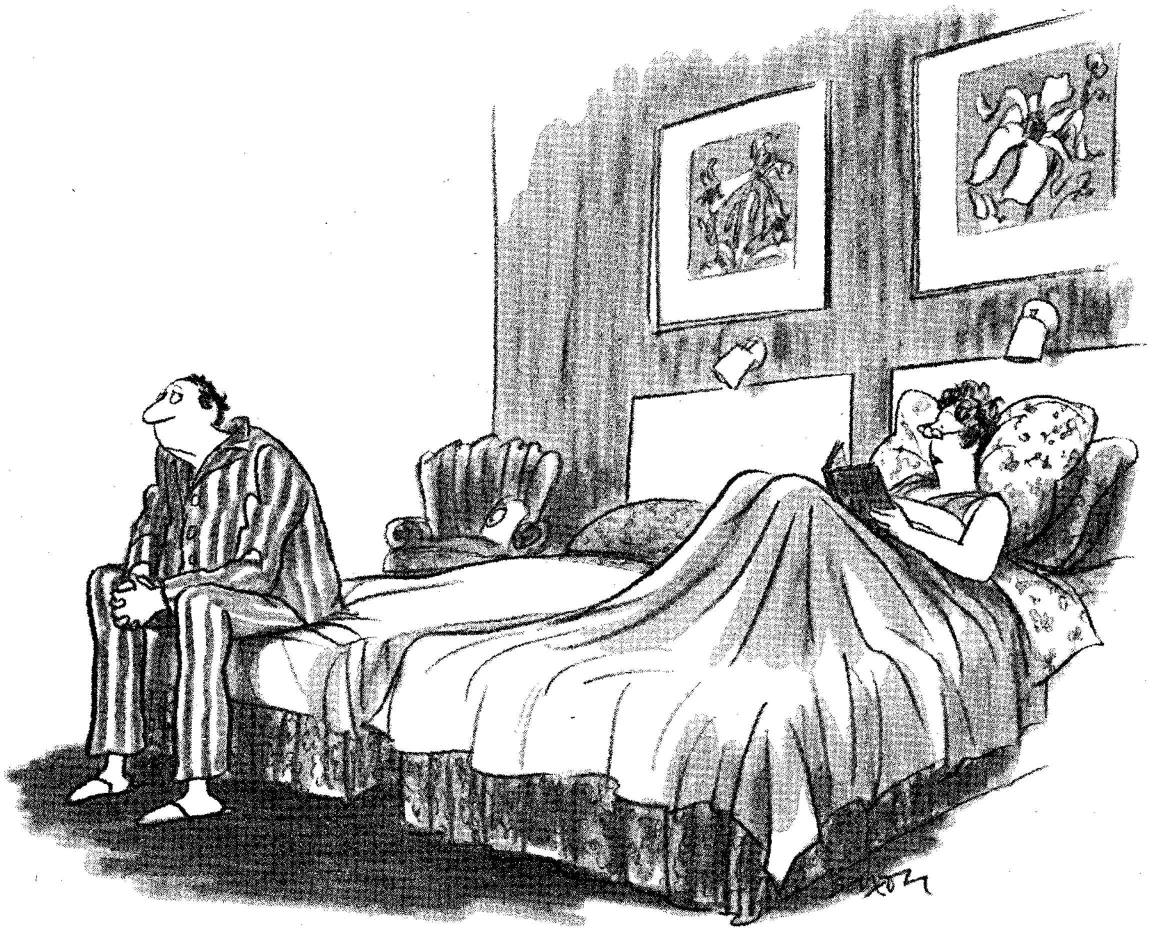

"Why, Clayton, that's not true. You have friends up and down the corporate ladder."

east of Edinburgh, specifically to the town of St. Andrew's, a well-worn place that has persisted in my memory from the time I first went there, a very young student at a very ancient university. I have come and gone at intervals over some thirty years, and St. Andrews has changed less in that time than any other place I can think of. It is a singular place, with an aura all its own. For a start, it has a setting unfailingly beautiful to behold in any weather—the curve of St. Andrews Bay sweeping in from the estuary of the River Eden across the washed expanse of the West Sands, backed by the windy green of the golf courses, to the town itself, spired, castled, and cathedraled, punctuated by irregular bells, cloistered and grave, with gray stone roofed in slate or red tile, well-kempt ruins and a tidy harbor, the town backed by green and gold fields with their stands of ancient trees. If it has the air of a museum, that is no wonder, for it sits placidly on top of a horrendous past. From the twelfth century on, it was in effect the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, but the Reformation spelled its downfall: its vast cathedral was sacked, and by the seventeen-hundreds the place had gone into a sad decline. Its history looms rather grimly, not just in the carefully tended ruins of castle and cathedral but in the well-walked streets; inset in the cobblestones at the entrance to St. Salvator's College quadrangle are the initials "P.H.," for Patrick Hamilton, who was burned as a martyr on that spot in 1528; students acquire the superstition of never treading on the initials. With such a weighty past so tangibly present, the townspeople assume the air and manner of custodians, making themselves as comfortable and inconspicuous as they can among the ruins, and turning up their noses at the transients—the students, the golfers, the summer visitors. Yet, as in all such situations, it is the transients who sustain the place, who flock into it, year in, year out, to the present-day shrines of the university and the golf courses.

The date of the founding of the University of St. Andrews is given, variously, as 1411 or 1412: the ambiguity arises from the fact that in fifteenth-century Scotland the year began on March 25th, and the group of scholars who founded the institution received their charter in February of that dubious year. Such matters are the stuff of serious controversy in St. Andrews. As students, we felt admitted to a venerable presence, even if the curriculum appeared to have undergone only minimal alteration since 1411. A kind of wise mist enveloped the place, and it seemed that we could not help absorbing it, unwittingly. The professors lectured into space, in an academic trance; we took notes, or borrowed them; the year's work culminated in a series of written examinations on set texts, which a couple of weeks of intense immersion, combined with native cunning and a swift pen, could take care of. What that serious, gravid atmosphere did was to make the present shine, in contradistinction to the past. Tacitly and instinctively, we relished the place more than the dead did or could, and we felt something like an obligation to fly in the face of the doleful past. The green woods and the sea surrounded us, the library, and an ocean of time. When I left St. Andrews to go into the Navy in the Second World War, the place, over my shoulder, took on a never-never aura—not simply the never-neverness of college years but as contrast to the troubled state of the times. It appeared to me, in that regard, somewhat unreal.

In its human dimension, St. Andrews embodied the Scotland I chose to leave behind me. The spirit of Calvin, far from dead, stalked the countryside, ever present in a pinched wariness, a wringing of hands. We were taught to expect the worst—miserable sinners, we could not expect more. A rueful doom ruffles the Scottish spirit. It takes various spoken forms. That summer, a man in Edinburgh said to me, "See you tomorrow, if we're

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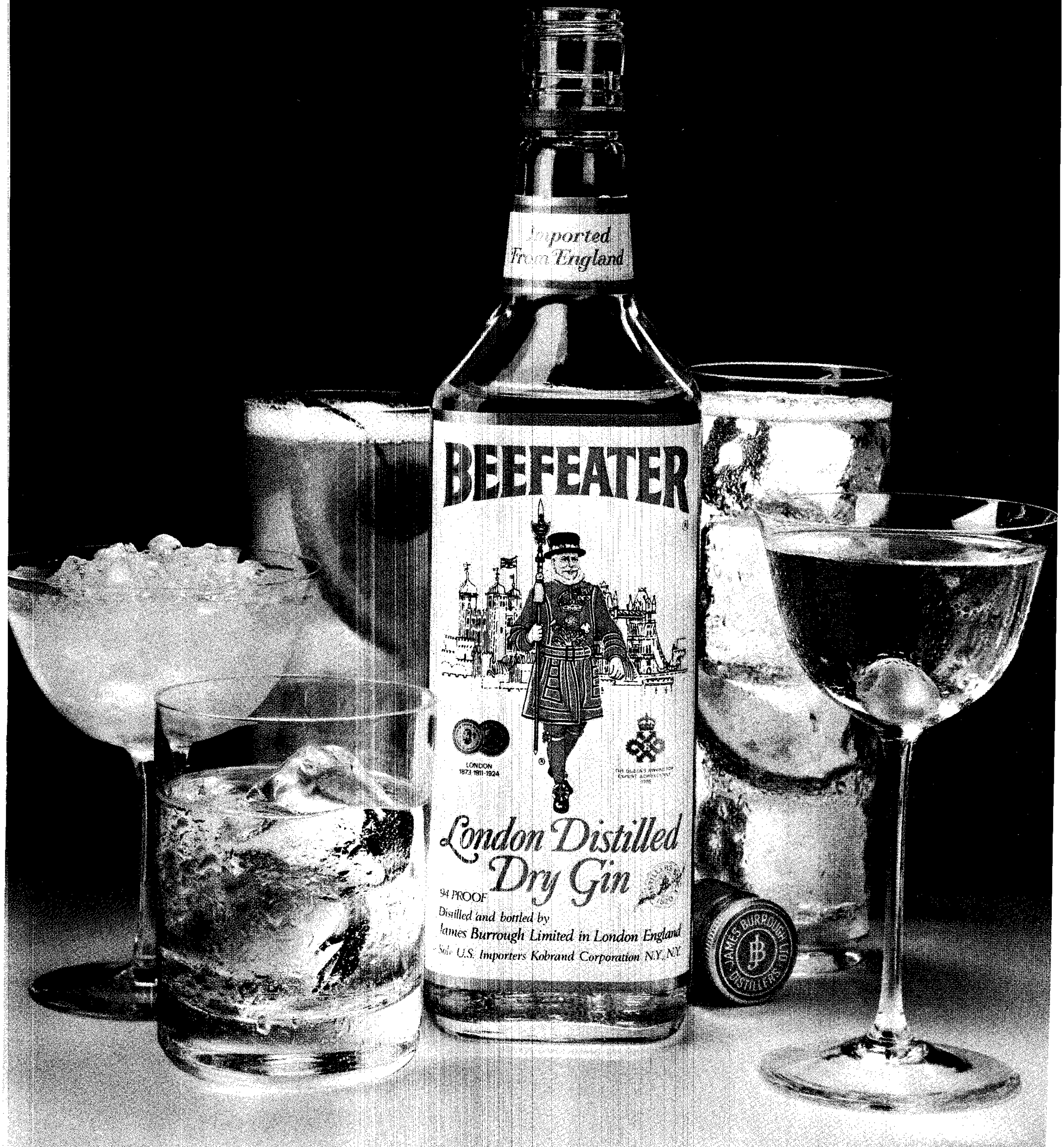
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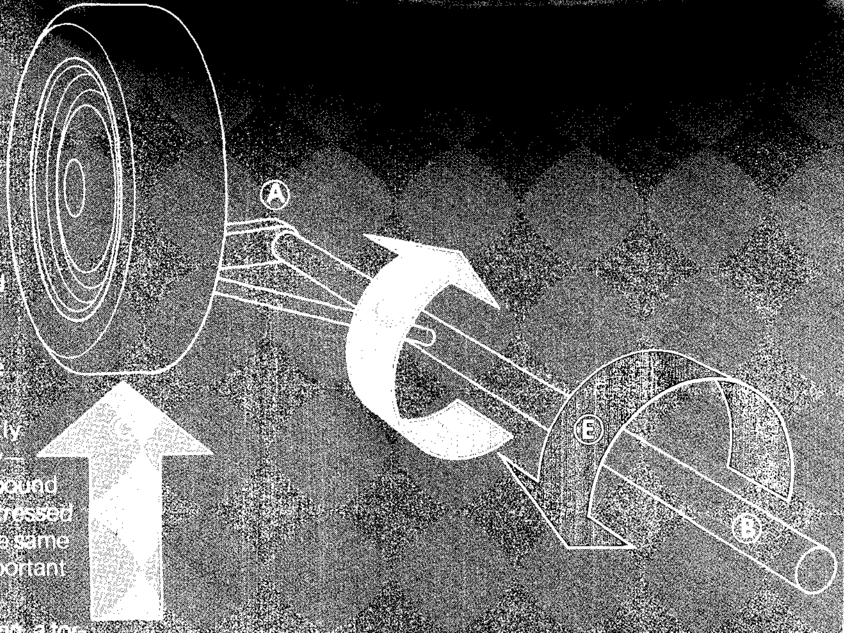

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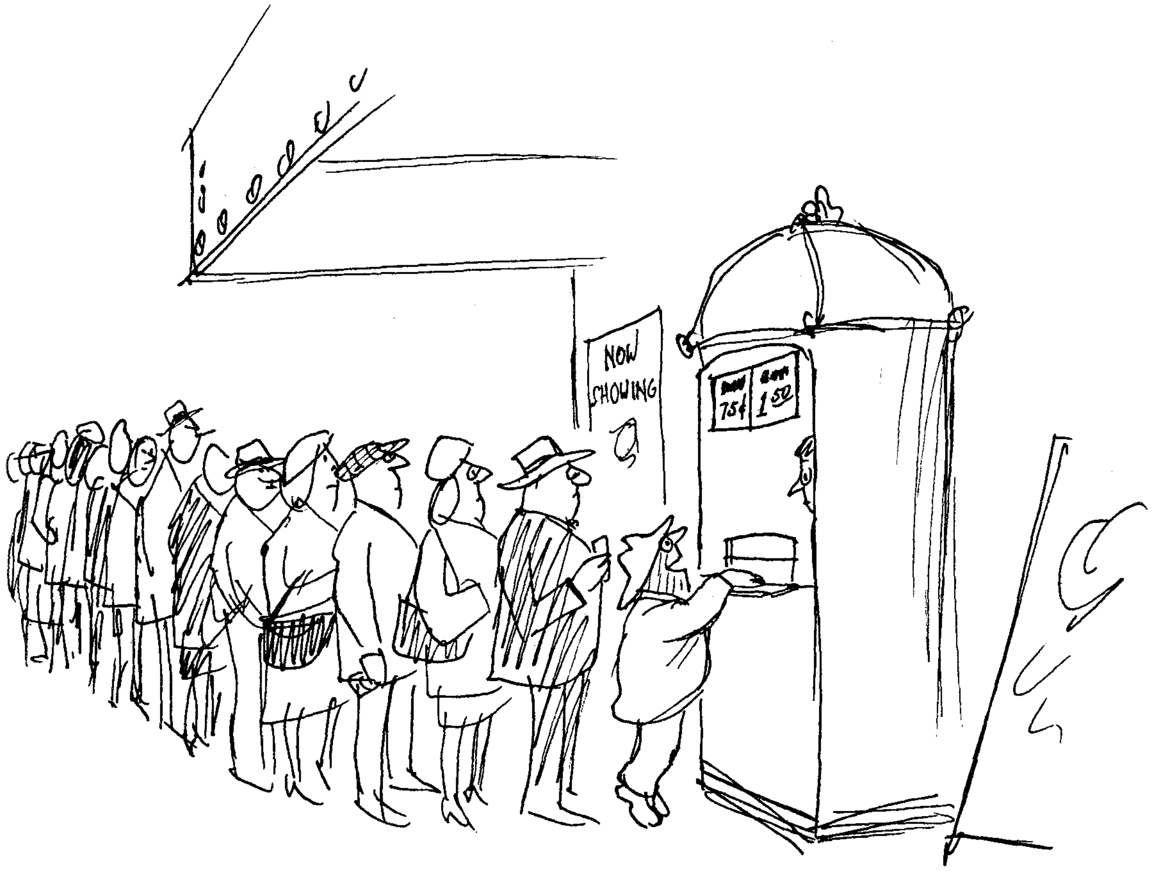
spared," bringing me to a horrified standstill. "Could be worse" is a regular verbal embodiment of approval; and that impassioned cry from the Scottish spirit "It's no' right!" declares drastically that *nothing* is right, nothing will ever be right—a cry redolent of doom. At an international rugby match between Scotland and England in which the Scots, expected to win comfortably, doggedly snatched defeat from the jaws of victory, a friend of mine once noticed two fans unroll a carefully prepared, hand-stitched banner bearing the legend "WE WUZ ROBBED." The wariness is deep-rooted. I prize the encounter I once had with a local woman on the edge of St. Andrews, on a heady spring day. I exclaimed my pleasure in the day, at which she darkened and muttered, "We'll pay for it, we'll pay for it"—a poem in itself. And my father, who gleefully collected nuggets of utterance, often told of an old parishioner of his who, in the course of a meeting, rose to his feet and declared, "Oh, no, Mr. Reid. We've *tried* change, and we know it doesn't work." I noticed, on a bus I caught in St. Andrews on my last visit, a sign that read "PLEASE LOWER YOUR HEAD"—a piece of practical advice that had, for me, immediate Calvinist overtones.



"One small, please."

Some of that girn and grumble lingers on in the Scots. The choice is to succumb to it or to struggle energetically against it. Or, of course, to leave it behind—the woe and the drear weather—and begin again in kinder climates. What Calvin ingrained in the Scottish spirit was an enduring dualism. "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is the quintessential Scottish novel. The two are the same person. The mysterious elixir of transformation is simply whisky, which quite often turns soft-spoken Scots into ranting madmen. Mr. Hyde lurks in these silent depths. Virtue had to be achieved at the expense of the flesh and the physical world, in which we were always being judged and found wanting—a world, it seemed, with a vast, invisible scoreboard that gave no marks for virtue but buzzed mercilessly at miscreants. It buzzed for me. It buzzed for me and for Kathleen, one of my sisters, so regularly that we became renegades, outwitting the system when we could. In St. Andrews, that dreich attitude regularly took the form of an audible sniff of disapproval.

I was born in rural Scotland, in Galloway, in the warm southwest, a gentle, kindly beginning, for we were bound by the rhythms of the soil, always outdoors, helping at neighboring farms, haunting small harbors, looking after animals, or romping in the oat and barley fields that lay between our house and the sea. My father was a country minister, my mother a doctor. Summers, we shifted to the island of Arran: fish, mountains, and green fields. My father's parish had upward of seven hundred souls, in the village and on the surrounding farms, and, as often as not, my parents' stipends would come in the form of oats, potatoes, eggs, and game. When my father, from the pulpit, read of "a land flowing with milk and honey," I was overcome by the beauty of the image, and had no doubt at all that he was talking about where we lived, for one of my chores was to fetch from the rich-smelling creamery across the fields a pitcher of milk still warm from the evening milking; the honey my father drew, with our wary help, from the hive at the end of the garden. When we eventually left Galloway for the flintier east, a glass closed over that time, that landscape. We had left the garden behind, and how it glowed, over our shoulders, how it shines!

The peopled world, as I grew into it from then on, seemed to me to take the form of an intricate network of rules designed to curb any spontaneous outbreak of joy or pleasure. The black cloud of Calvin that still hung over the Scottish spirit warned us from the beginning that our very existence was somehow unfortunate, gratuitous; that to be conspicuous through anything other than self-effacing virtue amounted to anarchy. A God-fearing people—but the emphasis lay on the fearing. When I first took my son to Scotland, he asked me after only a few days, "Papa, why are the people always saying they are sorry? What are they sorry about?" About their very existences, for they are forever cleaning and tidying, as though to remove all trace of their presence, as though an undemanding anonymity were the highest virtue. Nothing short of submission was expected. It seemed to me that the human world ran on a kind of moral economics, entirely preoccupied with judging and keeping score, while in the natural world I saw harmonies everywhere, I saw flux and change, but I saw no sharp duality. The two worlds were out of key.

A college friend of mine who later practiced as a psychiatrist in Edinburgh was fond of saying that if Freud had known anything about Scotland he would have left Vienna like an arrow and taken on the whole population as a collective patient, to treat the national neurosis, the compulsive-obsessive rigidity that permeates its population. Yet as I look back on my childhood's cast of characters I am always amazed at what wild eccentricities the society accommodated, given its stern center—what aberrant madnesses it managed to domesticate. It did so by marking out certain wilder souls as "characters," thereby banishing them to glass bubbles of their own, and rendering them harmless. When I bring some of them to mind now—Pim the Poacher, who tracked down empty bottles all over the countryside and filled his cottage with them, all but one small room; Sober John, who read aloud from old newspapers in the marketplace—I realize that the people of the town unwittingly kept these poor souls safe by wrapping them in kindness. (A sort of impartial kindness prevails in Scotland, keeping stronger emotions in check—the kindness that takes the form of an immediate cup of tea for the distressed.) But the turning of certain individuals into "characters" was also used to take care of dissident prophets and critics—anybody who threatened the unanimous surface of things. Similarly, at the University of St. Andrews dissenting students, if heard at all, were listened to with a tolerant, kindly half smile. ("Thank you. And now shall we return to the text?") Such a society must inevitably generate renegades, and Scotland has always done so, in droves—those renegades who turn up all over the world, not just as ship's engineers but in almost every outpost of civilization,

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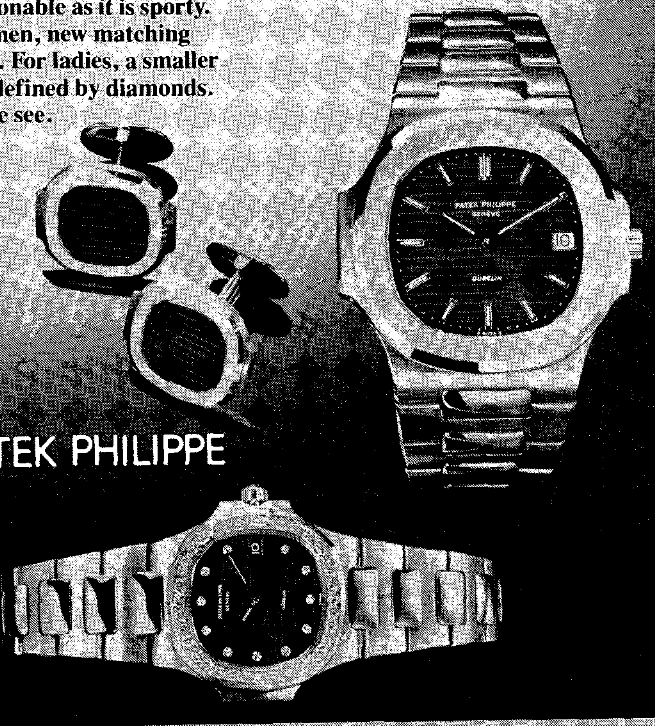

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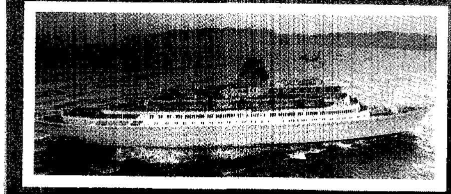

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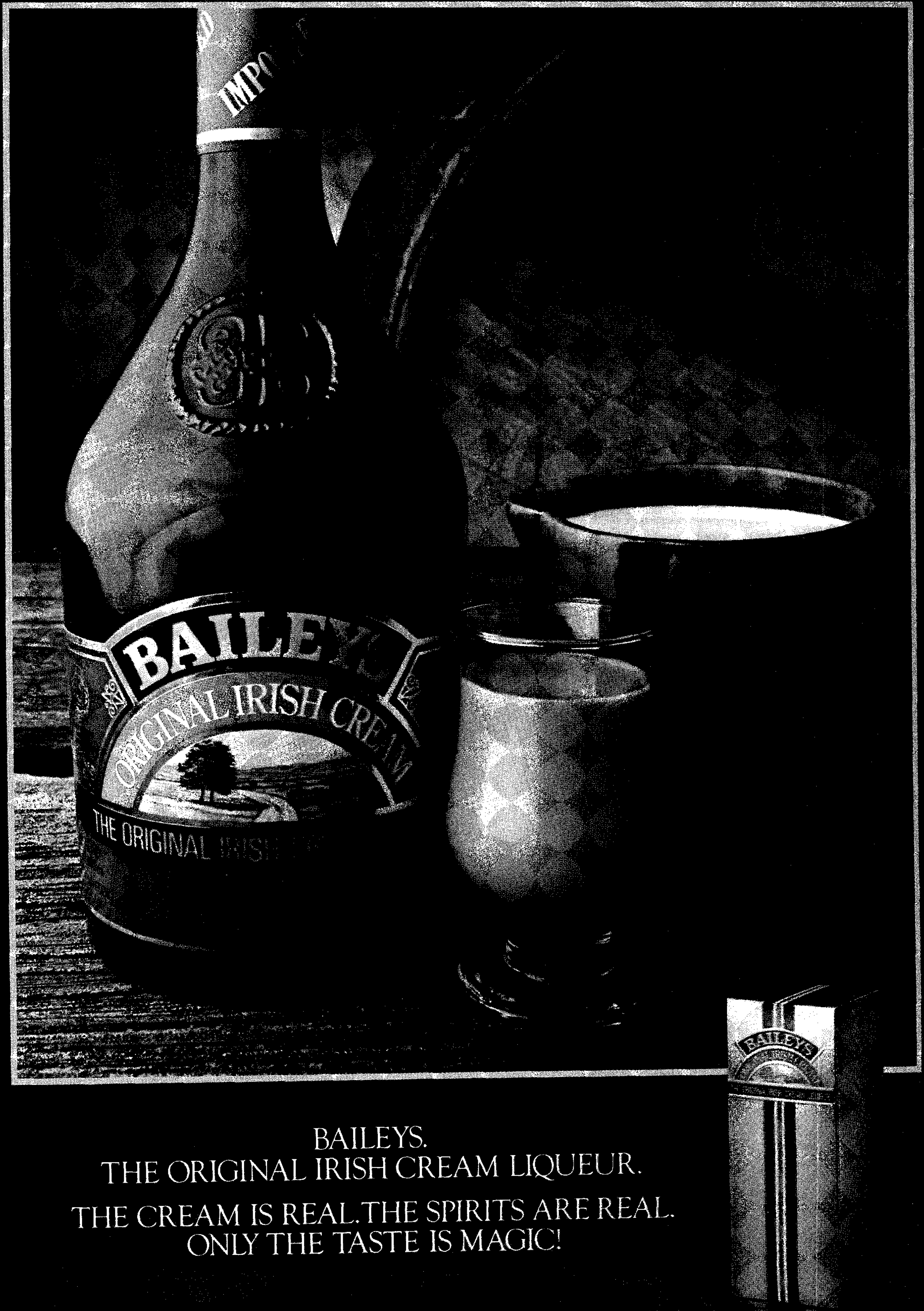
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where the cardinal Scottish virtue of self-sufficiency stands them in good stead.

There is also, I think, a geographical explanation for the steady exodus of the Scots over the years from their wizened little country. Scotland is an outpost—the end of the line. It is fastened to England, true, but not by any affection. The union—first of the Scottish and English crowns, in 1603, and then of Parliaments, in 1707—created an entity, Great Britain, that has never really taken, in any deep sense. To the native fury of the Scots, the English refer to everything as English rather than British, and the fact that London, the capital, lies to the south, is a constant source of irritation. The Scots' resentment of the English is aggravated by the fact that the English appear not to resent them back but treat Scotland as a remote region, whereas it remains, culturally, a separate country. This is perhaps at the heart of all Scottish grudge: that Scotland has a separate history, law, church, manner of speaking, manner of being, and yet has no active and accompanying politics but, instead, a representation in the House of Commons which it feels to be impotent. When oil began to be discovered in the North Sea off the Scottish coast, in the early seventies, the vision of Scottish self-sufficiency generated a wave of nationalism, and the long-moribund Scottish National Party gained enough support from disaffected Scots to win eleven seats in Parliament and raise the issue of giving Scotland a Parliament of its own and some measure of self-government. I have never seen Scotland as animated as it was then, but the question of devolving a degree of autonomy upon Scotland, bumbled about by a series of government committees, finally died out in the face of grimmer economic realities, and left Scotland much where it has always been—at the end of the line. Many Scots successfully infiltrate the English establishment; in fact, the Cabinet of Sir Harold Macmillan in 1959, studded as it was with Scots, led many English to feel that they had been taken over. But the sense of being on the receiving end, of living in a country that does not have much of a hand in its own destiny, causes a lot of Scottish eyes to narrow and turn to the horizon, and sends a lot of Scots in unlikely directions, the homeland a far green, rainy blur in their memory.

I had no such coherent notions, however, when I made up my mind to

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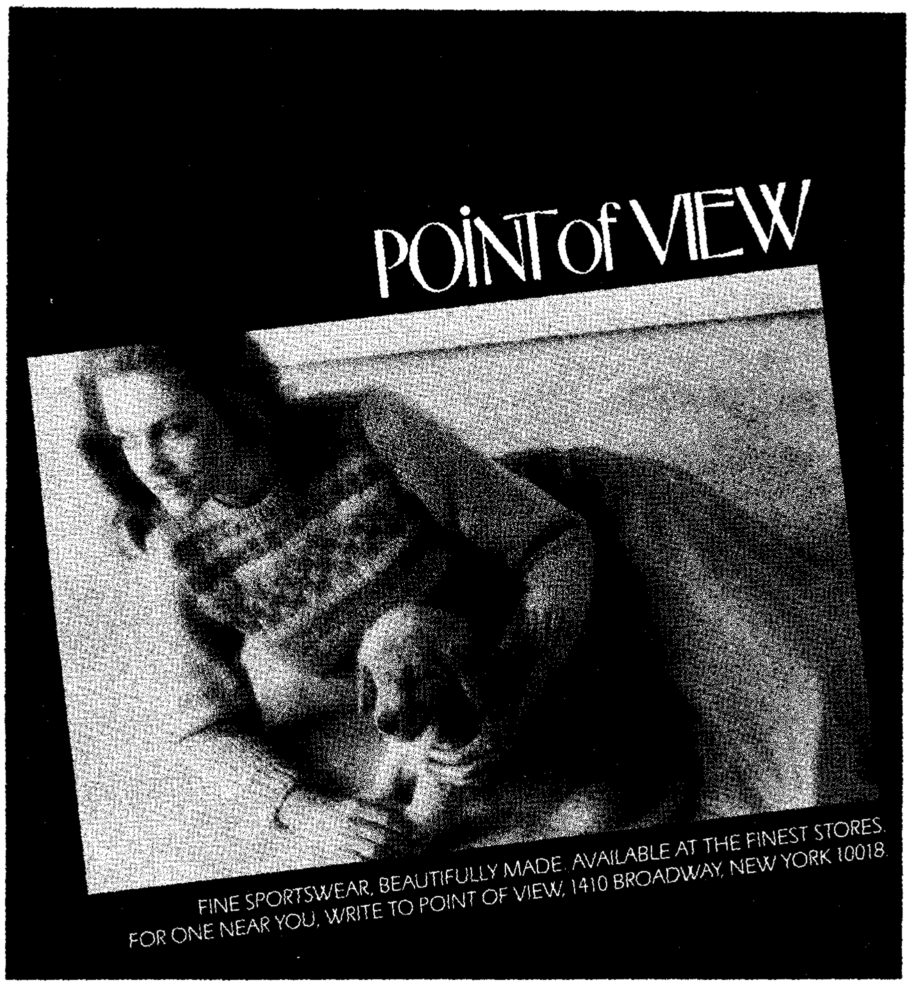
leave, for I must have been no more than seven at the time. Nor was it a decision as much as a touchstone I kept in my head. We had been visited by a remote uncle, Willie Darling, who had gone to live in Christmas Island as a consulting engineer, and who spent his week with us illuminating that place with endless stories, pulling creased photographs from his wallet, reciting the names of exotic fruits as we struggled through our salt porridge. What dawned on me then, piercingly, was that ways of living, ways of thinking were *human* constructs, that they could, and did, vary wildly, that the imperatives the Scots had accepted were by no means absolute imperatives (except for them), that the outside world must contain a vast anthology of ways of being, like alternative solutions to a fundamental problem. As that realization took root in me, I was already distancing myself from Scotland—at least, from its more forbidding aspects. I had no idea at all about where I wanted to go, or how, or anything like that—only that I would. And I did.

St. Andrews turned out to be my point of departure. I left it after a brief first year to go into the Navy, and by the time I got back, after the end of the Second World War, I had seen the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, and enough ports of call, enough human variety, to make St. Andrews seem small and querulous. Yet the allure still hung over it, and I felt it still—felt the place to be, especially in the wake of the war years, something of an oasis. I have come and gone countless times since, returning, perhaps, because its citizens can be relied on to maintain it in as much the same order as is humanly possible. (In every town in Scotland, you will find houses occupied by near-invisible people whose sole function seems to be to maintain the house and garden in immaculate condition, as unobtrusively as they can. In New Galloway once, I watched a woman scrubbing the public sidewalk in front of her house with soap and water on two occasions during the day. She may have done it oftener, but I did not feel like extending my vigil.) The presence of the university and the golfing shrines has allowed St. Andrews to preserve a kind of feudal structure: the university, being residential, houses and feeds its students, administers and staffs itself, and so provides a pyramid of work for the town, as does golf, whose faithful pilgrims keep hotels,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caddies, and sellers of repainted golf balls in business. Others retire there, to its Peter Pan-like permanence, bringing their savings with them. As a result, the place has a bookish, well-to-do air, a kind of leisured aloofness this side of smug. I liked to imagine the wide cobbled center of Market Street set with tables with red-checked tablecloths, between the Star Hotel and the Cross Keys, crisscrossed with singing waiters—Italians or, better, Brazilians, carrying laden trays, sambaing, animating the place, rescuing it from its prim residents, forever hurrying home close to the old stone walls, eyes down, like nuns.

WHEN the war and the University of St. Andrews were behind me, I did begin to live what looks in retrospect like a very itinerant existence. But there is a certain obfuscatory confusion in the vocabulary: people used to ask me why I travelled so much, and I used to say emphatically that I did not in fact travel any more than was essential—what I did was live in a number of different places, a number of different countries, a number of different languages. Writing is about the most portable profession there is, yet sometimes it seemed to me that I was bent on proving this to be so by turning my curiosity into a kind of imperative to go off and write about places that had whetted my interest. I grew used to being a foreigner, but I chose to see it as a positive condition, as opposed to that of the tourist and the exile, who are connected by an elastic thread to somewhere else, who talk of "going home"—a thing I never did. Disclaiming my roots, I elected instead not rootlessness, since that implies a lack, a degree of unanchored attention, but a deliberate, chosen strangeness. I felt the whole notion of roots to be something of a distorting metaphor, applicable only in certain rural contexts, like the village I began in. What I was replacing a sense of roots with, I felt, was a deliberate adaptability. I became enmeshed in the places I lived in. The absorbing present seemed to me all there was, and I acquired a kind of windshield wiper attached to my attention, clearing each day of its antecedents.

It was at this point, in the early fifties, that I stumbled on Spain—not by design, since I knew not a word of the language, or by any particular impulse the other side of sheer curiosity, by far the most impelling urge I

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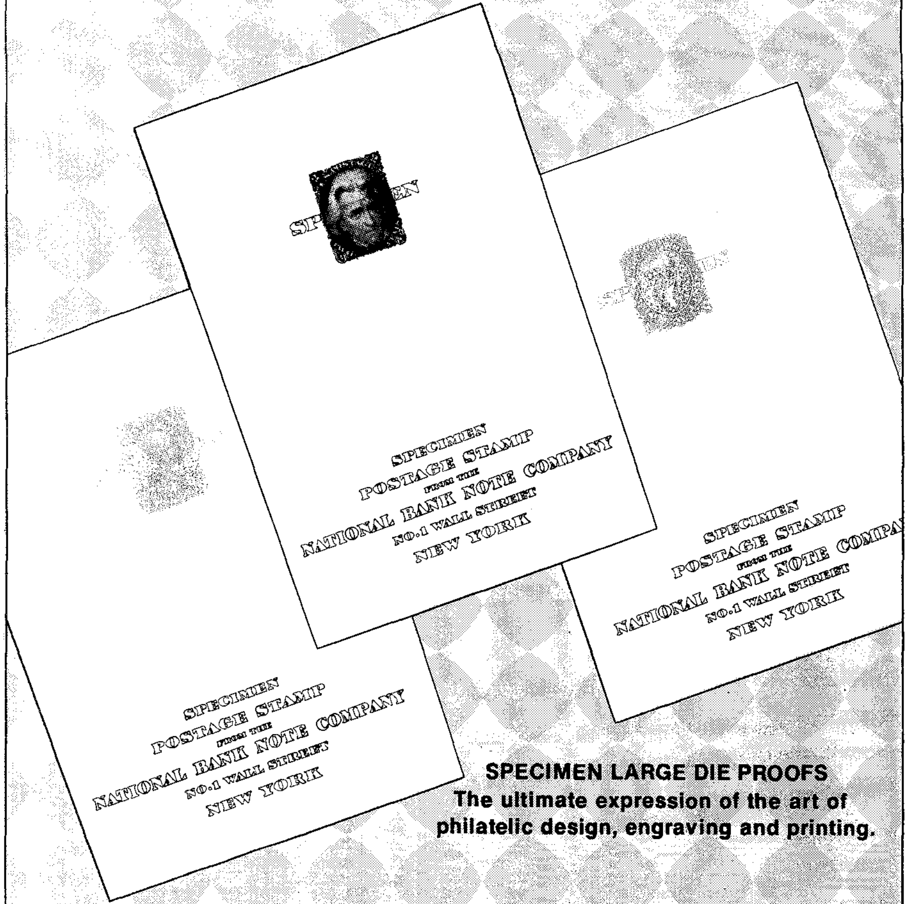

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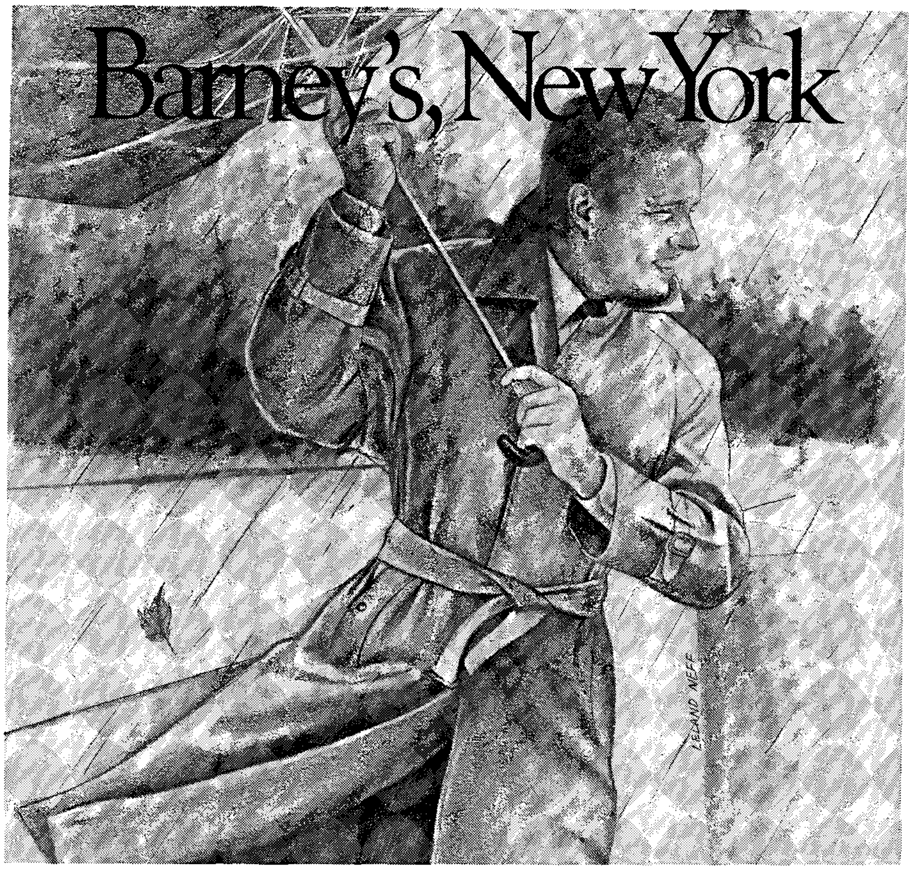

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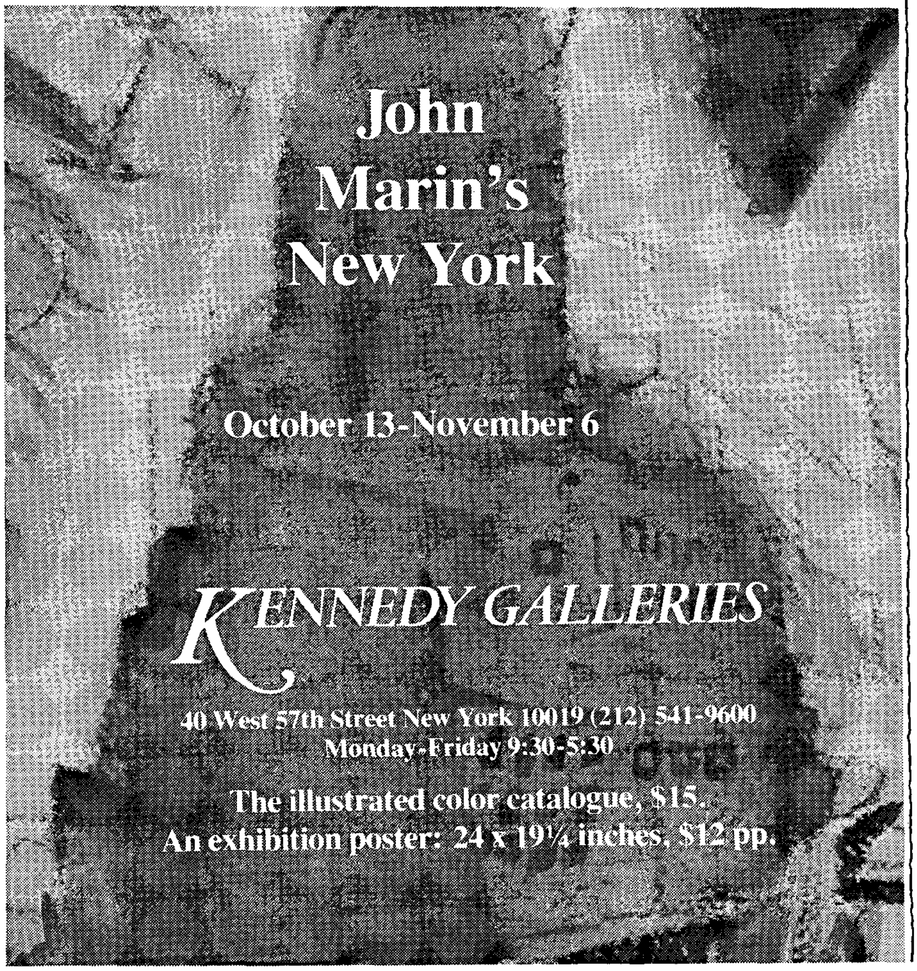

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know. From my first chance landing there, I was drawn in by a certain human rhythm, a temper, which, the longer I lived there, I felt to be an antidote to my frowned-on beginnings, to the earlier wringing of hands. There is a frank humanity to Spaniards that makes them accepting of, perhaps even delighted by, their own paradoxical natures. Gravity gives way to gaiety, fatefulness is leavened by a vivid sense of the present. The people in the village we lived in in Spain had a way of standing on their own ground, unperturbed, unafraid, "listening to themselves living," as Gerald Brenan put it. They all seemed to me to be Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in one. They enjoyed occupying their own skins. They had achieved human imperviousness. V. S. Pritchett once wrote of "the Spanish gift for discovering every day how much less of everything, material, intellectual, and spiritual, one can live on"—a quality that appealed to me. And as I moved into the language more and more, I felt altered by it. To enter another language is to assume much more than a vocabulary and a manner; it is to assume a whole implied way of being. In English, if I get angry I tend to become tall, thin, tight-lipped; in Spanish, I spray anger around the room in word showers. Spanish, as a language, demands much more projection than English does. Hands and body become parts of speech. And then, of course, I began to read, discovering a whole abundance of literature that had been nothing more than a vague rumor in my mind. Spanish is quite an easy language to enter on the kitchen, or shopping, level. Beyond that, it grows as complex and subtle, in shading and tone, as any language does in its upper reaches. When I first met Spanish writers, I felt infinitely foolish at being able to utter no more than rudimentary observations, and I burrowed into the books they gave me, occasionally translating a poem, out of nothing more than zest. Translating was something that came to intrude more and more into my life, not so much out of intention as out of reading enthusiasm. But I felt in those first years in Spain that I was growing another self, separate and differently articulate. That experience was liberating, just as my first arrival in the United States had been—liberating in its openness and fluidity, as it is to all British people except those who cling excruciatingly to their meticulous, class-ridden origins.

I would go back to Scotland now

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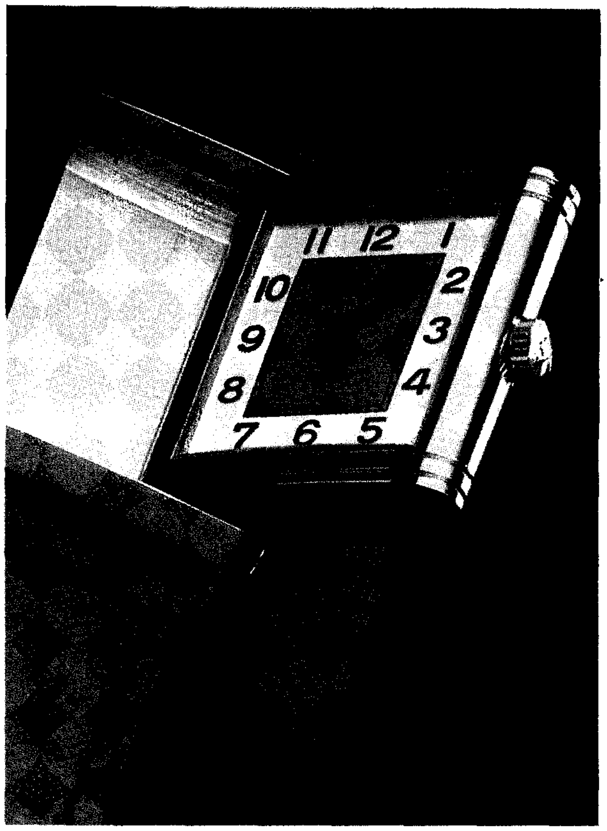

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and then, mostly in passing. It had receded in my attention, and I gave no thought to returning other than to reattach, in a fairly spectral sense, my irregular thread to the web of family. The point of going *back*, as I still said then, seemed an ever-diminishing one. People from my father's village, staunch citizens of St. Andrews, members of my family, even, would fix me with a wary eye and say, "You've been Away." I could feel the capital "A" of "Away" as a dismissal, a deliberate uninterest, and I conditioned myself to listen to the running account of local woes that followed. I would hardly have thought of referring to those occasions as joyous homecomings, although they had their revelations, mostly in the wet, soft, weather-stained landscape. They were nods in the direction of my origins, not much more. Scotland had become one of a number of countries with which I was comfortably familiar. I came across a poem by the Mexican poet José Emilio Pacheco, while I was translating a book of his, that so coincided with a poem I might myself have written that while I was translating it I felt I was writing the original. Here is my version:

HIGH TREASON

I do not love my country. Its abstract splendor
is beyond my grasp.
But (although it sounds bad) I would give my life
for ten places in it, for certain people,
seaports, pinewoods, castles,
a run-down city, gray, grotesque,
various figures from its history,
mountains
(and three or four rivers).

It was not long ago that my friend John Coleman pointed out to me the Spanish word "*escueto*," deriving from the Latin "*scotus*," a Scot. In present Spanish usage, it means "spare," "undecorated," "stark;" but when we eventually looked it up in Corominas' etymological dictionary we found that Corominas had an extensive commentary on it, remarking at one point: "[the word] seems to have been applied to men who travelled freely, impelled by the practice of going on pilgrimages, very common among the Scots;" and he gives the meanings of "free," "uncomplicated," "unencumbered," and "without luggage." The pilgrims obviously travelled light, probably with a small sack of oatmeal for sustenance. The word absorbed me, for it is clearly a *Spanish* notion, or translation, of the Scottish character—a view from outside, which

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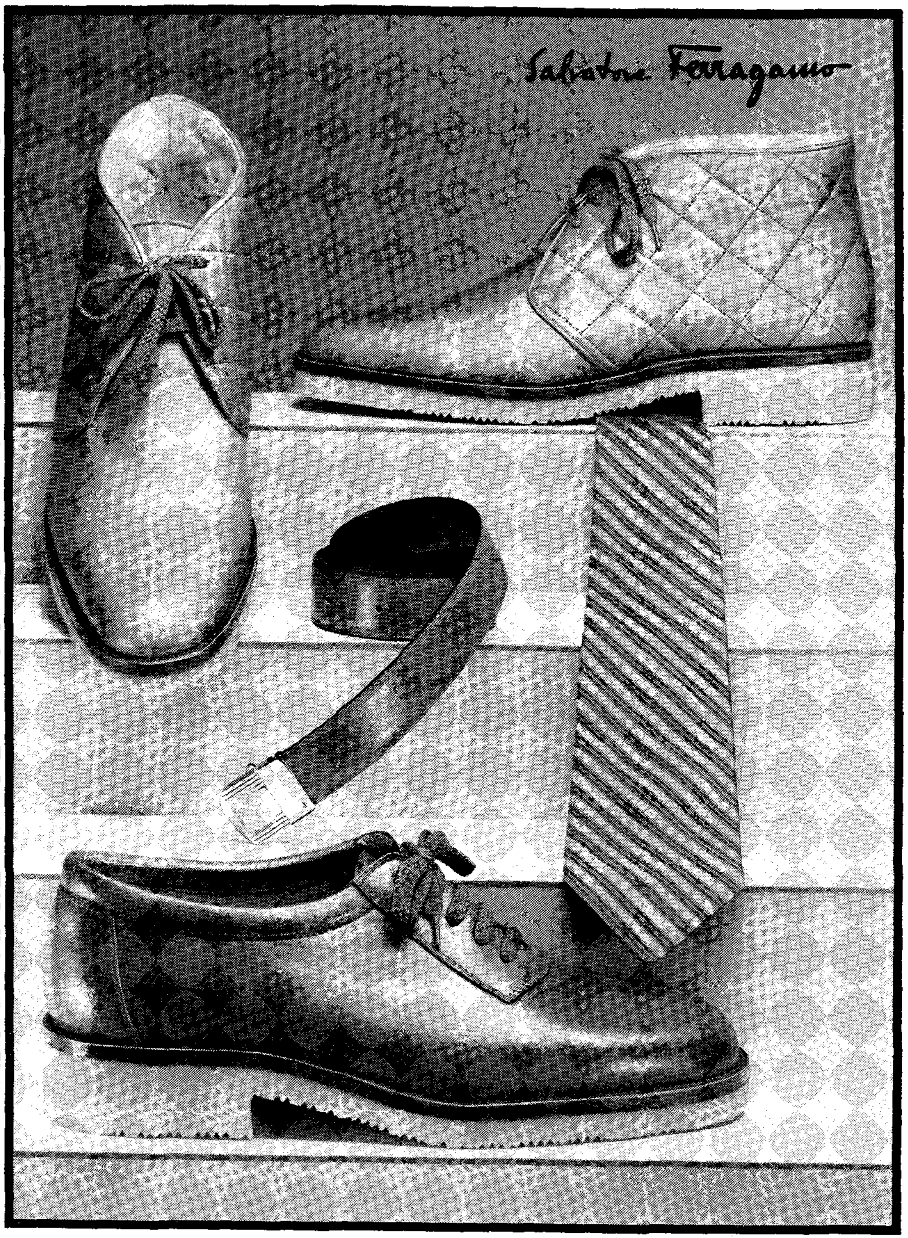

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chooses to interpret Scottish frugality as a freedom rather than a restraint. It was just the word for the transition I was then making. In Scotland, I had felt cumbered; in Spain, I was learning to be *escueto*, unencumbered.

IN July of 1980, I returned to Scotland with a more specific purpose than I had had on innumerable previous visits: namely, to meet certain friends and dig up a small plastic box—a time capsule—we had buried there some nine years before.

BY an accident of circumstance, I brought up my son, Jasper, by myself from roughly his fourth birthday on. Our existence together continued itinerant—houses, countries, schools strung on it like beads on a chain. We invented a way of life that could not have a design to it, for we had no points of reference. At certain times, pretexts for moving somewhere else arrived, and we grew to accept these as omens. Spanish was Jasper's first language. Born in Madrid on August 9, 1959, he missed by about seven babies being the two-millionth inhabitant of Madrid, whose population now exceeds three and a half million. We rented an old house in Palma de Mallorca from Anthony Kerrigan, the translator—a house in which Gertrude Stein had spent a winter, we all later discovered, a steep, cool old house with a persimmon tree, close to a *parvulario*, where Jasper first went to school, in a blue smock, as Spanish children all did then. Waiting for him at the end of the day, I would hear fluting Spanish voices telling alphabets and numbers, an awe of first school in their voices. We moved for a year to New York, where I would walk Jasper to school in Greenwich Village and gain a new sense of the city through his eyes. But my father had been seriously ill, and though he had recovered, I had the feeling of wanting to be within range of him, so we sailed to London, and eventually came to rest in a houseboat on the Thames, moored with a colony of other boats along Chelsea Reach. There we floated for the next three years. Jasper walked to a Chelsea school along the Embankment, and would report sightings from the murky Thames—once a dead pig, floating trotters up. We took the train to Scotland sometimes—that northward transition in which the towns gradually shed decoration and grow starker, stonier, the landscape less peopled. The boat felt to us like a

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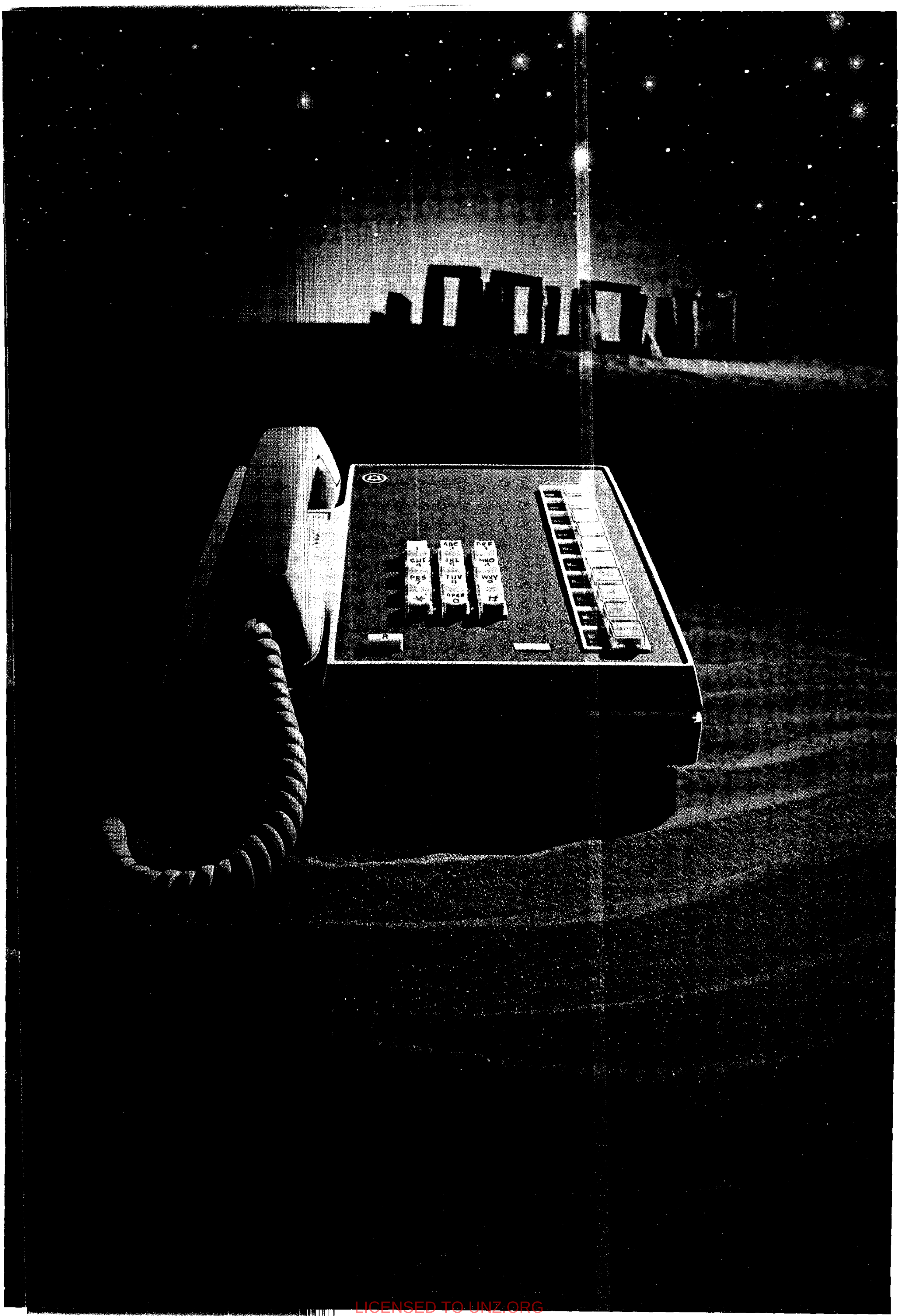
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good compromise—we could in theory cast off, though our boat, an eighty-foot Thames barge, would, once out of its mud bed, have gone wallowing down in midriver.

Flist, we called the boat—a Scottish word that means a flash of lightning, of wit, a spark. Many friends came to visit, some of them out of sheer watery curiosity. The boat rose and fell on the tide twice a day, and, with visitors, we would wait for the moment when it shivered afloat, for they would stop, look into their drinks, look around as though they had been nudged by something inexplicable. I was translating some of the work of Pablo Neruda at the time, and when he came to London he took our boat in with a crow of delight and ensconced himself there. He held his birthday party on the boat, a materializing of Chileans, and we had to fish from the river a Ukrainian poet, turned to mudman on our stern. Neruda surprised me on that occasion by insisting that the company return at noon the following day, without fail—not exactly a normal English social procedure. As they straggled in, he handed each one a diplomatic glass of Chilean wine, and the party began all over again. At one point, Neruda took me aside. "Alastair, you must understand, in your country people telephone, probably, to apologize for something they said or did; but we Chileans, we have learned to forgive ourselves everything, everything." I felt he was giving me cultural absolution.

The existence of the houseboat fleet was always being threatened by some authority: in the eyes of houseowners and solid citizens, there was something raffish, gypsylike, about our floating community, and we held occasional impassioned meetings, vociferously bent on repelling boarders. Yet on weekday mornings from certain hatches would emerge some of our number, bowler-hatted and umbrellaed, bound for the City. Jasper and I became enmeshed in the life of the river, however, and lived as though with our backs to London.

I OFTEN wondered about our shifting, our moving, and would sometimes bring it up with Jasper, obliquely, at odd moments. I worried about its effect on him, but the signs were that he travelled well. He felt no particular fear about changing places, and instead had become adept at taking on languages and mannerisms. Moving had sharpened his memory, and he

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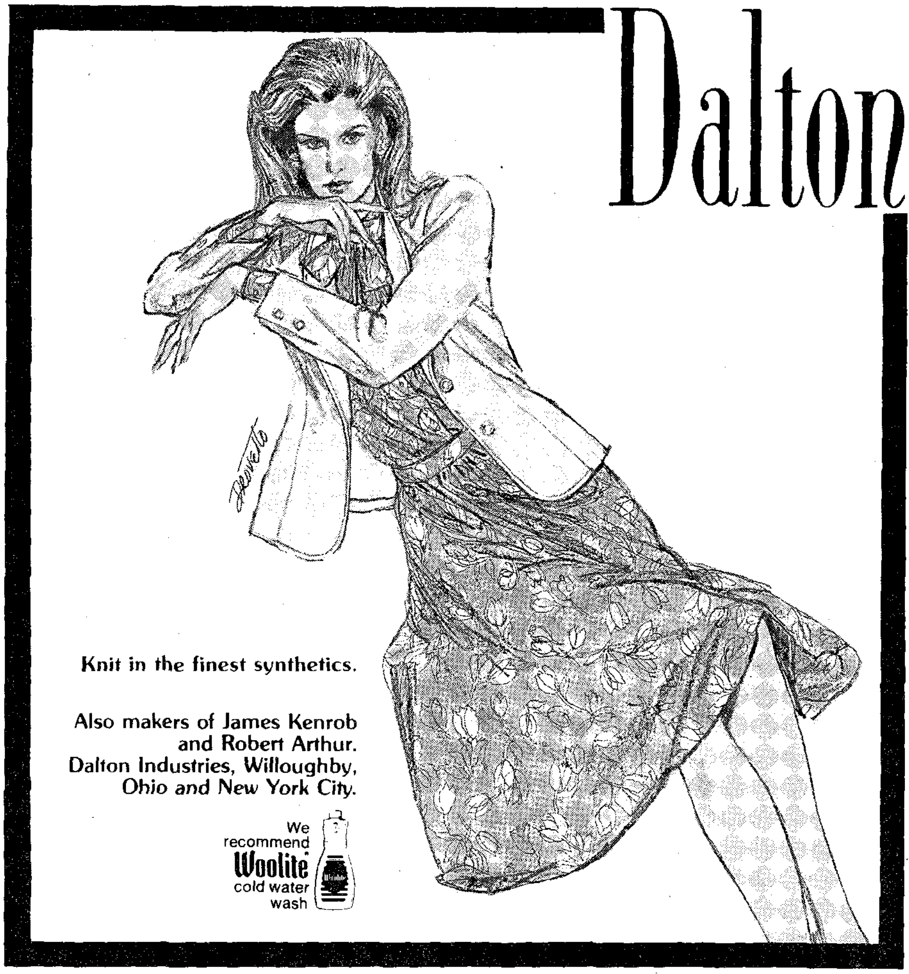
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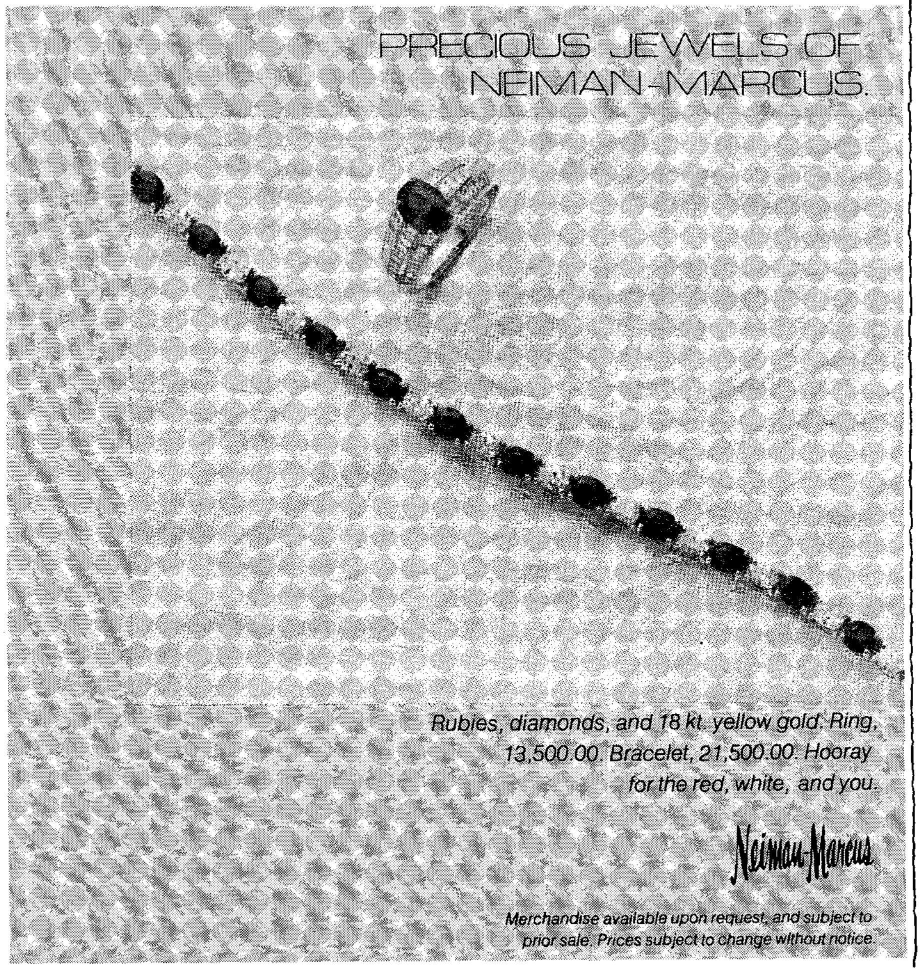
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would astonish me at times by his recall. He could evoke sounds, atmospheres, houses in precise detail. If I had told him we were going to Bangkok for a while, he would have immediately looked it up in the atlas, without alarm. I had to remember that in one sense he looked on places like London and Scotland and New York as foreign and strange, familiar though they were to me; but strangeness did not carry the aura of alarm to him—more the sense of another language, another way of being. I would concern myself with *his* feeling of rootlessness, only to realize that for him roots had little meaning. Not belonging to any one place, to any one context, he was in a sense afloat, and felt free to explore, to choose, to fit in or not—a freedom that in the long run made for a cool view. He did—and, I think, does—have a more intense sense of himself in Spain than in any other country. I had bought a small mountain retreat there in the early sixties, and although we did not go back to it with any calculable regularity, I saw how he lightened up whenever we did go. It was the only continuing past he had, and the villagers never failed to tell him how much he had grown, providing in general the trappings of childhood that our travelling life otherwise denied him. The house in Spain, however ghostly and remote it seemed to us from afar, served as the only fixed point in our existence. It was there that we took what we wanted to save—a kind of filing cabinet containing the keepsakes from other lives.

Our wandering life did impose certain restrictions: we could not, for example, have pets, because we moved in and out of the United Kingdom with such unpredictable regularity that the obligatory quarantine would have made them seem like children at boarding school. We had a more Hispanic attitude toward animals, looking on them as semidomestic creatures, whereas many of the English clearly prefer them to their fellows.

INEVITABLY—although there was nothing really inevitable about it—we moved. An invitation winged in to the houseboat one day from Antioch College, in Yellow Springs, Ohio (hard to find in the atlas), to teach for a year, and I accepted. We sold Flist, with many regrets and backward looks, and eventually shifted ourselves to a landscape new to both of us. The year was 1969, and the campus teemed

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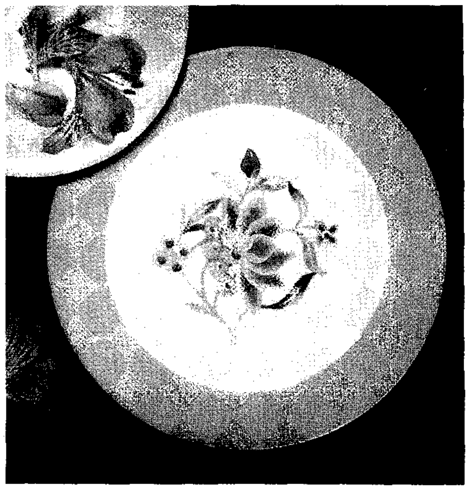

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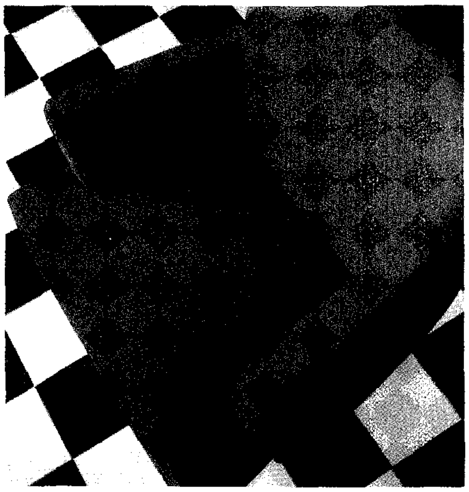

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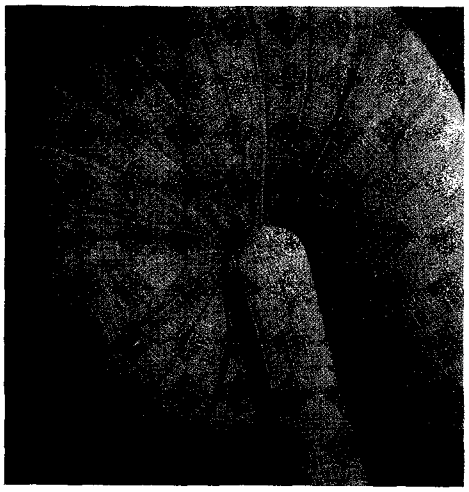

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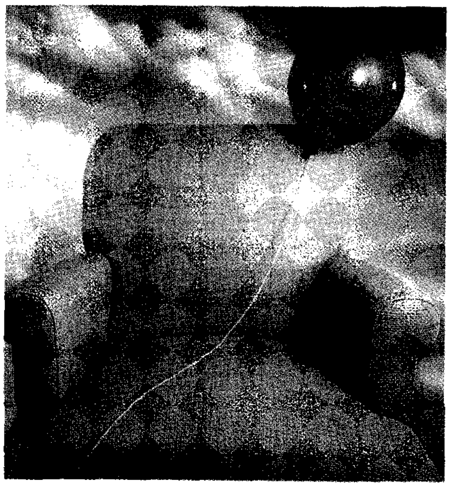

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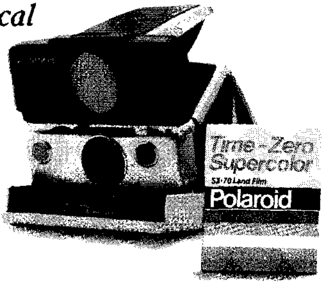

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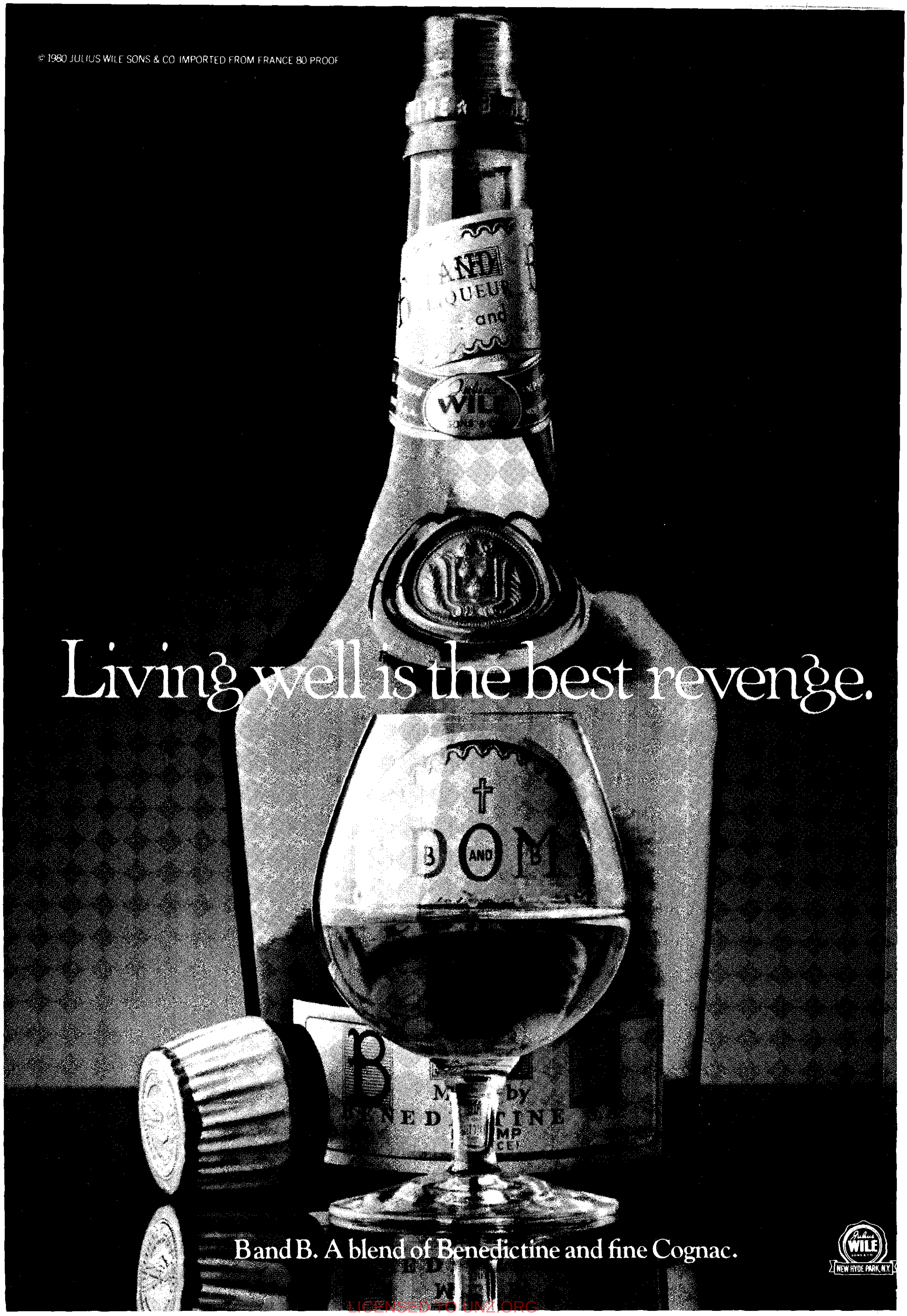
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and seethed, the incarnation of the sixties; Kent State lay only two hundred miles away. Heralds came back from Woodstock with dirty, shining faces; no argument that year was less than elemental. At Antioch, we formed friendships that have lasted both vividly and ubiquitously; it was a year of fire, of passionate rethinking. Jasper trudged to a Yellow Springs school, and grew another American self, tempered by occasional nostalgic conversations and leavened by "The Whole Earth Catalog," the handbook of the times. We had little idea of where we were going to go next, except to Scotland to visit my father, who was going to be eighty. So when the year ended we flew to Paris on a charter plane full of Antioch students chattering like missionaries, and wended our way north. To my relief, Jasper looked on Scotland as something of a comic opera, and I got glimpses of it through his eyes. He found its formality odd and stilted; he endured conversations that might have been scripted in stone. In a certain sense, he acknowledged it as my point of origin, but he made it clear that it was not his by suddenly speaking to me in Spanish in an overstuffed drawing room, out of pure mischief.

That summer of 1970, after spending some days with my father in the douce green Border hills, we took a spontaneous trip to St. Andrews. I cannot quite remember how or when the thought occurred to us, but then, all at once, on whim, we decided to spend the year there. I had some long, slow work to do, and St. Andrews boasted, besides its antiquated university, a venerable Georgian-fronted school called Madras College. On Market Street, I went into a solicitor's office peopled by gnomes and crones, and found that a house I had long known by sight was for rent—a house called Pilmour Cottage, not a cottage at all but an expansive country house, standing all by itself, about a mile from the center of town, in a conspicuous clump of elm, oak, and sycamore trees, screened by an umbrella of resident crows, and facing the sea, some five hundred yards across the golf courses. It looked across at the estuary of the River Eden, on the other side of which lay Leuchars Aerodrome, where I had first taken flying lessons, with the University Air Squadron, during the war, and which had later gone from being a Royal Air Force fighter station to the strategic importance of an advanced NATO interceptor base,

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manned by Phantoms and Lightnings, and consequently, I imagined, a prime nuclear target—an irony sharpened by those benign surroundings. I rented the house without a second's hesitation, and in no time we were lugging our worldly goods across a sand path that threaded through green golfing sward to take possession of Pilmour Cottage for the next year—about as vast an expanse of future as we allowed ourselves in those travelling years.

Of all the houses we rented, borrowed, occupied, Pilmour Cottage remains, in both Jasper's memory and mine, the warmest, the most ample. It had six bedrooms, a cavernous dining room with a long oak table fit for banquets, and a huge, encompassing kitchen, with a great stove like an altar, where we gathered to keep warm, and where we practiced the breadmaking skills we had acquired at Antioch. The kitchen window looked northeast to sea across the golf courses, and had a window seat where we spent a lot of time gazing. Day in, day out, in all weathers (and Scotland can assemble a greater variety of weathers in a single day than any other country I can think of), there trudged across our kitchen vision an unending plod of golfers, heads bent against the wind or frozen in the concentrated attitudes of the game. Jasper, bicycling back from school, would often turn up with a golf ball or two he had found on the path. We looked across at the square stone bulk of the Royal and Ancient clubhouse, Camelot to all golfers, and we flew kites on the Old Course, their Mecca. It seemed somehow sacrilegious to live on the fringes of a turf whose sacred blades of grass were often clipped and mailed across the world as holy relics and not play golf ourselves; but we never got beyond acquiring a putter, which we would sometimes wield on the empty greens toward sunset, and an old wood, with which we would occasionally drive the lost balls we had accumulated into the whin bushes, to be found over again. The golfers were part of the landscape, like moving tree stumps; but one spring morning we looked out amazed to see the whole course dotted with tartan-bonneted Japanese, who had made their exhausting pilgrimage to play there for one day, and who insisted on photographing us as typical natives.

I looked from my workroom across the expanses of grass, sand, sea, and sky, quite often at the expense of my

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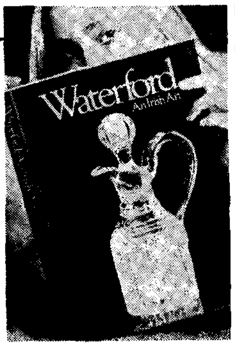

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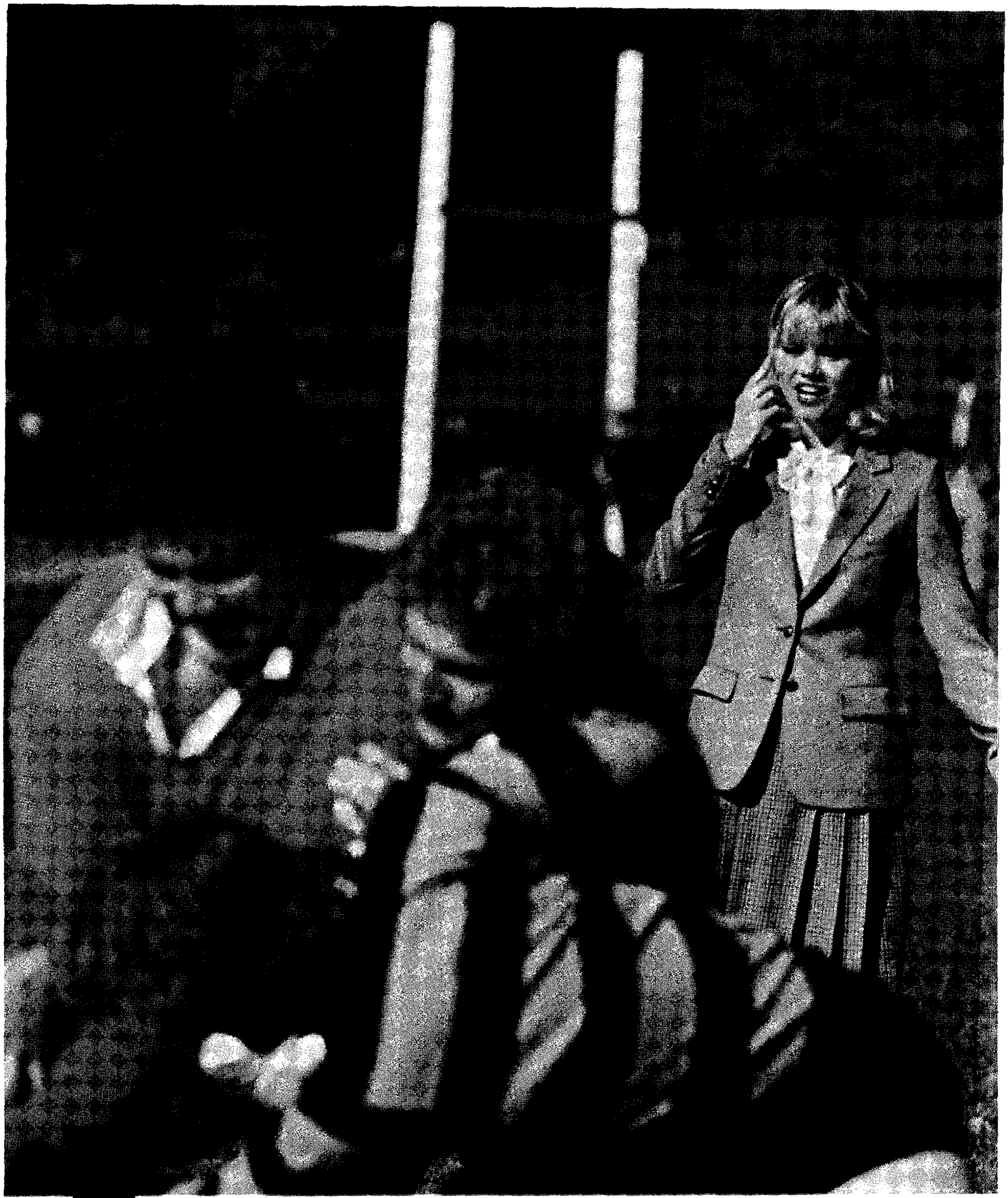

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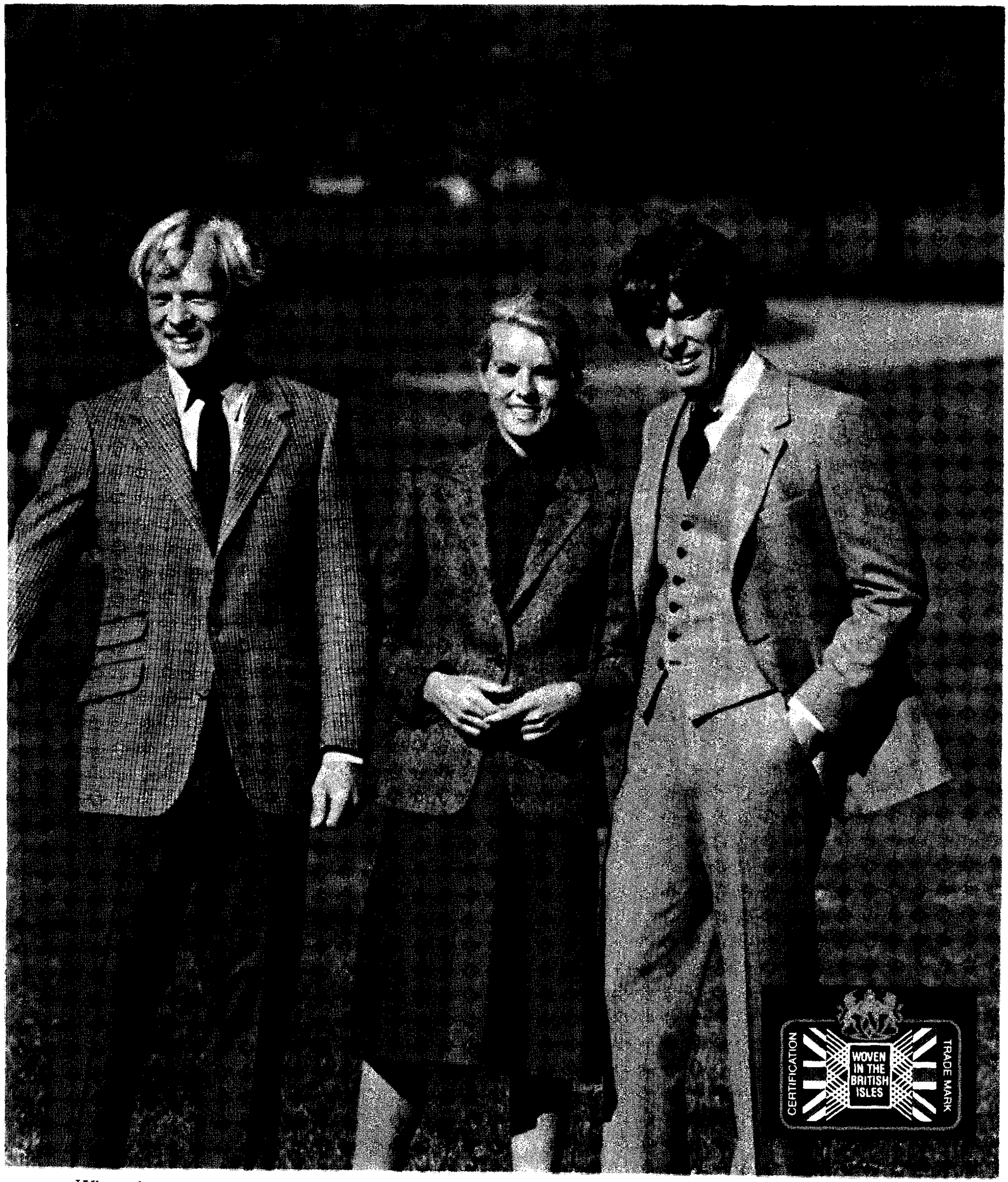

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work, so mesmerizing was that landscape. Wind-bare, sand-edged, with clumps of whin and marram punctuating the expanses of rough fescue grass, the landscape had clearly brought the game of golf into being. The Old Course at St. Andrews has been both cradle and model; other golf courses can be seen as variations on its fundamental setting. The St. Andrews golf courses, four of them in all, are grafted onto the town by way of clubhouses, golf shops, hotels, and wide-windowed bars—an enclosed world through which we passed on bicycles, still clinging to our immunity.

We settled into Pilmour Cottage as though we had lived there forever and would never move. All year long, a succession of friends came to stay, arriving sleepily off the morning train from London and opening their eyes wide when they saw where they were. We explored the countryside, we beachcombed, we sometimes even swam in the chilling North Sea. We wandered into town and idled in bookstores, the stony town now brightened by the scarlet gowns of the students. Jasper took to saying "Aye!" and soon had the protective coloration of a working Fife accent. One afternoon, we opened the door to a young man named Jeffrey Lerner, an Antioch student whom we had not known in Yellow Springs but who was spending his junior year (improbably, to us) in St. Andrews, reading Scottish history. We all had many friends and casts of mind in common, and Jeff ended up renting a room from us, since we had rooms to spare, even with visitors. The arrangement worked wonderfully well from the start, for I was able to make some necessary trips, leaving Jasper in Jeff's care. Jasper was eleven at the time, Jeff twenty-one and the right cast for a hero, and I felt considerably relieved to have Jeff as an attendant spirit. I went to Spain at the end of the year, briefly, to settle up some matters in the village and to see how the house was weathering. I shivered in the stone house there, bare feet on the tile floor. Scotland was warmer by far, in a winter so balmy that we never once saw snow and throughout which we continued to fly the kites we kept building—elaborate kites, which stood in the hall like ghost figures and which we flew to enormous heights, sometimes even using them to tow our bicycles. Jasper and his school friends took over the outdoors and the trees, tracked through the dunes, and

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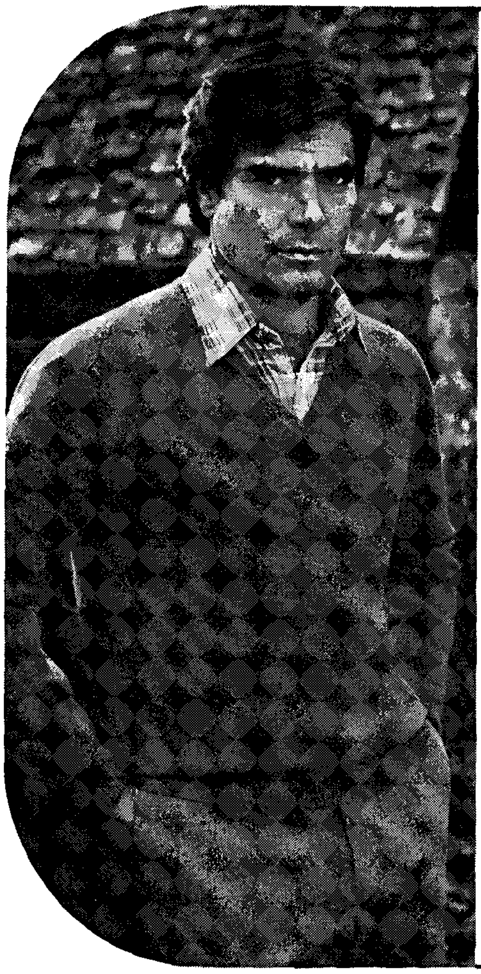

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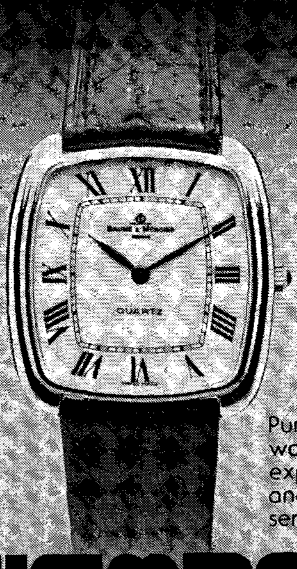

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mimicked the crows till they rose in tattered black clouds.

Coincidentally, 1971 was the year Britain changed from its clumsy ancestral coinage to the decimal system. The *Scotsman*, our daily source of Scottish illumination, bristled with angry letters, and on the day of transition Market Street was dotted with dazed locals gazing at handfuls of glistening new change, holding up unfamiliar coins, shaking their heads, sure that the terrible innovation would not last. We hoarded the ponderous old pennies in a jar in the hall, and we had the feeling that the foundations were being shaken for once—that the past was, even in this everyday, metallic form, yielding to the present.

That year, August of 1970 until June of 1971, was the first I had spent in Scotland since I left it, and I found myself taking stock of it—as it, I imagined, was taking stock of me. The Hispanic world irredeemably alters one's notion of time, since it reacts instinctively, existentially, against the imposition of order from outside, particularly the order of the clock, and substitutes human time. Things take as long as they need to, and happen when they must. That had seeped into me sufficiently to make me intensely aware of the orderliness of St. Andrews. Something was always chiming. Punctually at five-thirty in the evening, the streets emptied; shop locks clicked shut almost simultaneously up and down the street. It felt like a place that had taken care to deprive itself of surprises. Jeff, newly translated from the Antioch of the sixties, could not believe the receptive obedience of his fellow-students. As we settled into St. Andrews, the outside world grew hazy and remote. St. Andrews had domesticated it, making things predictable, untroubled. Yet I felt that, once again, sitting in the middle of the landscape translating Spanish texts, I was more estranged than ever from the formalities of the place. The presence of Jasper and Jeff, bringing back separate, hilarious stories from school and university, set me sometimes to trying to explain Scotland to them, and in so doing I came to see how little I identified with it at any point. It was the year that "Monty Python" made its first appearance on British television, and in their eyes St. Andrews felt like an endless rerun of the programs.

In April, the Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges came to visit, on his way to receive an honorary degree from Oxford University. Borges was much affected by being in Scotland, although his blindness denied him the sight of it. He would take walks with Jasper or Jeff, talking intently, and recite Scottish ballads to us round the kitchen table. During the week that Borges spent with us, the official census-taker arrived at our household. The British are most scrupulous about the census, and the census-taker sat himself down at the long dining-room table, calling us in one by one to record not only our existences but a dossier of ancestral detail. Borges; Maria Kodama, his Japanese-Argentine travelling companion; Jasper; Jeff—I have forgotten who else, but I was the only member of the household born in Scotland. As I showed the official out, he turned to me, scratching his head, and said, "I think, Mr. Reid, I'll just put you all down under 'Floating Population.' " He had a point.

My sister Kathleen lived in Cupar, some eight miles inland from us, and in the course of that year Jasper discovered relatives who until then had been only names to him. Kathleen had five children, who formed a rambunctious household—a family that in human energy far exceeded the sum of its parts, for it put out enough to light a small town. Jasper was astonished by his cousins. He gaped at the whole bewildering whirl of family connection. Our own family structure felt tame in comparison—ludicrously simple. The fact of his being born in Spain made the others peer at him as though he might be an extraterrestrial. The astonishment was mutual, for my sister's children were voluble and full of questions. By now, however, Jasper had grown expert at being a Martian. His three nationalities—Spanish, British, and American—had made him a foreigner in every school class he sat in, and he wore his oddness quite jauntily. He was, I think, ahead of me.

An early spring brought greenness and soft air, carpets of daffodils surrounding the house, larks hanging invisibly over the golf course, disappeared into song. The days lengthened, and the golfers played late into the long twilight. We discussed building a tetrahedral kite, modelled on one with which Alexander Graham Bell had once lifted a man, and Jasper looked alarmed. He played cricket for the first time in his life, with a certain disbelief. I came one morning upon a gray heron, standing in the driveway like an omen, and we gazed at each

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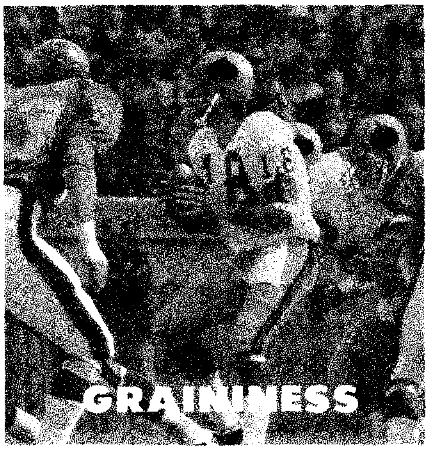

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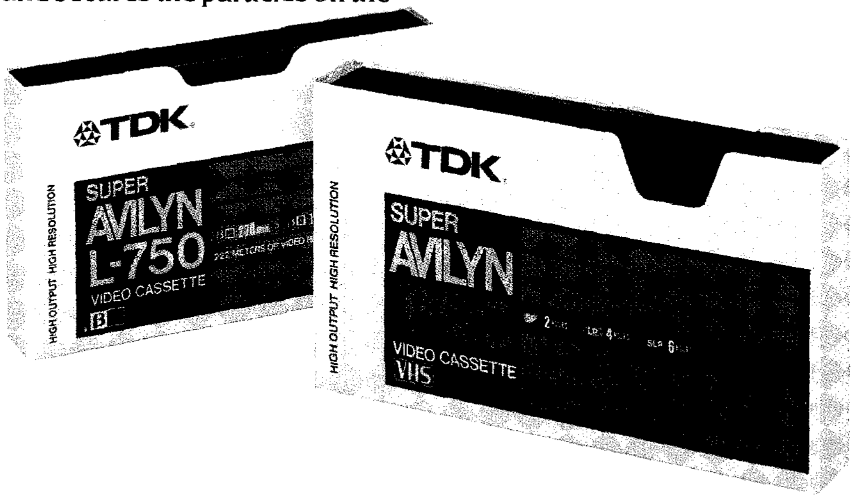

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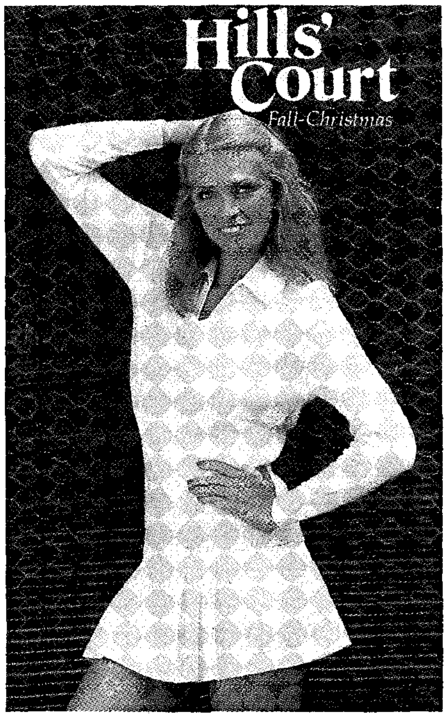
other for a full ten minutes. Swallows and swifts appeared, strafing the house all day.

It was on one of those spring evenings that we decided, on the spur of the moment, to bury the time capsule. I cannot remember who raised the notion or why—it may easily have come from a book one of us had been reading, or simply from whim—but once we had the idea in our heads we scuttled about, gathering up elements of the place we felt to be worthy of encapsulation. We found an opaque plastic box with a tight-fitting lid in the kitchen cupboard, and we poured into it first the jarful of obsolete pennies and then the contents of a box in which we had kept all manner of foreign coins left over from various travels. We got together some photographs and letters, the local paper (the St. Andrews *Citizen*, which we read assiduously every week), other miscellaneous documents, representative talismans, that we turned up at short notice. We realized that we had to prepare a note to accompany the scrambled contents, and it was at that stage that Jeff pointed out that burying the box would be fairly absurd unless we expressed an intention to dig it up somewhere along the line. So, casting about for an arbitrary date sufficiently far off in time, we came up with Jasper's twenty-first birthday, August 9, 1980—an occasion so unimaginably far away as to render us helpless with laughter, for then he came up to the height of the stove, and the thought of him tall and grave, with a deep voice, convulsed us all. We packed in the contents, signed our declaration of intent, made some notes on the day and on what we had just had for dinner, then sealed the lid on with epoxy glue. The twilight was deepening into owl-light when we went out bearing the box, a couple of spades, and a lantern lit for the occasion. It had begun to rain lightly as we crossed the front lawn and climbed over the wall into a clump of scrub and rough grass edging the golf course. We decided on that spot because it was public ground, and we wanted the place to be accessible when the time came. A small elm tree stood about twenty feet from the wall, so we chose it as our marker, measuring out an appropriate distance from it, which we all committed to memory, and set to digging. The box was duly buried and the soil restored—with unholy haste and an absence of ritual, because the rain was thickening and the lantern went out in a hiss. We hurried in to get dry, leaving the box behind us in the ground like a knot tied in the past to remind us of something.

Not long after that, a letter came inviting me to Mexico in the fall. It coincided with a vague plan I'd had of spending some time in Latin America, which Jasper had never seen, but with which I was becoming more and more involved, so, after Jasper and I talked about it, after he took a book on Mexico out of the school library and fixed Mexico for himself on his private map, I accepted. I had never raised the question of staying in Scotland, nor had he. Jeff was winding up his year, studying for final exams, making plans—first, to ship out on a French fishing boat, which he did from Lorient, in Brittany, and then to make his way back to Antioch, by way of our house in Spain. The end of spring was crowned by school sports day, the departure of students; my own work was almost finished. When Jeff left, the suspension in which we had lived all year was broken, and we found ourselves back in time. Our lease on Pilmour Cottage would soon be up, and I made plans to go to Spain on the way to Mexico, and once more assembled our worldly goods, dividing what to abandon from what to keep.

There were rituals of passage, leave-takings, last walks, backward looks. We had arrived in and gone from places so often, and seen so many people leave, that we were familiar with all the facets of departing. When the moment came, we took a long look over our shoulders at Pilmour Cottage from the Cupar Road, with a certain quick pang—the house across that low-lying landscape already half hidden in its own elms and pines, the crows hovering. Pilmour Cottage began to dwindle away in an odd kind of smoke. We had already forgotten the box in the ground.

FOR Jasper and me, the summer in Spain quickly became the present—a preoccupying present, because we were putting a new roof on the house there, sleeping, out of necessity, in the ilex forest, and catching up on village matters, changing languages again. Pilmour Cottage had gone into the archives. Certain appendages of it—a wooden spoon, a few golf balls, an etching of St. Andrews someone had given us in farewell—joined the array of keepsakes in the Spanish house. Jasper sometimes mentioned Pilmour, already handling the memory like a me-



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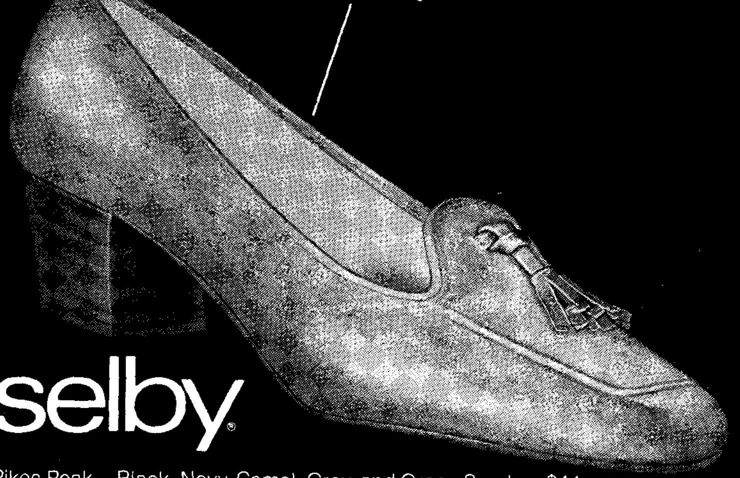

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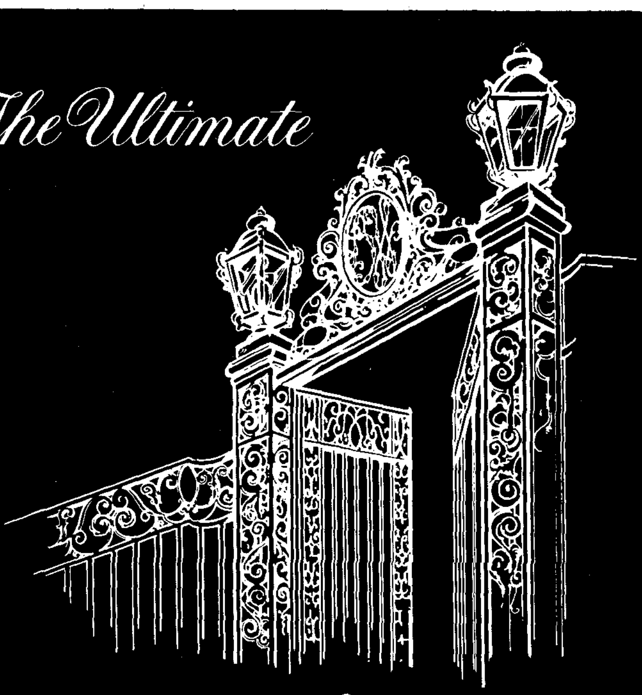

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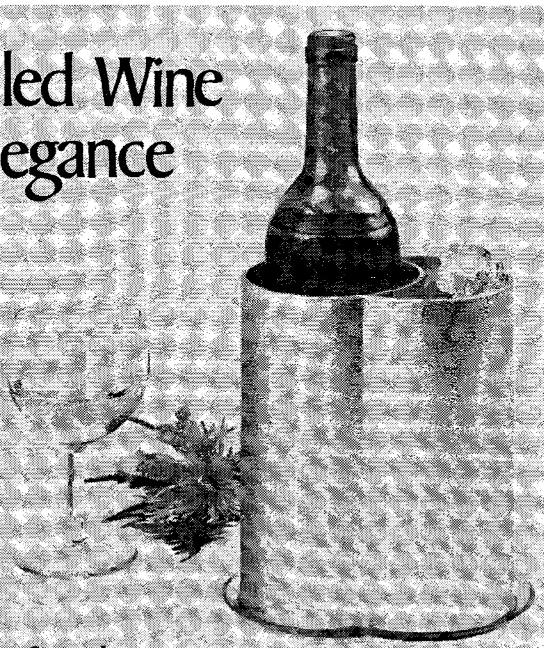

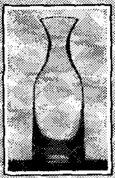

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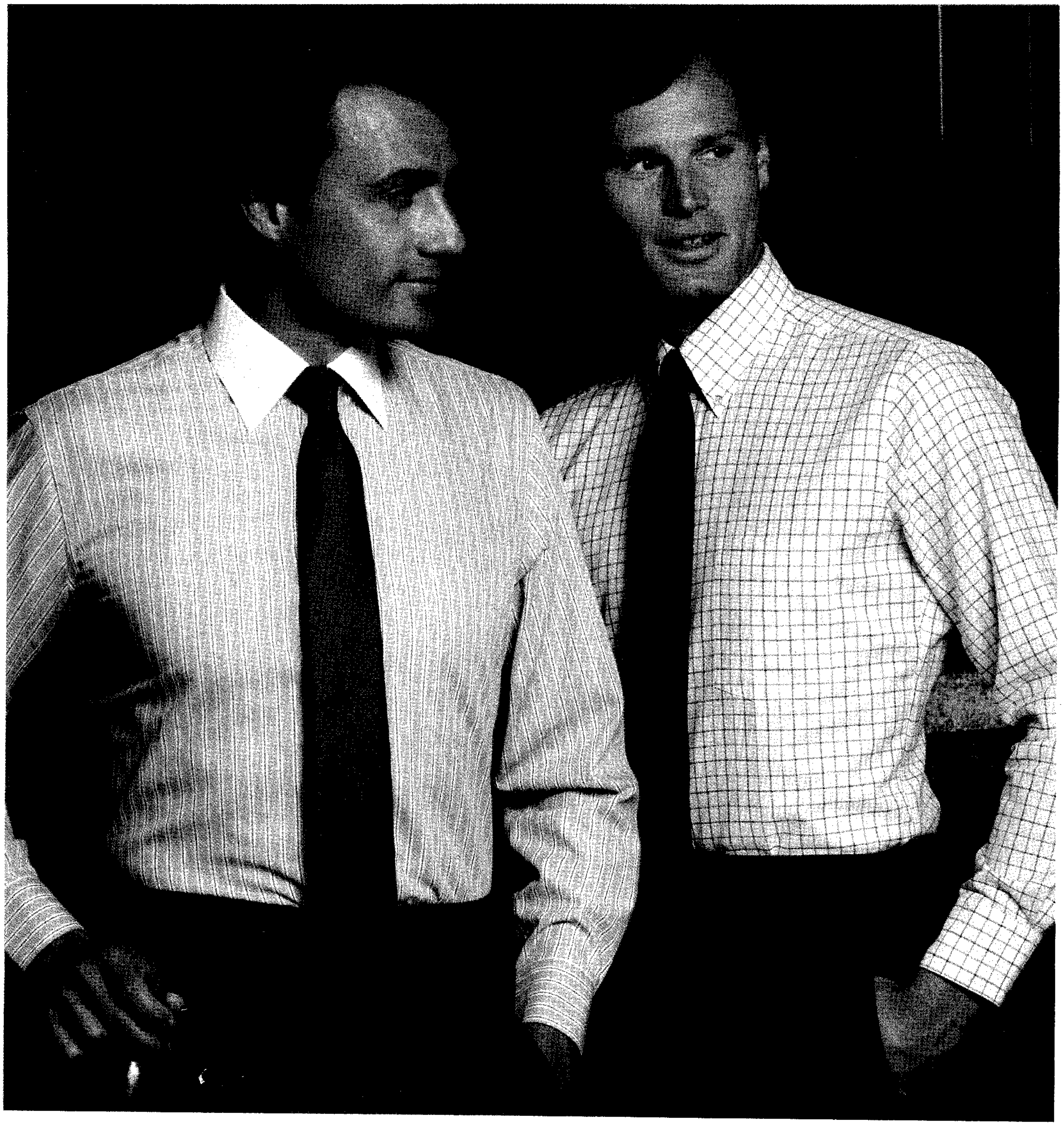
mento, a token. We caught a boat from Barcelona to Venezuela in early fall and made our way to Mexico. Jasper attended an international school in Cuernavaca, learning, it seemed to me, not much more than the Mexican national anthem, but that indelibly. We spent some time in Mexico City with the exiled Spanish writer Max Aub, an old mentor of mine—and an inspiring presence, because he was forever inventing imaginary writers, writing their works, and then entering into controversy with them. Late in the year, we took a freighter from Tampico to Buenos Aires, stopping, apparently at the captain's whim, along the South American coast. It was almost Christmas by the time we reached Buenos Aires—the beginning of summer there, which meant that all schools were closed. So during our time there and, later, in Chile—the hopeful Chile of Allende, before things began to fray away—Jasper went schoolless, but he was never at loose ends, for the Chile of those days made St. Andrews (or would have, if we had ever thought of it) more like an invention of ours, a place we had once dreamed up, a place where nothing happened, as different from Chile as was imaginable.

After that long wander, we came to rest in London. It seemed to me imperative that, with such patchwork schooling, Jasper should finish up within one school system, with a semblance of order to it. So he went to school in Highgate and came to terms with England. Apart from irregular sallies to Spain, we stayed put for four years.

Jeff, meanwhile, had finished up at Antioch, had married Nora Newcombe, a red-headed and warm-witted Canadian girl, who had visited us at Pilmour, and who was doing a Ph.D. in psychology at Harvard. We did not see them for a long while, but we wrote when it seemed unforgivable not to. Then the work Jeff was doing—a Ph.D. thesis on the shifting attitudes toward bereavement in the course and aftermath of the First World War—brought them to London one summer, and we fell excitedly to filling in the missing time. With Nora and Jeff, an ease of connection had existed from the very beginning, where we never tired of talking and noticing. The connection they had with Jasper was particularly important in my eyes, and I knew that it was in theirs: they paced his growing, their persistence as recurring friends a matter of great im-



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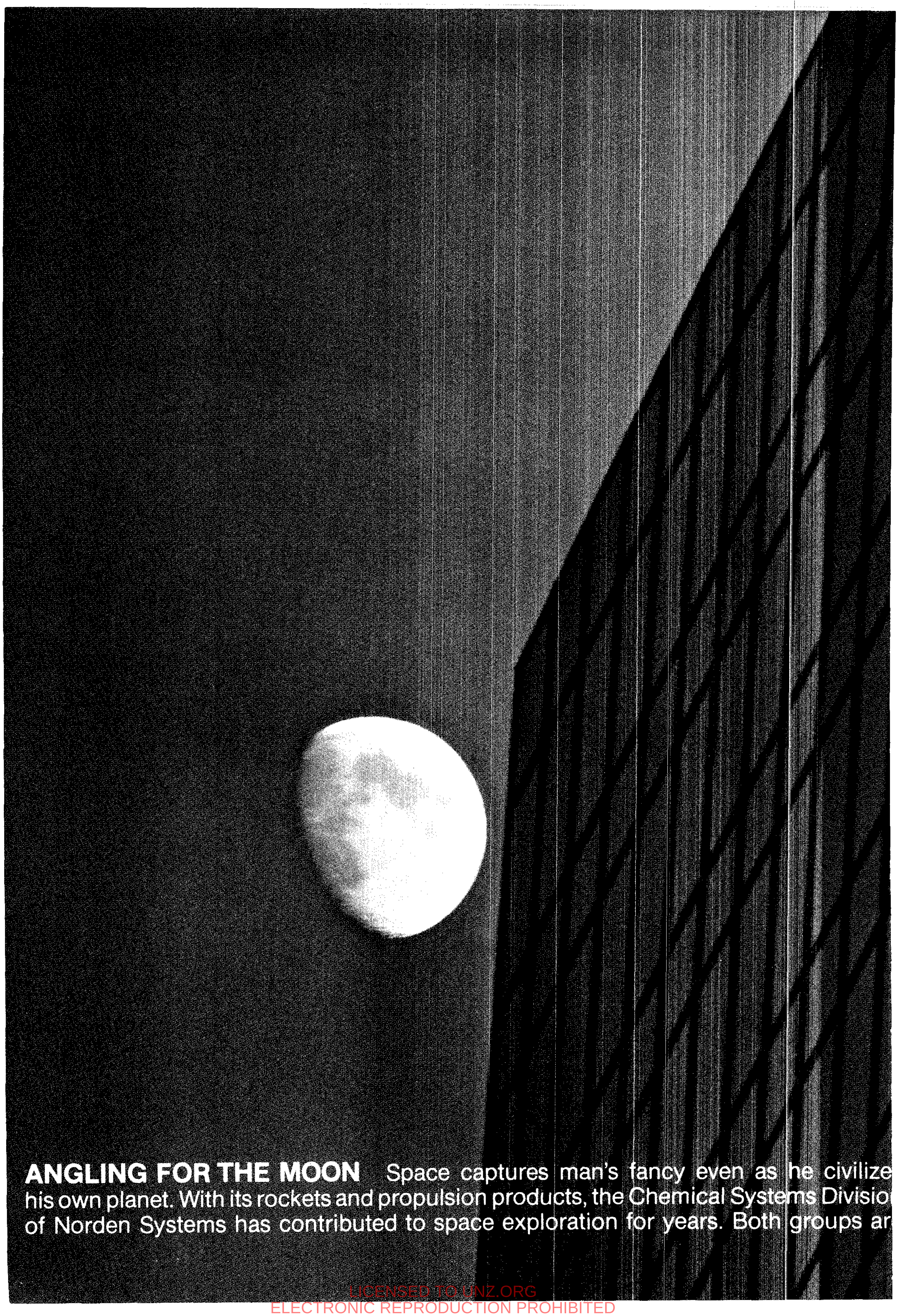

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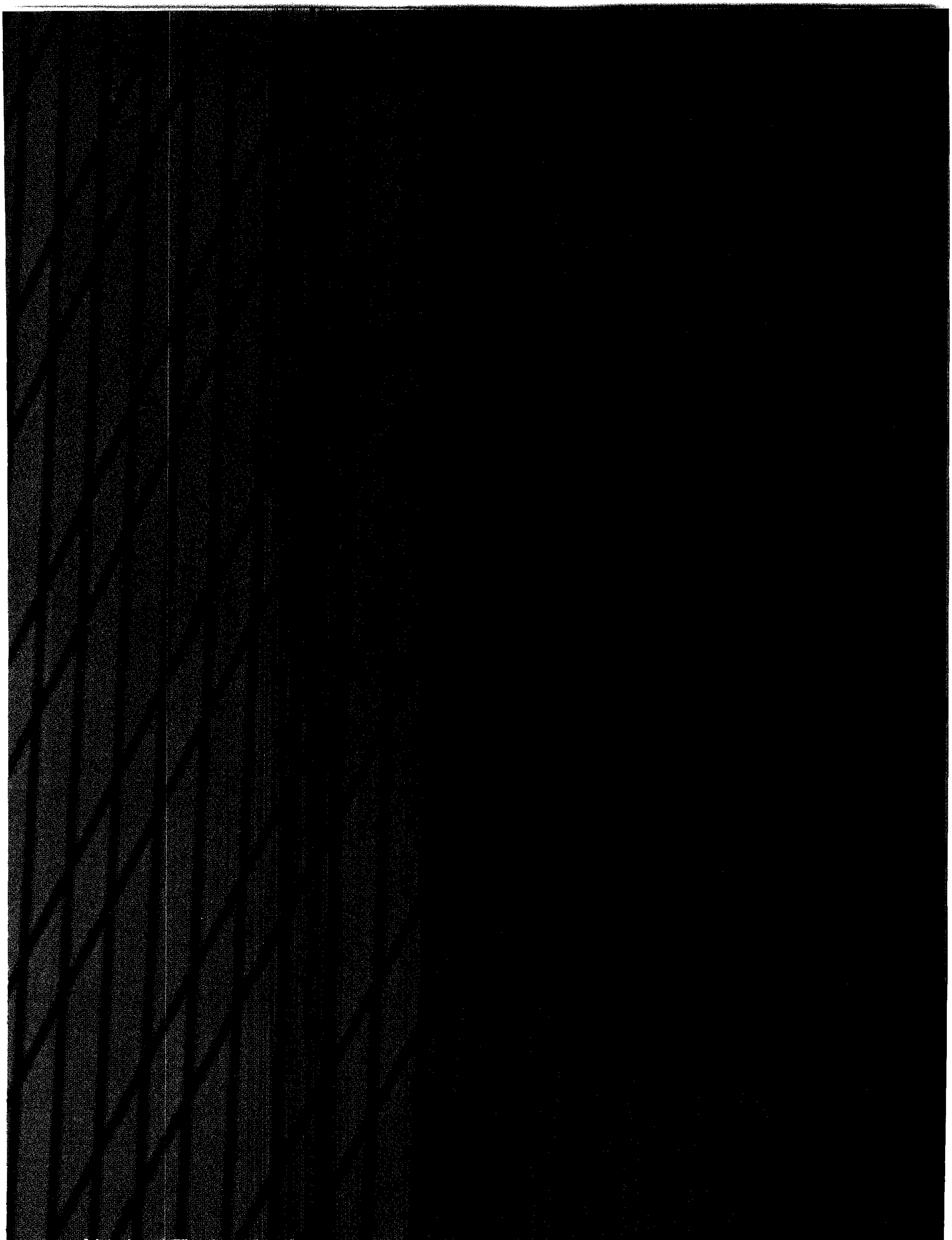

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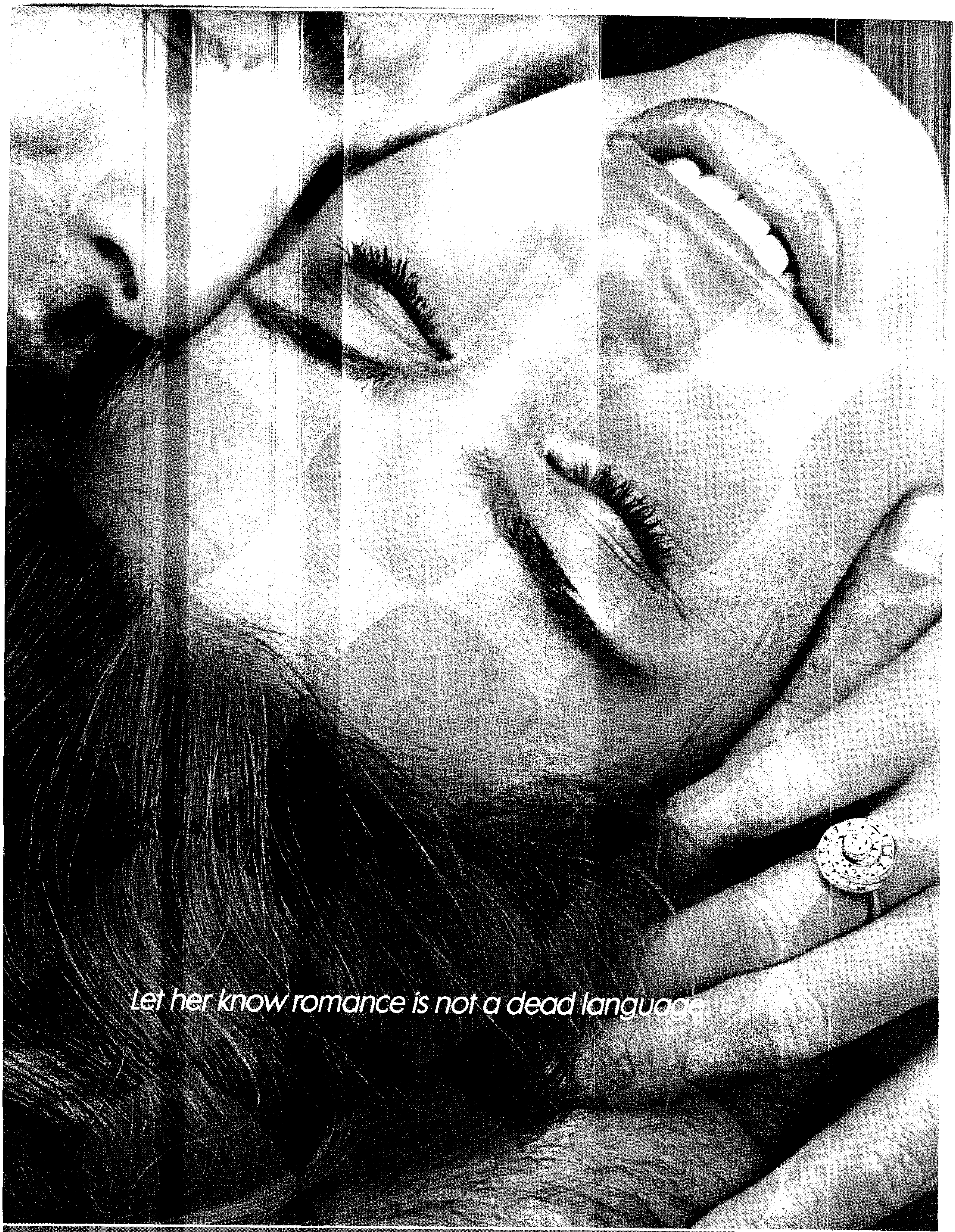
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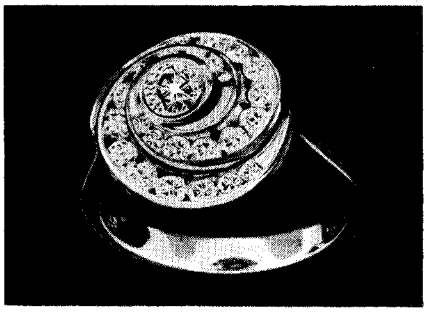

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port to him, since he always had so many things to tell them, to ask them, when we met up. We had occasional, surreal, smokily distant conversations about Scotland; but we did not talk about the box.

I went to Scotland off and on from London. My parents grew frailer; my mother died, as emphatically as she had lived; and my father moved between the houses of two of my sisters, where I would go to visit him. On one of these visits, while he was living with Kathleen, I drove over to Pilmour Cottage, took a mooning walk around the house, and climbed over the wall to the vicinity of the elm tree. The ground had grown a thick undergrowth, but I could still feel, at the appropriate distance from the tree as I calculated it, a recognizable hollow, a comfortable sag in the ground.

FROM 1970, five years passed without my coming to the United States—an unimaginable hiatus, for I had been in this country almost every year, or some part of it, since I first came, at the end of the forties. I'm not sure now why that hiatus developed, except that we were more European-minded at the time, and that in London friends from New York were always passing through, giving us the illusion of being in touch. I was working, also, through another long scrabble of translation, and I was caught up in the flurry of disaster that followed the coup in Chile—Chileans arriving in London, anxieties of not knowing—and in the obvious withering away of Franco in Spain. In the summer of 1975, however, some pretext arose for my going to the United States, and I decided to take Jasper, since he had not seen any of his American relatives in a long time, let alone the landmarks he remembered. New York felt sunny after London—not literally but humanly. I warmed myself with friends I had not seen in too long. Londoners are scrupulous about one another's privacy, and New York seemed loose and luxurious after the primness of the London years. We did, however, spend those London years in Victoria, a neighborhood that had become the headquarters of Spaniards who had left Spain in those lean times to find work elsewhere in Europe, so I shopped in Spanish at the street market, kept up with the Spanish football scores, and would translate the odd will or document into English for Doña Angelina, who ran a Spanish boarding house

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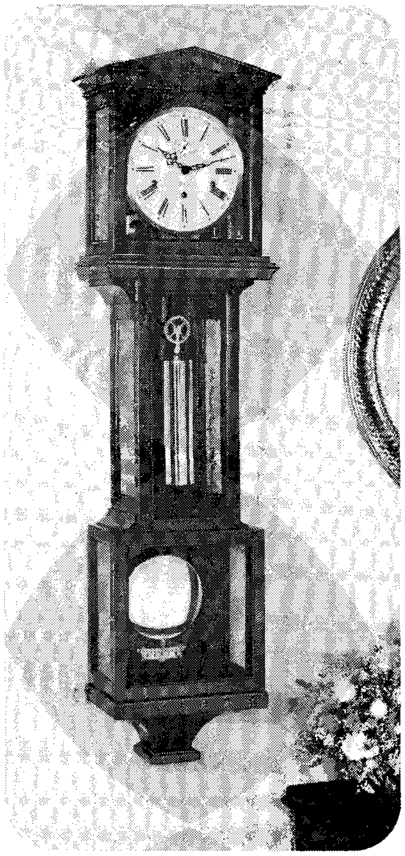

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close to where we lived, and who knew our Spanish village well.

The United States this time had as visibly liberating an effect on Jasper as it had had on me at first gasp. I could see him taking forgotten selves out of the closet and shaking the dust from them. From this vantage point, London seemed suddenly such a polite place—if anything, overcivilized. When I returned to it, in midsummer, it was with a surge of that extra energy I have always absorbed while visiting New York (though not necessarily while living in it). But I returned for a specific purpose; namely, to take my father back to the house he had lived in in the Borders, in order to give my sisters something of a break. Poor old man, he was already tired of his long existence, although he had bright moments. He rested at least half of each thick, green summer day, and I found myself sitting again, alone, in that shifting landscape, writing, wondering, while my father moved closer to dying, too tired, eventually, to say another word. He died as that summer mellowed into September, the way it does in Scotland.

Jasper finished school in London in 1977, and so we shuttered up the Victoria flat (which I had rented from Lesley, another sister of mine) and came to the United States again, I on my way to Costa Rica, Jasper to find himself a job for a year before going to college. I had been with him, mostly, for close to fourteen years, and there were moments at first when I would suddenly feel that it was time I got home, only to remember that there was no particular reason, no urgency. We were both relieved to separate, I think, for we needed our own lives, and Jasper seemed quite adept at running his. Time passed, comings and goings. Nora was appointed assistant professor of psychology at Penn State, and she and Jeff moved there, Jeff still lugging his thesis with him. I went to Brazil, to England. When I got back to New York, Jasper announced to me that he had been accepted at Yale. We could think of nothing to do immediately but laugh our heads off.

On New Year's Day of 1980, the day before I left for Puerto Rico, we had a party at my apartment in Greenwich Village, for Jeff and Nora were in New York, Jasper had a job in the city over Christmas, and other friends were stopping by from various places. Sometime during the day, Jasper, Nora, Jeff, and I found ourselves sitting round the table practicing writing

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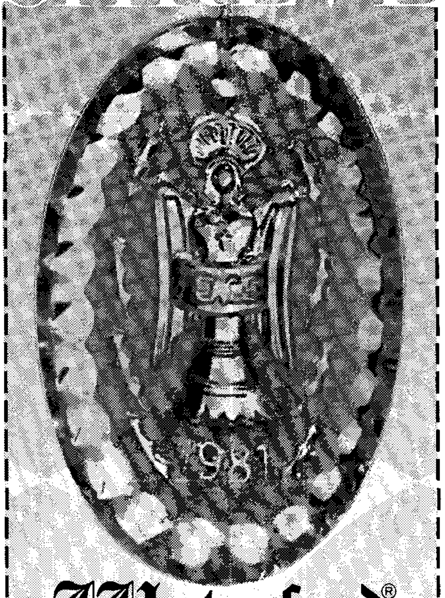

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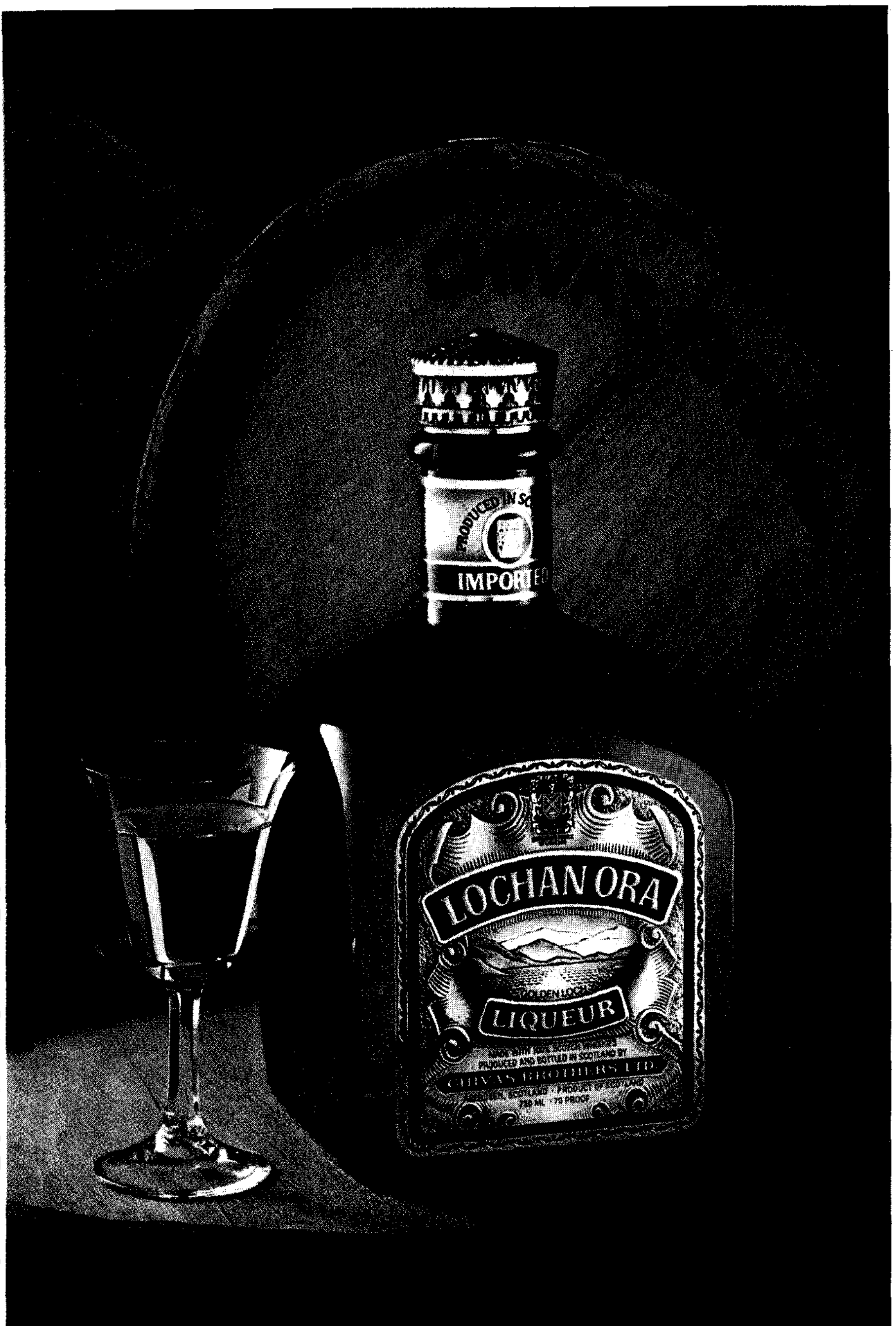
"1980" on the white tabletop. It dawned on us all at the same moment, as though someone had tugged at the knot, that ahead, in summer, lay the box in the ground. We did our share of comic head-shaking and hand-wringing, in the Scottish manner, and then we drew ourselves up, Jasper taller now than we could ever have imagined, and took solemn vows to present ourselves in Scotland in August.

In mid-July, I prepared to leave New York, first for London, where I had to see friends, and then for Scotland, because I had not really been back since my father died. I had some work to do in Edinburgh, and I wanted to be sure of having a place to house the others if they turned up. There was a measure of doubt. I could not get hold of Nora and Jeff, who were somewhere in Philadelphia, and all I could do was leave them a message that I was going. Jasper was driving a taxicab in New York, and was rueful, in the way of students, about time and money. We considered for a moment postponing the disinterment until we were all more moneyed and more leisured, and horrified ourselves by the thought. So I left. I passed through London, took the train north once again, and landed in late July at Kathleen's house in Cupar, in the mainstream of a rained-out summer that was causing even the natives to grumble in disgust.

Kathleen and I have always shared an easy dimension. We forgave each other from an early age. She has a marked generosity of spirit, and is never still. To my astonishment, I found myself surrounded this time by great-nieces: my sister's two eldest daughters, Sheelagh and Gillian, had already had seven daughters between them, and there was a little army of knee-high girls whose names I had to learn. Sheelagh and Gillian had both married solicitors, both of whom worked in Cupar, for rival firms; Kathleen's husband, Charlie, was the bank manager. It all felt very dynastic to me, although at times it took on aspects of a Scottish soap opera.

In Scotland, the buying and selling of houses is generally managed through solicitors, and Sheelagh's husband, George McQuitty, handled such matters with considerable dash. In the course of doing so, he had acquired for himself and his family an imposing pile called Seggie House, built before 1900 for the factor of the paper mill at



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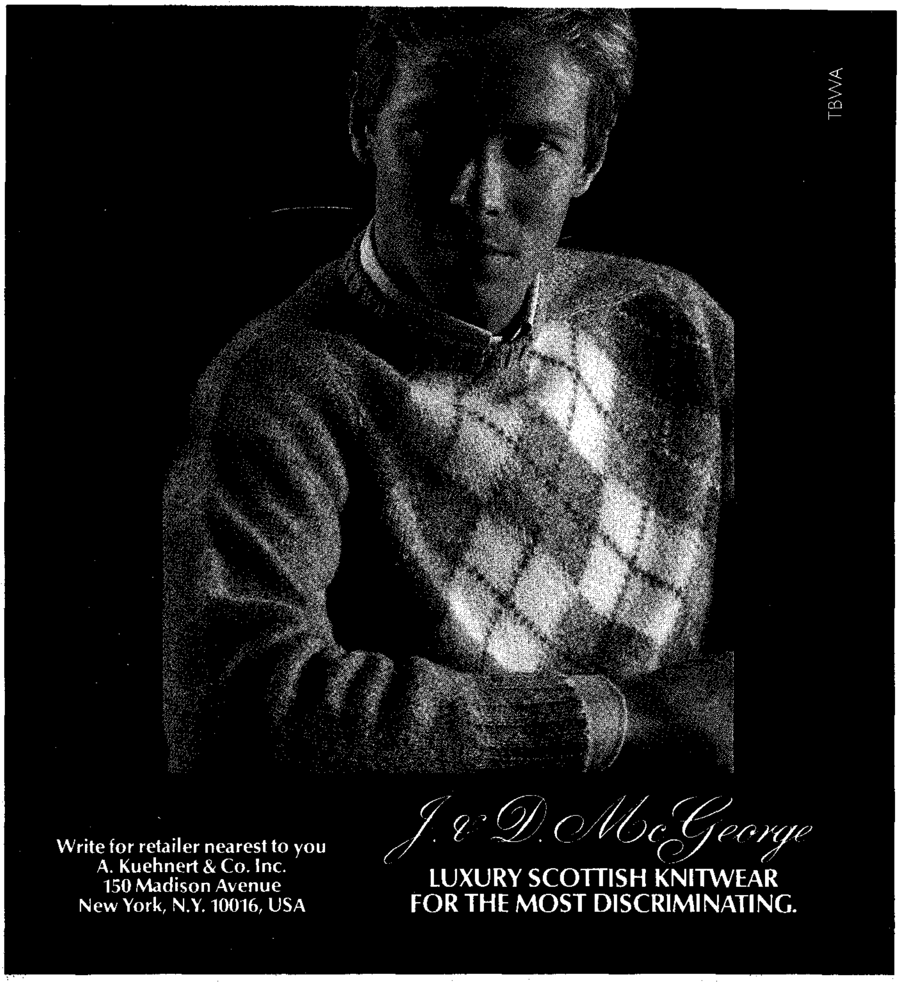

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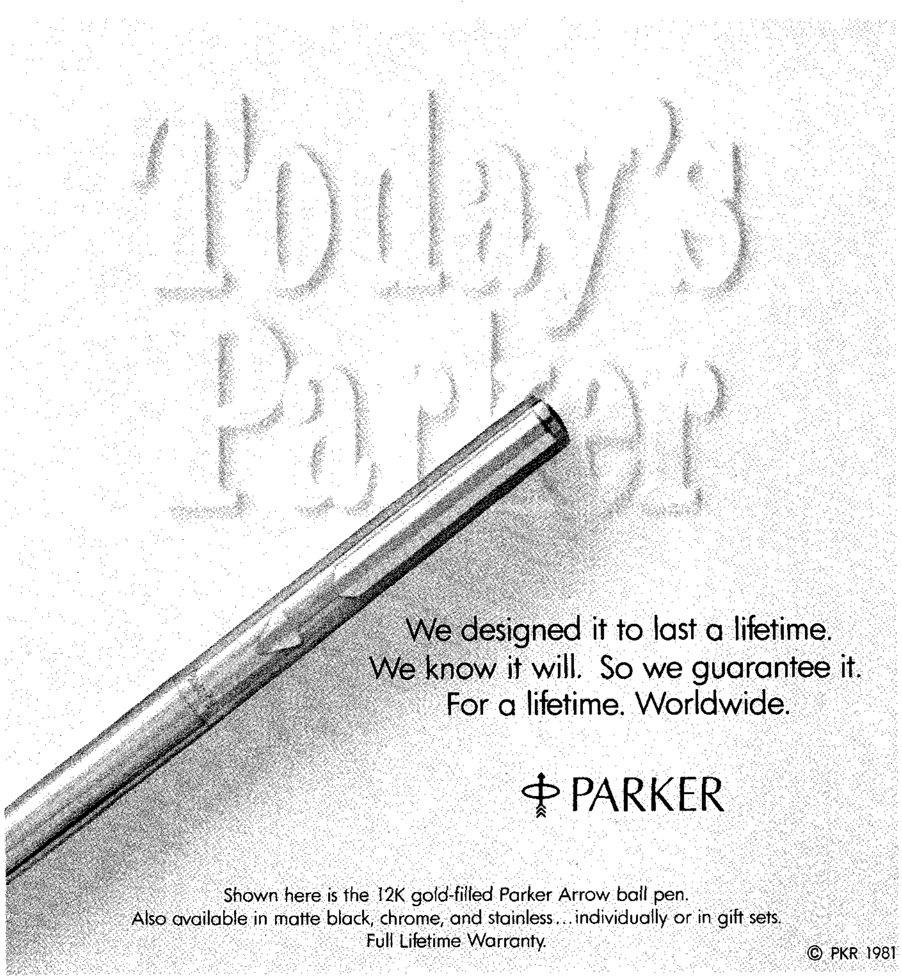

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Guardbridge, four miles from St. Andrews along the Cupar Road. The sprawling house had a separate apartment, which I rented from George and Sheelagh. I had known the house under previous owners, but not as it now was, an anthill of activity. It had ample grounds and stands of trees, it had lawns, it had a huge walled vegetable garden with a grape-bearing greenhouse, and it even had a tower, with a view of the Eden estuary and the surrounding countryside.

George, stocky, soft-spoken, has a quiet, burning energy, and at Seggie he was turning it to account. From a window, I would see him drive in at the end of a day, in a business suit and tie, and not five minutes later a chain saw or a mower would start up: George, in bluejeans, transformed into farmer. They kept pigs, chickens, geese, and three goats. George felled trees, turned hay, fed animals, rescued children. Everything we ate seemed to come from Seggie; what we left went back to the pigs. Sheelagh, in almost direct contrast to George, has such a vivid electricity to her that she seems to move and talk twice as fast as anyone else, and then she falls back into the repose of a smile. The girls descended in size from Jane, who, rusty-haired and serious, knew everything about "Dallas," through Kate, moonier and more reticent, and Sara, four, with a piercingly unabashed curiosity, to Kirsty, five months old, who sat on the kitchen table and seemed to be fed by everybody. I never knew who was in the house—or, indeed, where anyone was—except at mealtimes, when they all magically materialized, as the food did. Sheelagh shot off somewhere to teach a class, to take a class, to exchange a child. The growl of the mower signalled that George was back. For me, in that humming establishment, writing felt like an indolent pastime.

I dawdled in Edinburgh—still alluring to me, a walking city. It did look dour, though, after New York. I went in to St. Andrews, called on some friends, bumped into others. They all asked me what I was doing in Scotland. I told the story once, but not again, inventing some other pretext. It suddenly seemed a rather weird story. August arrived. July, according to some accounts, had been the wettest in three hundred years. I had to tell the story of the box to the children, who thought it terrific, except that they doubted Jasper's existence, for they had never seen him to remember.

There is such a deep green to Scotland in midsummer; even in the drizzle, the greenness emerges, and much came back to me as I breathed that summer in. The countryside swelled with growing, and I sometimes drove through the small, neat villages of Fife: Balmullo, Ceres, Crail, Windygates—names my tongue knew well. Talking to George and Sheelagh, I found them cheerfully liberated from the glooms that still hung in my memory, although they were well aware of them. They also appeared relatively unperturbed about matters of money—a change from the frayed days I remembered, when it would have been unthinkable to buy anything without having the actual coin in hand, and when I once asked my father to show me a pound note and he had to go look for one, since he never carried money with him. But then Scotland had badly needed not a generation gap but a generation gulf, and Sheelagh and George certainly had as acute a sense of the world as anybody, brushing aside insularities by ignoring them. They lived a thoughtful rural life—one that was always being translated into activity. On some days, Seggie House seemed as strenuous to me as New York.

I spent Thursday, August 7th, in Edinburgh, recording a broadcast for the BBC. I took a train back to Leuchars Junction, the nearest station to Seggie House, and when I got to the house Sheelagh met me in the hall. "Your friends are in the kitchen," she said over her shoulder on her way to feed the chickens. I went through, and there were Jeff and Nora, with children all over them. They had rented a small car and driven up from London. By judicious phone calls, they had traced me to Seggie, but their call had been answered by Mrs. Trail, who helped Sheelagh keep the household back from chaos, and her directions had proved unintelligible. They had had to intuit their way. That same evening, a cable came from Jasper saying he was taking the night plane to London and would call the next morning. We sat in the kitchen and talked, the girls wandering down from sleep on some wild pretext ("I just wanted to ask Alastair something, honestly!"), not wanting to miss anything. Sheelagh filed Jeff and Nora away in some part of the house I don't think I had even seen. There was a thunderstorm that night, and in my sleep I heard the goats bleat.

Jasper called the next morning

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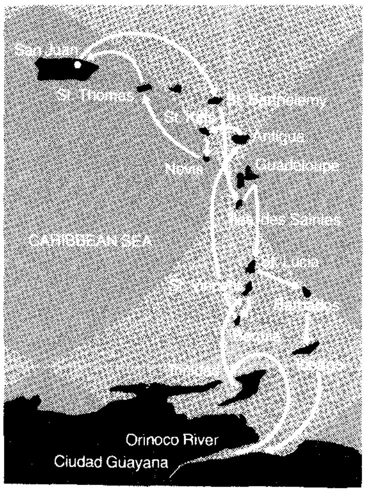

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around breakfast time. He was in London with a friend of his from Yale. They were taking the train up, and, with a change in Edinburgh, would reach Leuchars Junction about eight that evening. Jeff and Nora, both goggle-eyed at being back in Fife, went off to explore St. Andrews, suspending their disbelief. The girls were already enthusiastic about an obvious chance to stay up late. But we kept studiously clear of Pilmour Cottage, as I had done since I arrived. It was for the next day. We drove down at sunset to Leuchars Junction to meet the train, which ground in, salutarily late, and let out Jasper and his friend, Allen Damon. We got them into the Mini Jeff and Nora had rented, with some difficulty, for Allen turned out to be six feet five, and intricate human folding was required. We all ended up in the kitchen, eleven of us now, like an assembled freak show, for the sight of Sara standing beside Allen was comical. Jasper had a beard and looked tired. It occurs to me that I have not described Jasper—perhaps because there are for me so many of him, each separate self associated with a particular place, each distinct in my memory. By now, he is about the same height I am, just over six feet; physically, we do not look at all alike, except possibly around the eyes, but we have a wavelength and a language in common, which we fall into very easily. Sheelagh produced food as she always did—less, apparently, by cooking than by willing it into being. We sorted each other out, telling our separate stories, everyone surprised for a time at the presence of everyone else, everyone talking, a stew of accents. At some point, we made an agenda for the following day: we would wake early, dig up the box, bring it back to Seggie, and then make lunch, to which we had invited all the stray members of the voluminous family that seemed to be sprouting with the summer. George had already laid out a selection of spades, shovels, hoes, and picks, and the weather forecast promised a fair day, as they say in Fife.

NEXT morning, we began to materialize in the kitchen about seven—Jasper and Allen last, jet-lagged. Over breakfast, we ordered the day. The five of us would go, taking Jane along with us. George might drop in later if we were not back. We folded ourselves into the Mini and set out for Pilmour Cottage.

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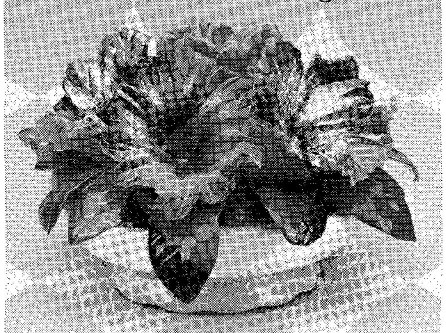

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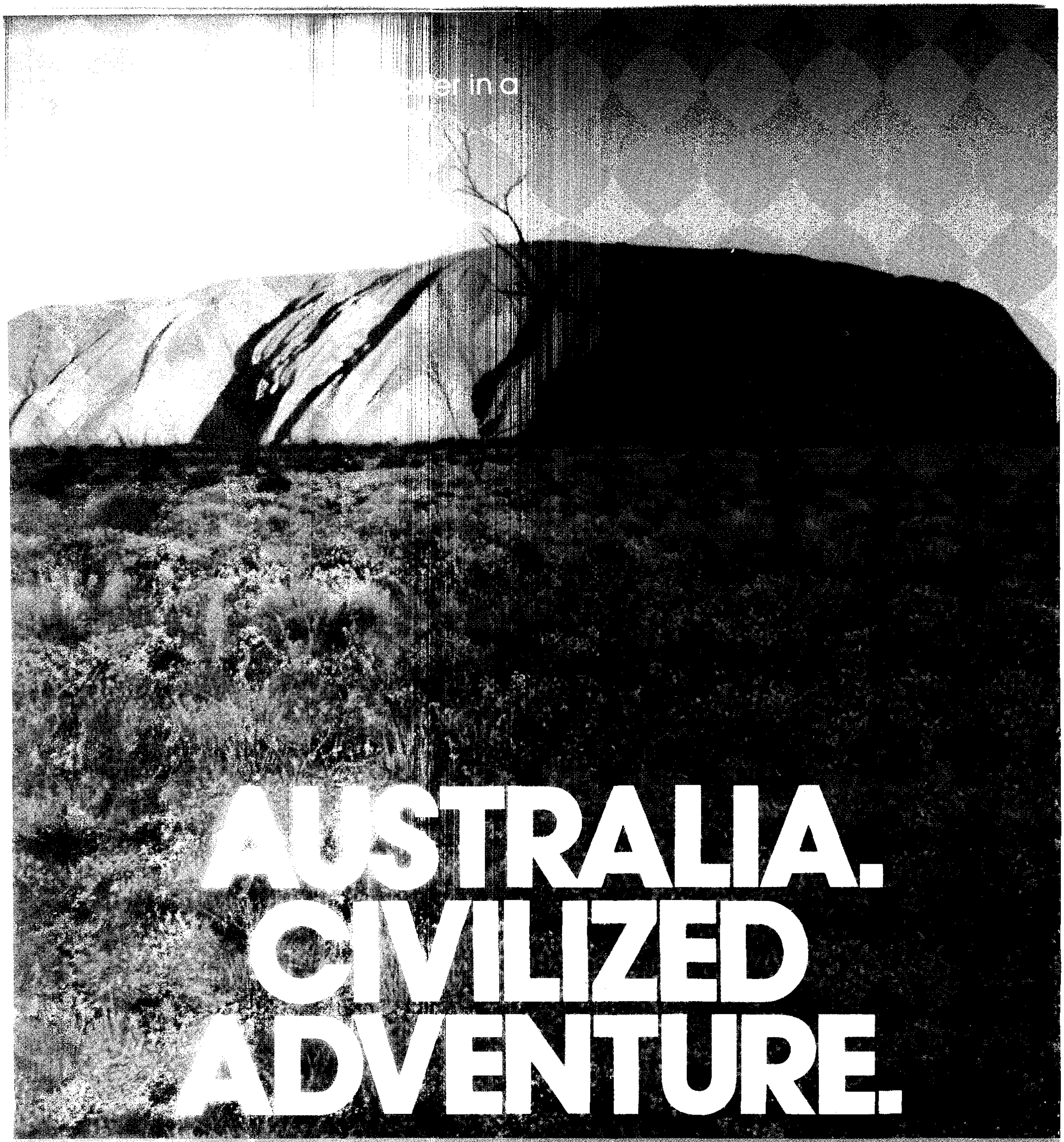

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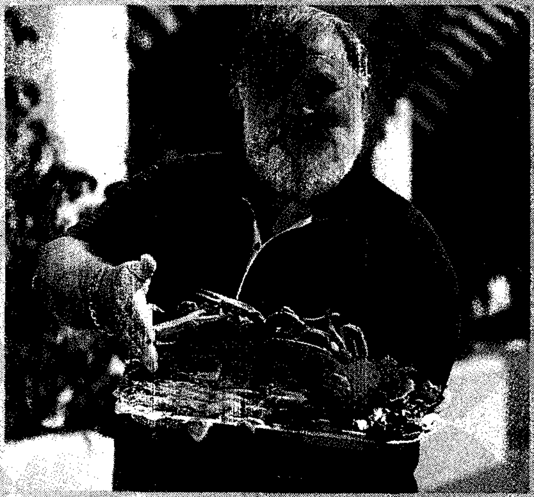

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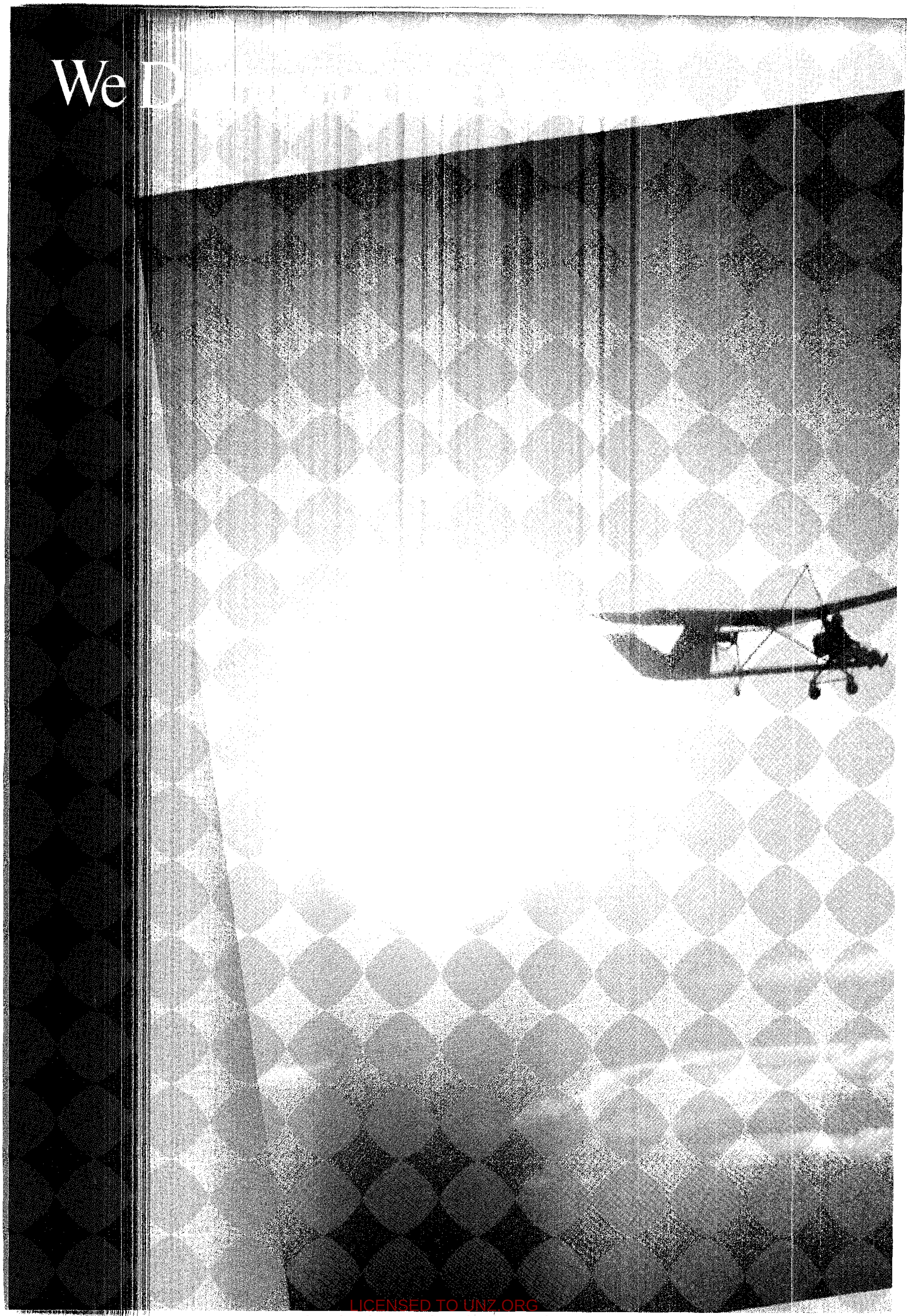

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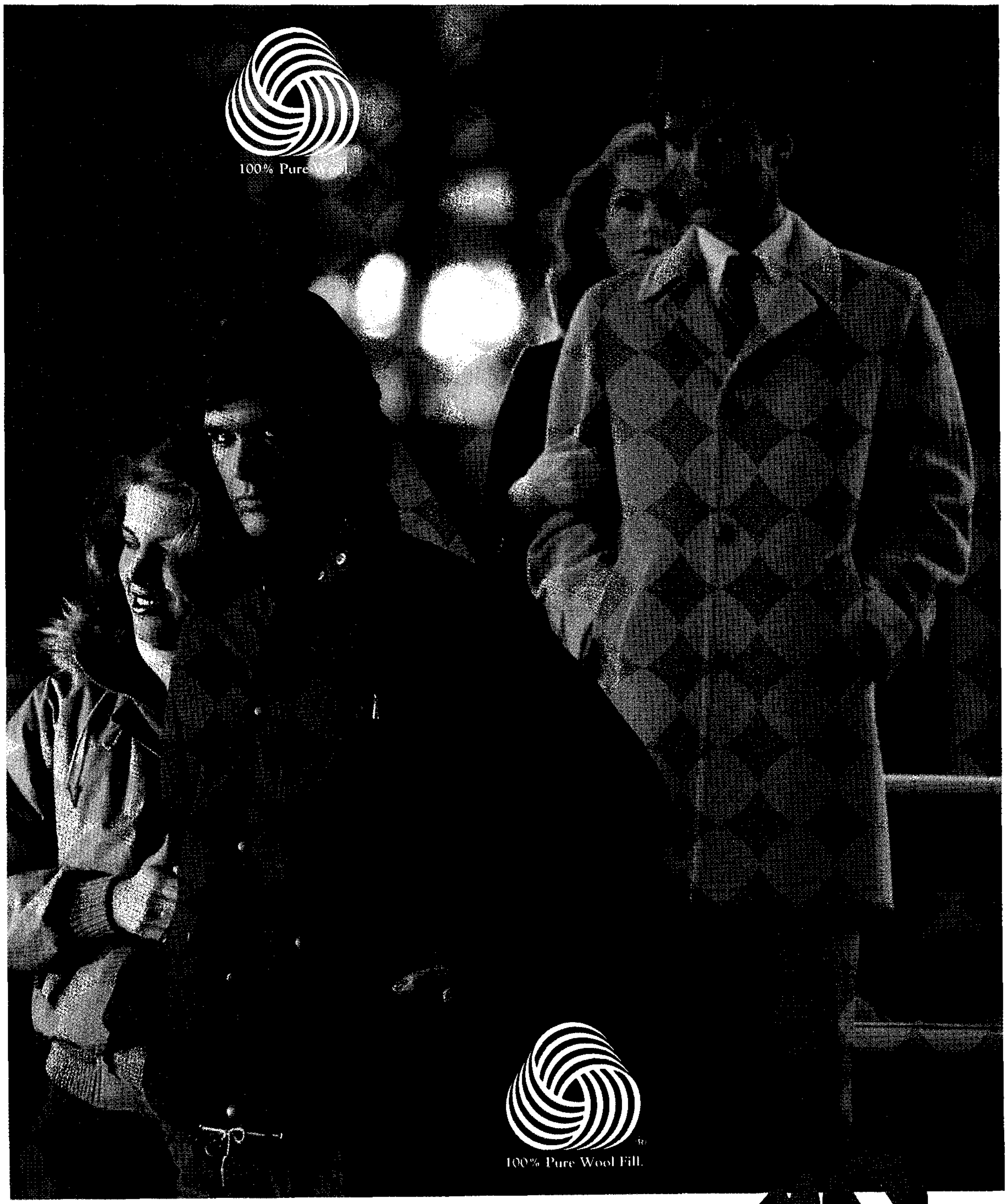
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past a practice green; a parking area had taken shape where our old imposing gateway had been. But as we shouldered our spades, trudged round the perimeter of bushes, and caught sight of the house, it all swam back, in a trance of time. The house was white and well kempt, the grass juicy around it, the trees enveloping, the day, I am glad to say, dry, with a suggestion of sun. Golfers were already out; it was a Saturday morning. I had looked in on Mr. Stewart, the present owner of Pilmour Cottage, at his store in St. Andrews, to tell him sketchily what we would be doing, and he had been quite jovial about our return, promising us extra spades if we needed them. We stood by the wall for a while looking at the house, shifting it back and forth in our heads—all except Allen, who had never seen it before. A sometime golfer in Hawaii, where he came from, he gazed across the Old Course with a player's awe. The morning was warming, and we were in no hurry, except for young Jane, who could not wait to be astonished. So we turned away from the house and found the elm tree, now grown into an adult elm.

It was at this point that a hesitation set in. Jasper, given the privilege, paced off a certain distance from the tree perpendicular to the wall, dug in his heel, and reached for a spade. "No!" Jeff was waving his arms wildly. "You've forgotten. It was three arm spans from the tree." And he started measuring off the spans. But whose arm spans, I asked him. Jasper's? He had been a lot smaller then. Besides, I told them both, I had been back to the site once, and what we had to feel for with our feet was a depression, a sag—as I began to do, in the thick tangle of undergrowth. We agreed, however, to start digging at Jasper's spot and then, if we did not find the box at once, to dig in the places that Jeff and I had picked out as more likely. Well, we did not find the box at once. We dug in a desultory way for about an hour, expecting with every spade thrust to feel a clunk of a kind, a plastic clunk. We found a teacup, unbroken, and a bent spoon. We talked about memory, leaning on our spades. Jeff and Jasper began to recreate the burying of the box, and even on that they began to diverge. Jasper didn't think that it had been raining that night, and hence surmised that the box must be buried deeper, about four feet down. I was sure of the rain, for I remembered the lantern going

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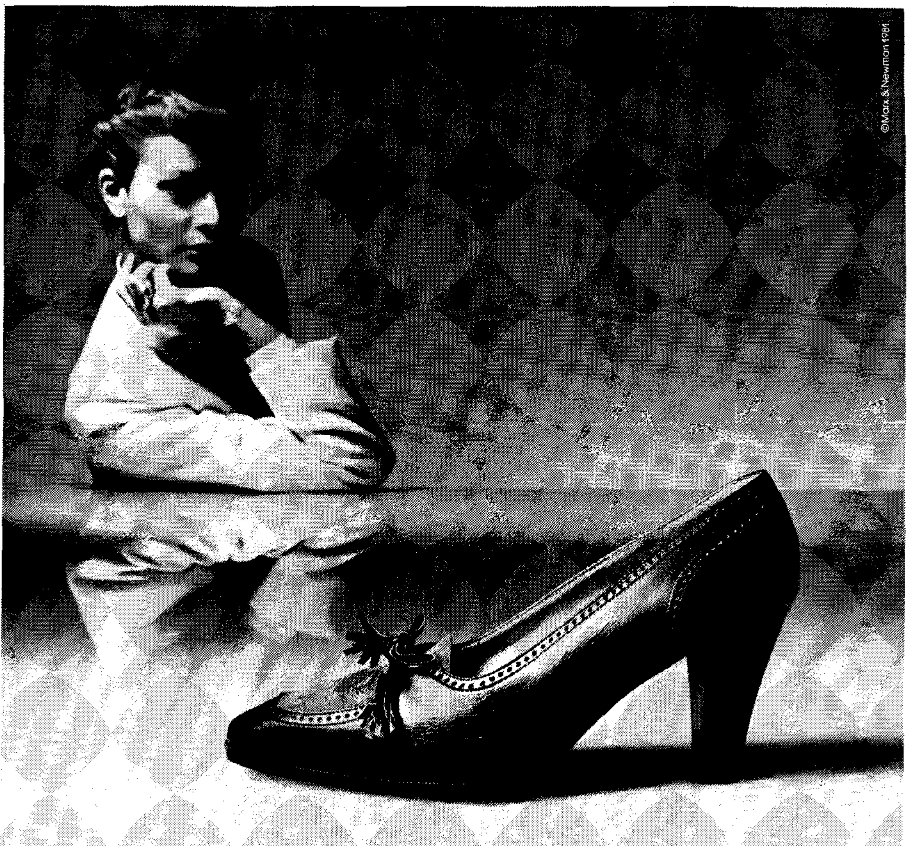
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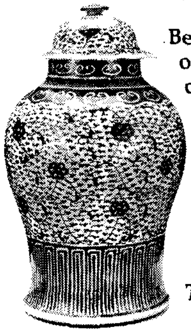

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out. When we could not remember, we grew adamant. Nora and Allen went off to find some coffee, perhaps in the hope that, left to concentrate, we might clarify our collective memory. We did not. Jane pointed out where *she* would have buried a box, and she might well have been right, because although the presence of the house began to remind all three of us of innumerable details of the past, it did not tell us where to dig. A trance set in again for a moment. We dug more. I had broken ground where I thought the box was, although I admitted to feeling promising sags all over the place. My spade clanged against something—a buried can. Nora and Allen came back, and Nora told us about "state-dependent memory," which she elaborated on at some length. It beat digging. Although the presence of Pilmour Cottage was activating our general recall, she explained, we would have to recover the precise mood and emotion surrounding the event to narrow down our memory. But these were nine years behind us now. (She recently sent me an article from the February issue of *American Psychologist* which told me a great deal about state-dependent memory. It is something I have experienced a lot, changing countries. When I go back to somewhere I have previously lived in, I put my arms into the sleeves of the place at once, and find that I take on not just its timetable and its eating habits; I also experience moods heavy with dormant memory.) We laid out what we dug up, however, as methodically as archeologists, and we soon had a fair array of objects—more spoons, broken crockery, medicine bottles gummy with mysterious resins, a child's tin toy from nurseries ago.

Then George turned up, having already been to his office and subsequently sawed up a felled tree. (Jeff had earlier suggested altering a road sign near Seggie from "Men Working" to "George Working.") George sized up the scene: we had already dug deepish holes at three points of a triangle of which each side was some eighteen feet long—so widely can memory wander. He asked us a few brief questions, then proceeded to excavate a trench, clearing off the undergrowth with a few cuts of his spade, and digging cleanly down, the walls of his trench exquisitely perpendicular and sharp compared with our molelike burrowings. He made us all tired, but we dug, scraping our way, as it were, toward one another. We leaned on our

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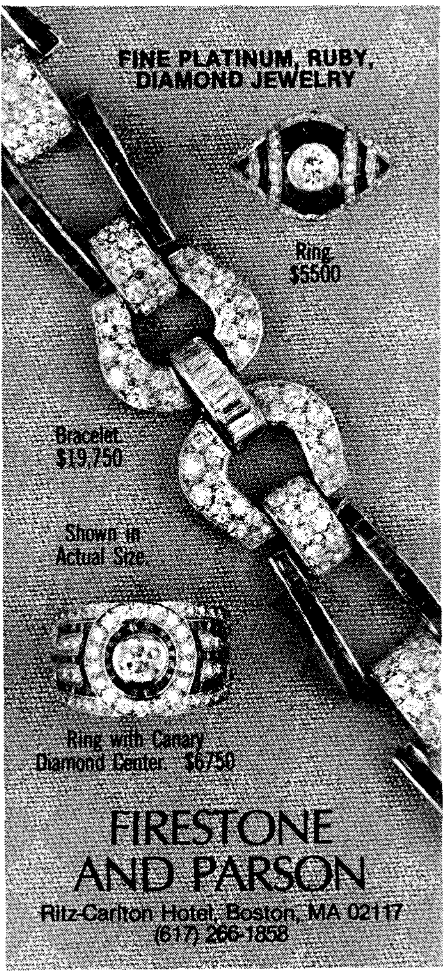
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spades whenever it was decently possible, and looked at one another. It was time to be at Seggie for lunch. Spades shouldered, we stumbled back to the car. My instep hurt.

The children, far from crestfallen, were glad to have their anticipation extenuated. Kathleen arrived, with Charlie, bluff, looking not older but more so, as Jasper said, and Gillian, Fiona, another niece, Roy, her husband—here the canvas gets a bit crowded. But we ate well—salmon that Charlie had caught and smoked, a ham we had dealt for with a neighboring farmer, green abundance from the garden, raspberries that Kathleen had picked that morning. I sat on the step with Jeff a few moments. "Has it occurred to you that this could have a lot of different endings?" he asked me. It had. The girls had put out on the front lawn a table with a white cloth, to receive the box. We looked at each other, gathered our spades, and got ready to clamber back into the car.

It was at this point that George had a brain wave. A doctor friend of his occasionally repaired electronic equipment, and had, he remembered, tinkered with a metal detector for a fellow who lived on the far side of Cupar. He was on the phone in a flash, and in no time we were speeding to pick up the machine—which had been acquired by its owner, George told me in the car, after his wife threw her wedding ring into a field during an argument. They had not, however, found the ring—an ill omen, I felt. Nor did the machine itself look capable of pinpointing to the nearest penny our lost box. We stopped at Seggie to pick up children, for Kate and Sara would not be left out, and neither would anyone else, for that matter, except Charlie, who was already sensibly asleep under a newspaper. We arrived at the site this time like an army, aghast at the chaos we had already created in vain. Jeff and Nora had somehow disappeared, strayed. But we began to dig again while Jane combed the promised ground with the metal detector. After a few excited sorties, we abandoned it, having found that it could not detect even a pile of change we planted no more than six inches down.

George, fortified by lunch, dug off in a new direction. The children pestered us with questions, and we began to feel a little foolish, particularly when a man who was visiting Pilmour Cottage wandered over to the wall. He could not contain his curiosity any

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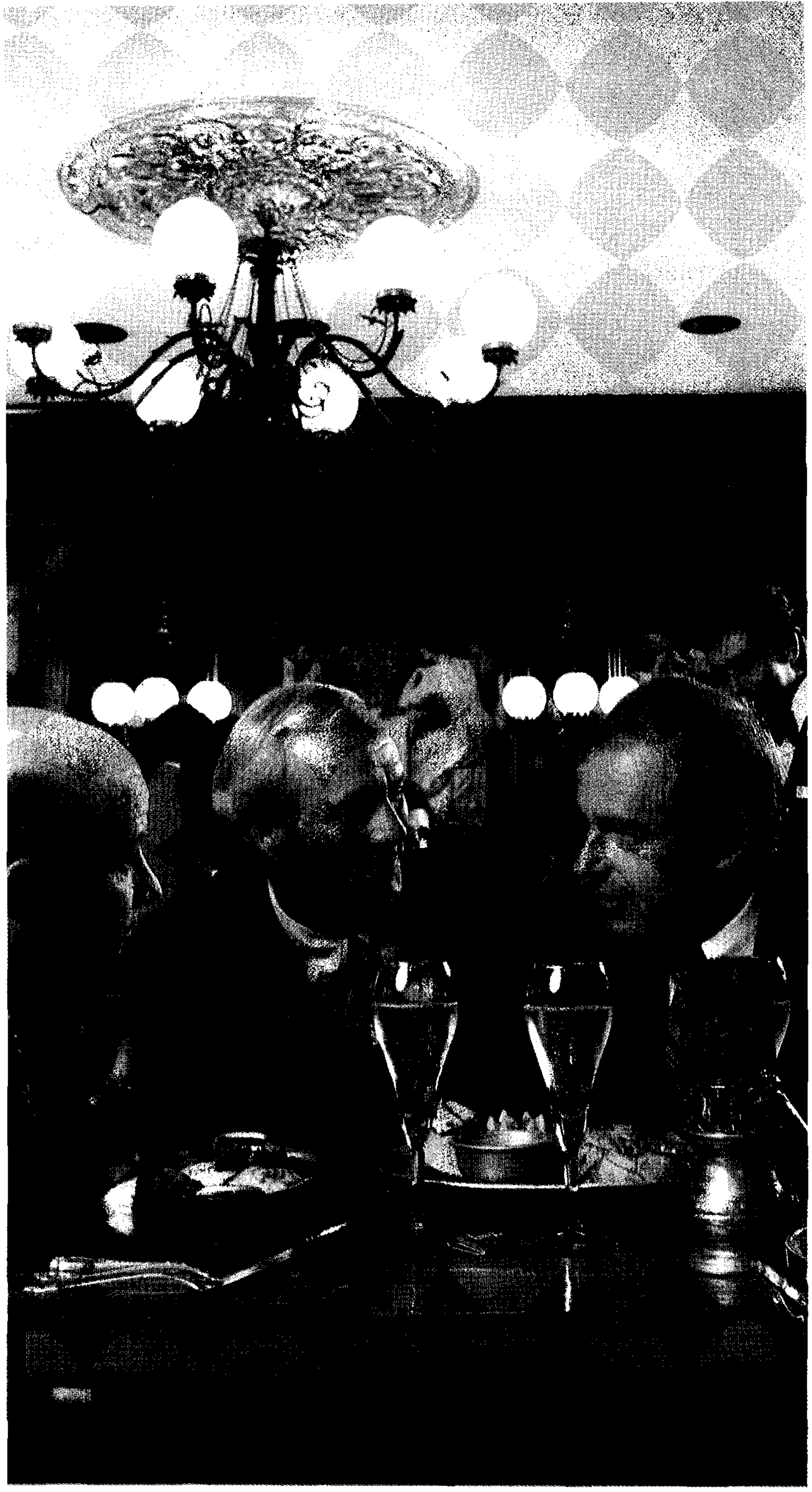

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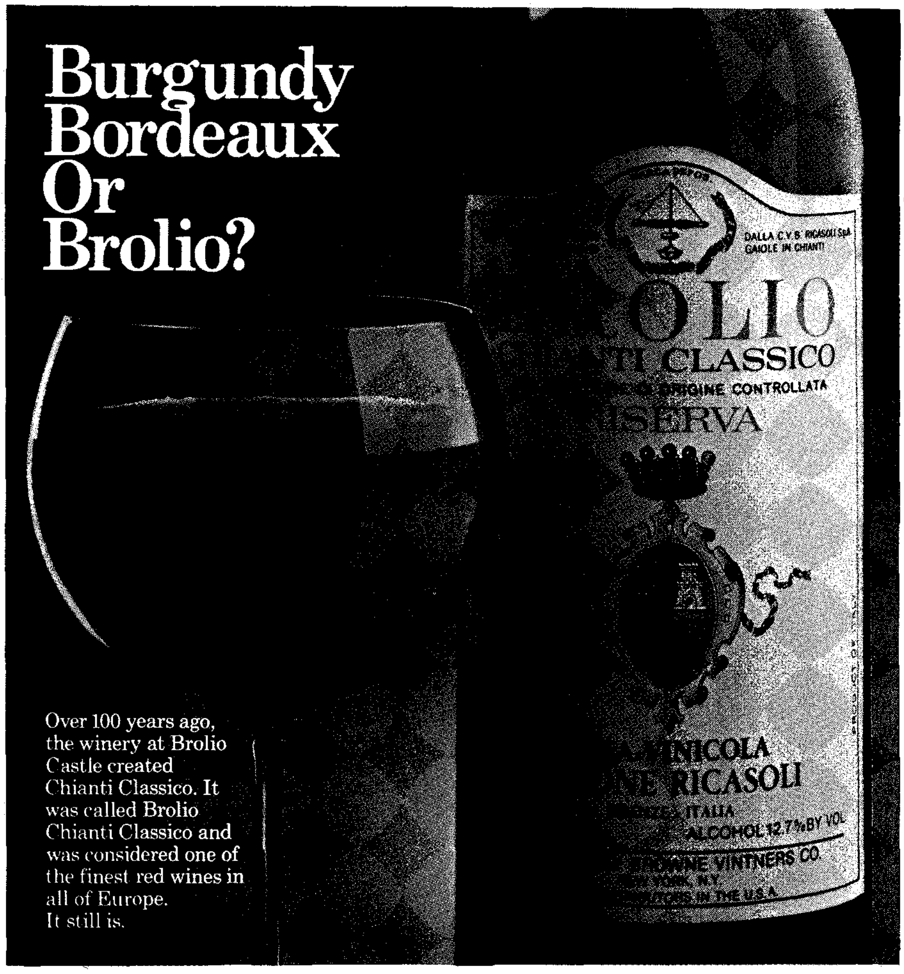

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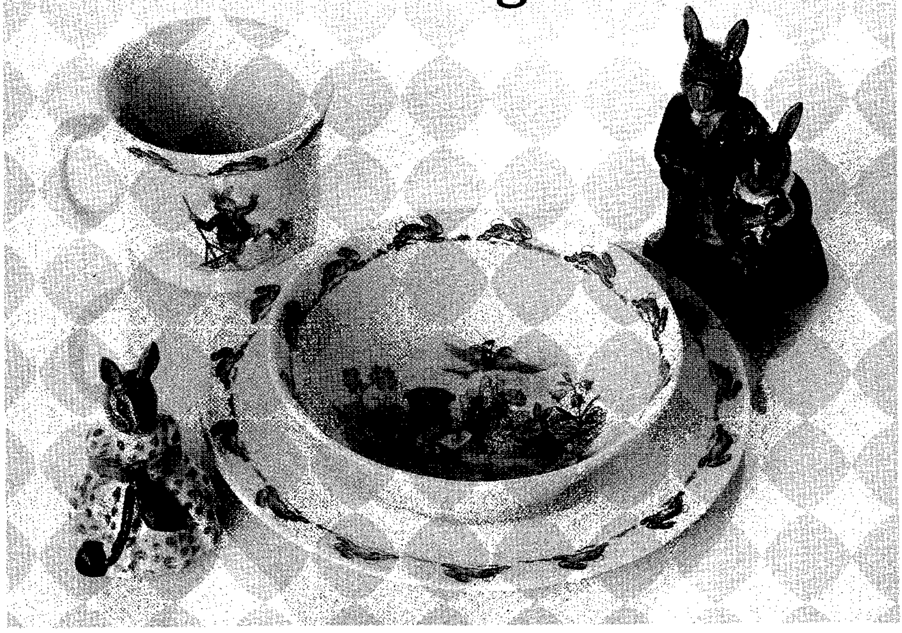

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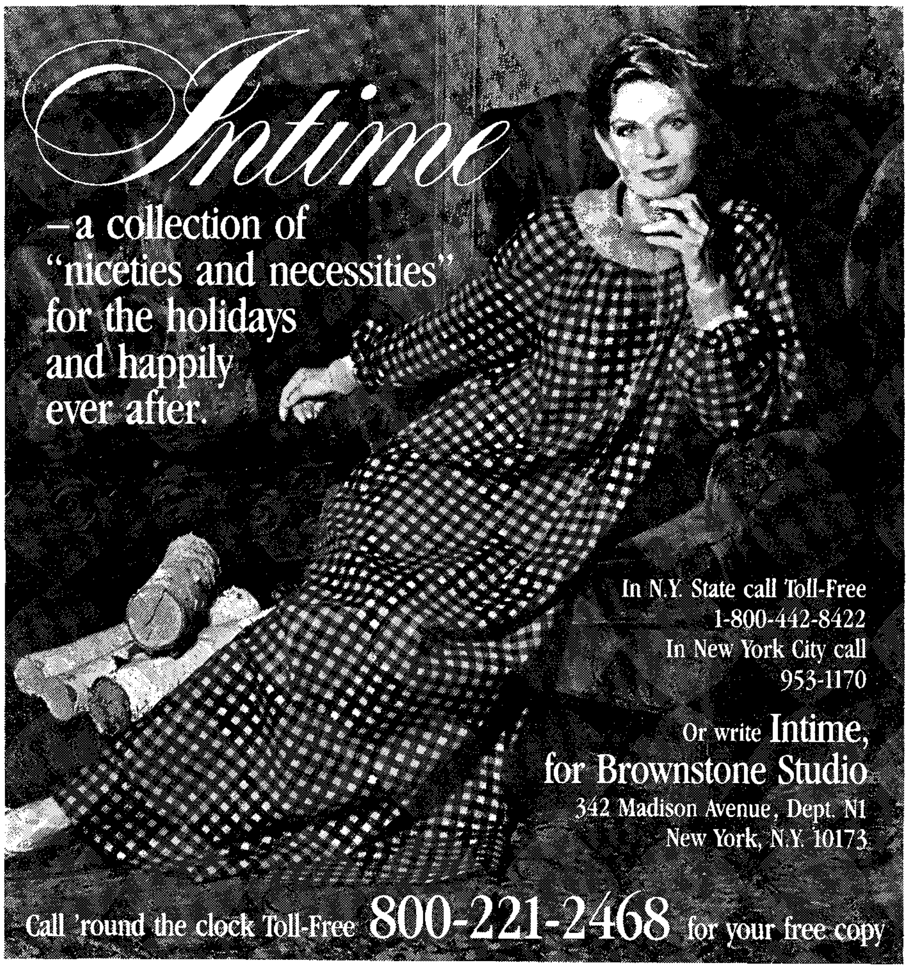
longer, he told me, and when I explained what we were doing he looked at me somewhat sorrowfully and wished me luck. The sun was out, the day had turned glorious, Jasper had turned twenty-one, and we had dug up a patch of ground about the size, it seemed to me, of a small midtown office. And where were Jeff and Nora? George, leaning on his spade, looked a bit worn. It was the thought of unproductive labor that was bothering him, I think. It was bothering me. The children had extended our collection of relics considerably, by bringing in odd golf balls and empty bottles from the undergrowth. I hoped they were not losing faith. The clink of golf clubs and the thud of golf balls punctuated the whole day steadily, as golfers, unperturbed by our gypsy encampment, cheerfully hacked their way home. As Kathleen was preparing to remove some children, at a sign of lengthening shadows, Nora and Jeff burst out of the undergrowth, carrying what looked to me like a ray gun with a set of stereo headphones attached. It was a metal detector that looked as if it might have a chance. Jeff wasted no time in beginning to comb the ground with it. Even George cheered up. Nora explained. They had driven into St. Andrews and gone to hardware stores in the hope of renting a metal detector. An ironmonger in Market Street did not have one for rent or for sale—fortunately, for it would have cost about as much as a used car—but he remembered selling one last Christmas to a woman who lived on the far edge of town and whose daughter worked in Hendersons, the booksellers. They had tracked down the girl, got from her her mother's address, driven there, explained (I know not in what form) to the *dueña* of the metal detector—Mrs. Brian, of Schoolbraids Road—and come away with it and more good wishes. At that point, Jeff whooped and jumped up and down, jabbing his finger at the ground. We dug deeper, for Jeff was still gesticulating. Another old can, but this one quite far down, giving us at least a glimmer of faith in the machine. As if to vary our luck, we all took turns, we all jumped up and down, we found seven more rusted cans. Kathleen sagely decided to go back with the baby, but the other children were still glowing, so they stayed. George's face had lengthened like the shadows. Around that time, Jeff and I began passing the metal detector (Adastra, it was called) back and forth between the end of the trench George had dug when he first appeared and the elm tree—closer to the tree. No question, there was an unmistakable hum, a steady hum, a hum that seemed to cover the area of the box as we imagined it. We whistled over Jasper with his spade. He dug, again; again, a bump—and we were on the box. We all stopped. Jasper scraped away the last dirt with his hands, and there it was, less than two feet down, not much more than two feet from the tree. It was slightly split, clearly from the blow of a spade—probably George's first spade cast, we speculated later. We lifted it out carefully and laid it to one side. It was six-fifteen, a golden evening; even the golfers, however, were thinking of going in.

Hilariously, we pitched in to restore a semblance of order to the ground we had combed—with our fingers, it felt. We had to persuade Sara to save only the best of our recovered artifacts. The rest we reburied, leaving the ground as level as we could, to go back to undergrowth. We wound our way to the cars like Millet peasants—tools shouldered, children carried—bound for Seggie. It was going on twilight by the time we got there. We decided to wash off before we got to the box, for none of us were regular diggers and we had managed to cover ourselves with native earth. My instep hurt almost enough for me to limp, but not quite.

When we had assembled ourselves, we moved the box into the dining room and clustered around the table. I had grown curious about the contents, because I had only a vague memory of them. We began to remove them, one at a time. First, however, on top, lay the card we had added at the last minute, before we sealed the box. We read the text aloud. It was full of ironies. "This chest," it said starkly, "containing treasure in coin and various souvenirs of the present moment in St. Andrews in May, 1971, is buried here by Jasper Reid, Jeff Lerner, and Alastair Reid, in a spot known to these three persons." George smiled wanly. "It is their intention to return on the 9th day of August, 1980, to meet and disinter the chest in one another's company, and to celebrate their survival with appropriate ceremony. Sunday, May thirtieth, 1971, a hazy day with sea mist, rooks, curry, and kites." And under that were the signatures, mine recognizably the same, Jeff's looking somewhat simplified, Jasper's



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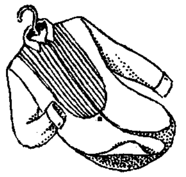

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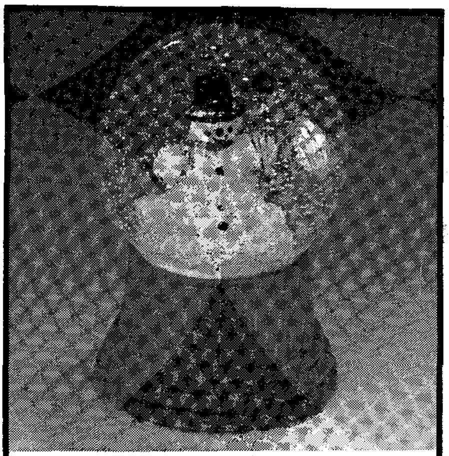
in large, errant schoolboy handwriting.

We looked at one another. There we all were. We had survived even the digging.

The contents of the box, I am sorry to say, amount to a rather frail memorial of a fleeting time, but we took them out, one by one, dusted them off, and scanned them. Sheelagh spread a blanket on the kitchen floor, and we poured out the coins, the children running their fingers like misers through the mound of huge pennies, at last convinced that we had put in the day to some point. There were three small plastic biplanes that Jasper had reluctantly sacrificed from his toy hoard at the time; there was a photograph of Jeff, Borges, and Jasper taken at the front door of Pilmour, Borges talking, Jeff bending to listen, a miniature Jasper mugging at the camera; there was a postcard of the Old Course with an arrow pointing out Pilmour Cottage, a piece of white quartz, a leather pouch of Jeff's that had not stood the test of time as well as the rest of the contents, a copy of the St. Andrews *Citizen* dated Saturday, May 22, 1971, which we later read aloud. It might have been the current issue: the same civic preoccupations, the same cluster of local detail. There was a pen, which still wrote; there was an envelope from the Chilean Embassy in Paris addressed to me at Pilmour Cottage in Neruda's familiar green handwriting, a history-examination paper of Jeff's, a copy of the St. Andrews *Newsflash*—a small newspaper that Jasper and two of his schoolmates put out, and that ran for, I think, three issues.

There were separate photographs, too, of the three of us, taken roughly at that time. As we passed them round, I grew keenly aware of how differently we must have been thinking, Jasper, Jeff, and I, about the piece of time that had passed between our impulsive shovelling of nine years ago and our laborious digging up of that day. For Jasper, it had been transformation—from oven height, happy and puzzled, in the way of children, to full height, a vote, and an independent being. Jeff had gone through the long tunnel of a Ph.D., and had probably changed least, in that he had an early serenity and his curiosity continued as alive as ever. Friendships we formed in the sixties, around that Antioch year, have remained very firm and clear to me, perhaps because, in that vivid time, the talk we had seemed always drastic, it gave off the same exhilaration that the war years did to the British, it became



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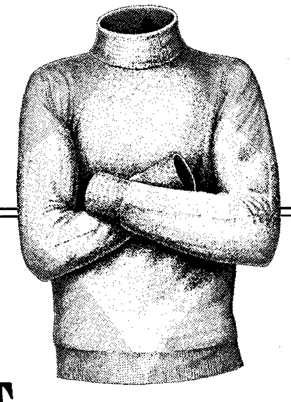

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a defining time, and Jeff and Nora kept that directness alive: they foraged for wild plants, they read aloud to each other over the dishes, they took in the world crisply and intelligently, they thought of us exactly as we thought of them—as eternal players in a game of our own devising, fastened together by the habit of making every meeting into a celebration of that very happening, that moment. And my nine years? I had written a number of things, gone through the swirling glooms of translating, but what I think was most important to me was that after vacillating for so many years across the Atlantic, a transatlantic creature, I had shifted, and had anchored myself in the Western Hemisphere. I live now in New York City, which is a good place to be when one has not quite decided just where to live—although I think that I have chosen looking for such a place over finding it. Apart from that, I had, as usual, changed every day.

So much for the contents of the capsule—not exactly a thrilling anthology of an epoch. But the fact that these inconsequential elements had lain underground—"all that time," Kate gasped, for it was longer than her life—certainly excited the children. In fact, at different times we all knelt round the blanket in the kitchen and fingered the coins—"the real treasure," as Sara said. The old pennies, some of them bearing the rubbed-down head of Edward VII or Queen Victoria in profile, seemed to animate us all. We rose on our knees, crowing from time to time. Fiona swooned over a twelve-sided threepenny bit from pre-decimal days. Sara was searching out the biggest and brightest—dinars, half crowns, and a single Swiss five-franc piece (which she pounced on like a buccaneer). I mooned over pesetas and duros with the obdurate profile of feeble Grandfather Franco, whose death we had waited for so long. I left them to their scrabbling and wandered back to the dining room. In truth, nothing looked any the worse for nine years in the earth except Jeff's pouch, which had yielded to green mold. But it was the card I picked up and fingered—the card on which we had signed our names to an impossibly distant intention, opening a long parenthesis in time which the exertions of the day had just closed.

The children were radiant with the occasion, as though for once life had lived up to their expectations. The rest of us were tired enough to fall asleep

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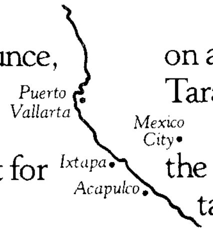

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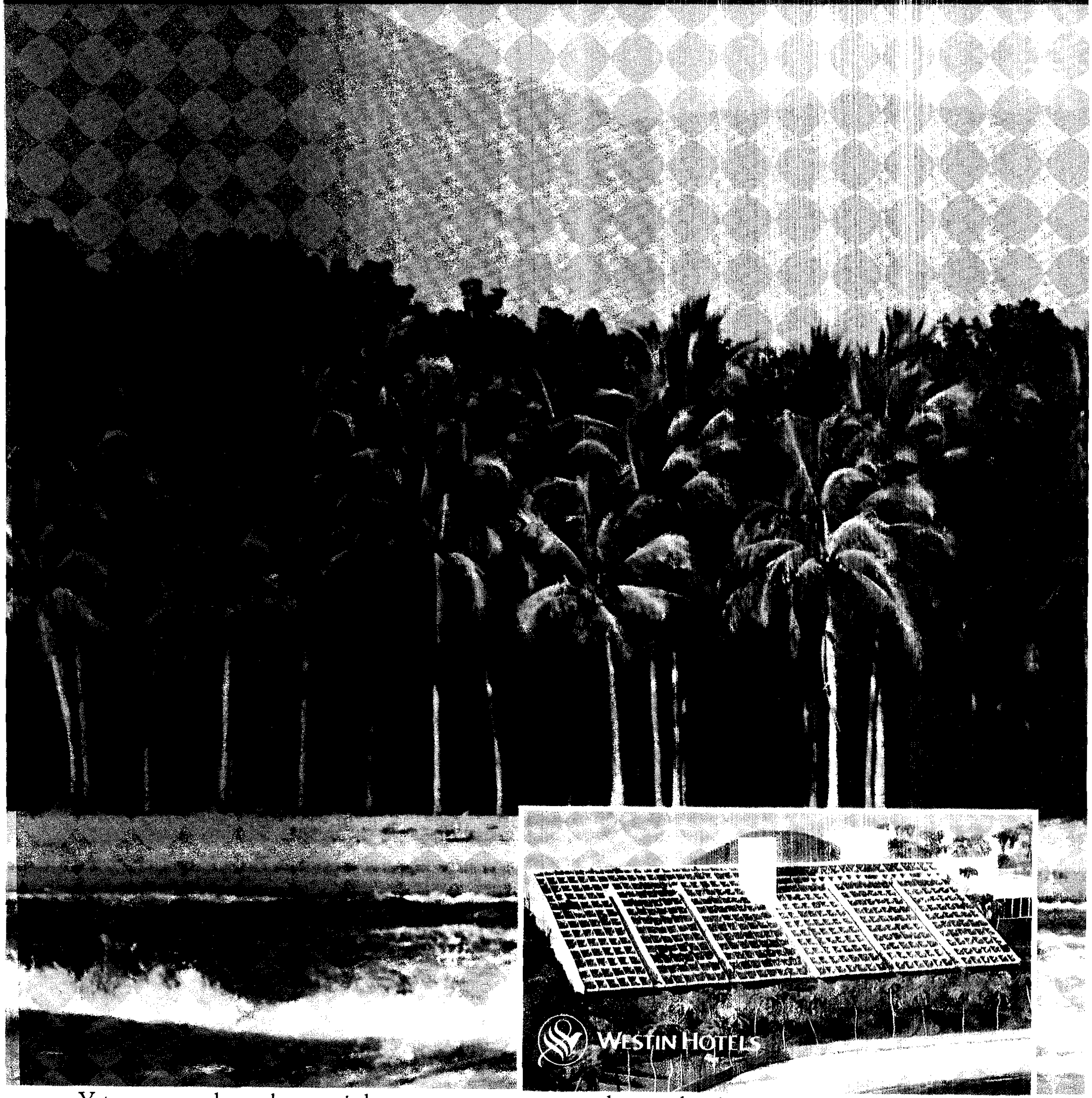

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in the soup. We ate up the delicious remains of lunch, to save it from the pigs, to take in sustenance. We had all kept out a few coins, for sentimental rather than monetary reasons (although I admit to pocketing a sound American quarter, which had not aged beyond the point of negotiability). George seemed to me particularly broody—lugubrious, egg-bound, like the hens. We took a walk outside, he and I, in a night on which enough stars were out to confirm that they still existed.

"What's up?" I asked him.

We paced in the dark, ignoring the goats, the pigs, the chickens, the geese, the hilarity from the kitchen.

"The truth is . . ." I braced myself, for George, when he talks, is nothing if not blunt, emphatic. "The truth is, I thought at the beginning that today was just one of your wild inventions, that kind of playing with realities you quite often do. But, I have to tell you, it has affected me a lot. I went off and sat on a log and had a long think. I even wept at one moment. I began to think about Sheelagh, about the girls, about Seggie. I tell you, my life flashed before me, probably even more than yours did."

I was surprised, but not. George had looked all day like the practical digger, but I had seen that something was going on in the recesses of his being.

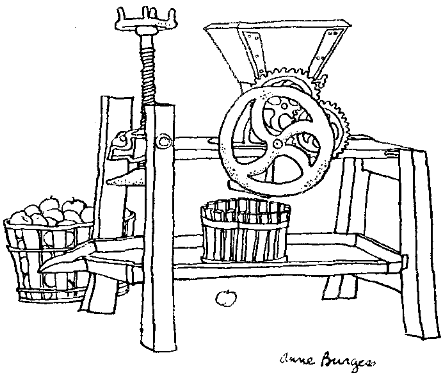
"I've decided something," he said. "And I don't think I'll tell the others until tomorrow. But that box of yours moved me a lot. I looked at Rona, the dog, and thought, Well, she certainly won't be here ten years from now. Then I looked at Sheelagh, myself, the children, Seggie, you, everything—heavens, it all seemed so frail and vulnerable that I decided, Tomorrow we're going to bury a capsule of our own. Ten years from now, Janie will be eighteen, Sheelagh and I will be forty, we move at such a rate that we're bound to be somewhere else—I don't mean physically, I mean in how we see things. So I'm going to tell them all tomorrow at breakfast to get things ready for a capsule, and we'll bury it just before sunset. Ten years seems a good time. Sheelagh and I have a twentieth wedding anniversary then, and I know we'll still be married, still misfiring but married, and I just don't want this sense of continuing time to end, I just want there to be another knot waiting in the string for all of us."

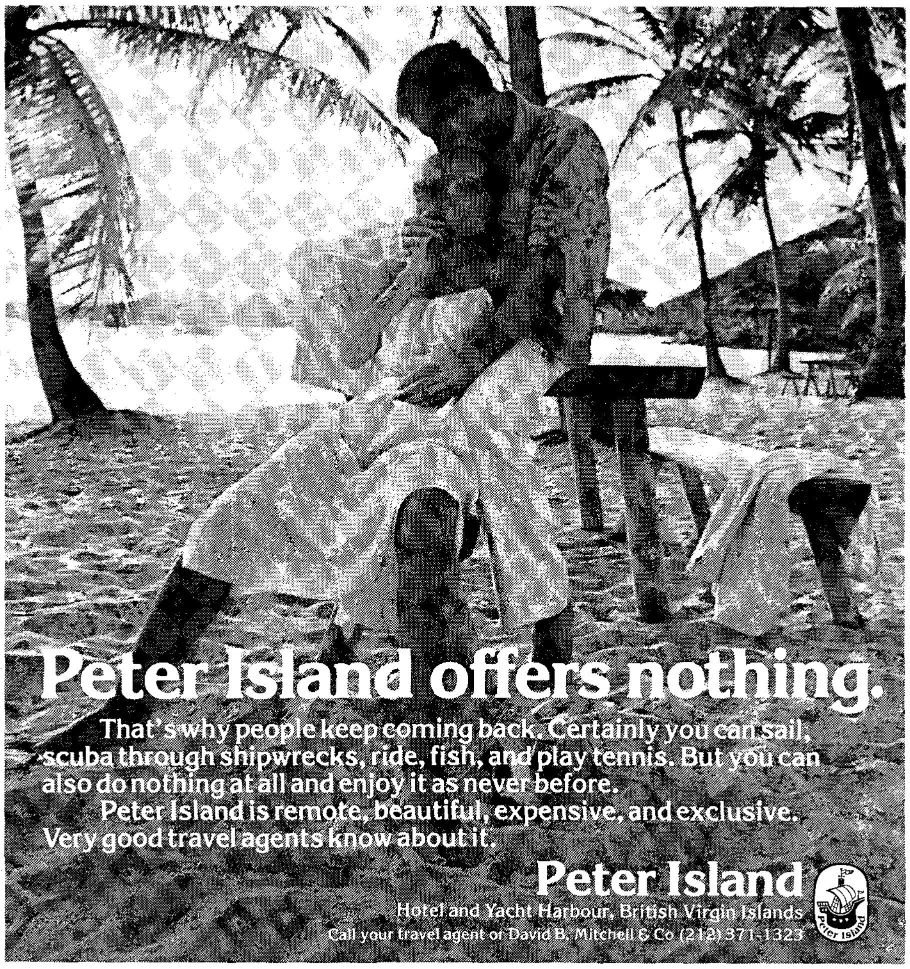
I felt warmly toward George at that

moment, but even so, I had had my share of time capsules for one day. I suggested we put in things from our capsule. Apart from the card (and what remained of Jeff's leather pouch), everything in it might as well go on in time, as far as I was concerned.

We went in. The children had claimed Allen as a private possession, and he rose to their demands. Allen had surprised us all, arriving as the only stranger at the feast and yet entering in with exuberance and good humor. He patiently pointed out Hawaii to them in the atlas and taught them to pronounce it correctly; he was for them too good to be true, better than "Dallas" (a rerun of which Jane had missed, unperturbed). He became their hero, far more fascinating to them than any of the rest of us—their parents, especially. "Wee Allen," they called him, to their own squeaky delight. We all had our fair share of blisters and aches, and I went off to bed. Jasper came in at some point and sat on the end of my bed, and we talked, drowsily, about the amazement of the day, of arriving after such shifting, such wandering. It was a point of arrival we would remember, a good moment to go to sleep on.

We all turned up in the kitchen the next morning in a fairly desultory order—at least until George came in and told the children what he had in mind. Immediately, they were seized with a kind of capsule fever, and went off in all directions to gather treasures worthy of the occasion, piling them in the dining room. Summer had come out for the day—a warm, hazy heat, an enveloping greenness. Jasper looked quite dazed, grinning and shaking his head. Sheelagh shot off somewhere in the car. We interviewed the children with a small tape recorder, asking them what they thought they would be doing ten years from now. Kate said she wanted a baby. Sara, tired of being small, said she wanted to be as tall as Allen. We all added

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our own adages. George, who had not been about all morning, turned up with a fat sealed envelope and a brooding expression. I cannot imagine what he had written—but then perhaps I can.

The details of the day are blurred; about six, we gathered in the dining room again, and, through a rather painful process of elimination (it had to be made clear to Sara that if she buried her favorite small blanket she would, of course, not have it around), we eventually filled three vast plastic boxes, wrote out the appropriate documents, signed them, sealed everything up. The experience of the previous day had left its mark: we wrapped the boxes in aluminum foil for the metal detectors of the future, and picked out a spot equidistant from three trees—a holly, a chestnut, and a sycamore. George dug a deep, immaculate hole, and we all trooped out, planted the gleaming boxes in the bottom, took stock for a moment, and then shovelled back the dirt, taking turns to tamp the surface level. As the sun was going down, we lit a bonfire over in the grove where the goats lived, and sat about on tree stumps drinking hot chocolate, gazing into the fire, while the goats nuzzled our knees and nibbled at our shoelaces. One by one, the children began to droop and were carried off to bed. Jane looked rapt. I asked her what she was thinking about. "Nothing very much," she said. "But I like best of all being here listening to what people say." The fire began to die, and the dark came down.

THAT'S just about it. Such a small event, and yet the ripples from it ran across the pools of our attention, stopped us, affected us. The next day, Jeff, Nora, Allen, Jasper, and I, after returning the metal detector to a delighted Mrs. Brian, took off for a five-day drive through the places of my past—to the Border country, drizzling and dotted with sheep, past the gloomy depths of St. Mary's Loch, all the way to gentle Galloway, grass-green, smelling of warm damp, to that village of milk and honey, to the house I was born in—stopping to see friends on the way. We told the story of the box in the ground once, maybe twice, and then we stopped, because it was complete in our minds and it was actually quite complicated to tell, as I have discovered. I have found that the telling resembles picking at a loose thread in a piece of whole cloth—seemingly simple to disentangle but winding in

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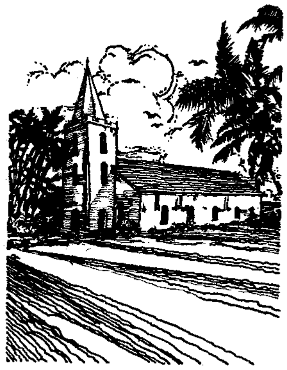

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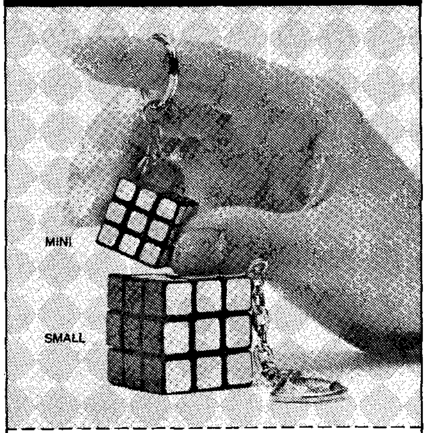

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eventually a great intricacy of warp and woof, threads that lead in unimagined directions. I did not realize that in digging up that fairly inconsequential box, that whim of ours, I would be digging up a great deal more. Significantly, while we were digging that day away it was the roots that gave us the most trouble. But we covered them over again, and they will clearly endure. I think, in fact, that I am done with the metaphor of roots. I prefer that of a web, a web of people and places, threads of curiosity, wires of impulse, a network of the people who have cropped up in our lives, and will always crop up—"the webbed scheme," as Borges calls it.

There are many threads I did not unravel, many things I skipped over, inevitably, because I had not intended at all to wind in the fabric of the past—a precarious dimension, I think, for even in going over essential pieces of it I realize how much we all edit what has happened to us, how much we all make acceptable, recountable versions of past events. Mulling them over, as I have had to do, I find that sometimes the version and the grainy reality become separated: not contradictory but separated.

I have not spoken of many things. I have not mentioned money, for example. Living by writing, I had an income over the years like a fever chart, but there was always work to do, there was always translating, which I did as a kind of warmup to the day's work; there was always enough to keep us going. If we needed money, I worked hard; if not, I idled. I have not mentioned various women, who moved in and out of our lives, who were woven into our existence, shifting, affecting. I have not mentioned solitude, which was an inevitable accompaniment to those years. I used to meet the English writer J. G. Ballard from time to time in London. He had raised his children by himself after the death of his wife, and he once said to me, "Remember, if you are a single father, it's lucky you're a writer, because you can stay home all the time, you have the time for it." He always cheered me up. Nor did I feel so very solitary. Jasper was the best of company. But there was an essential solitude, the *soledad* of García Márquez, or of Melissa in Lawrence Durrell's "Mountolive": "*Monsieur, je suis devenue la solitude même.*" And I saved, on the bulletin board we set up wherever we came to rest, a clipping from an interview that Truman Capote once gave: "Writers just tend to learn

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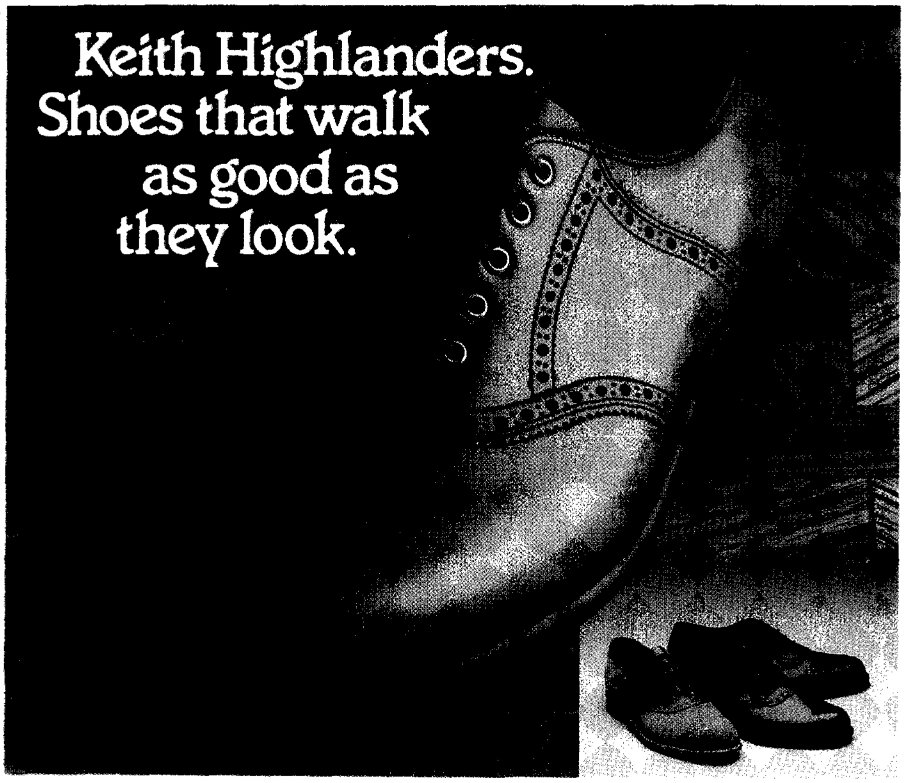

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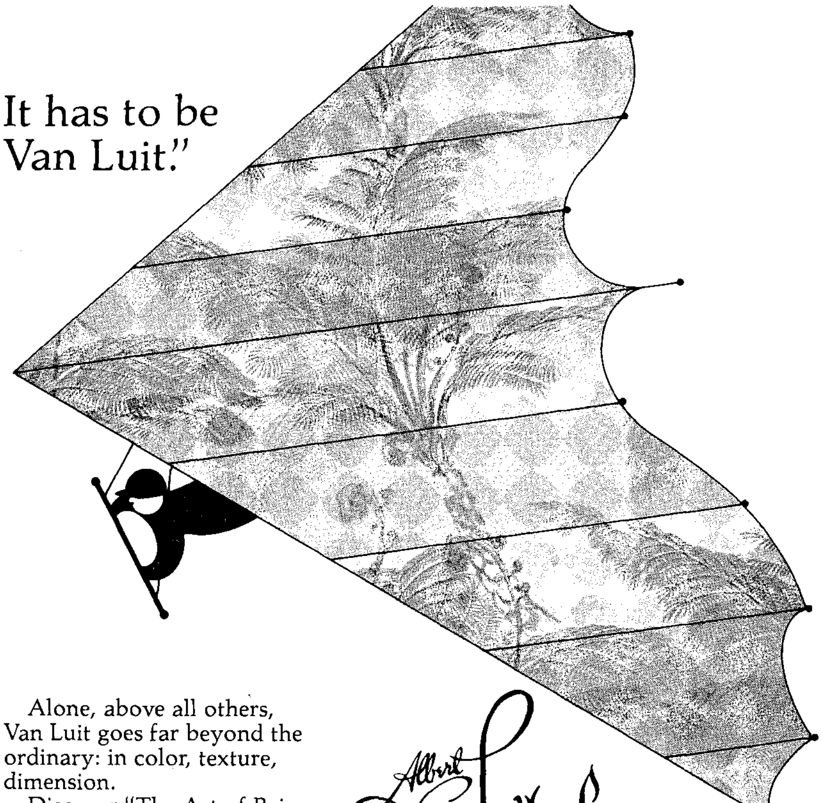

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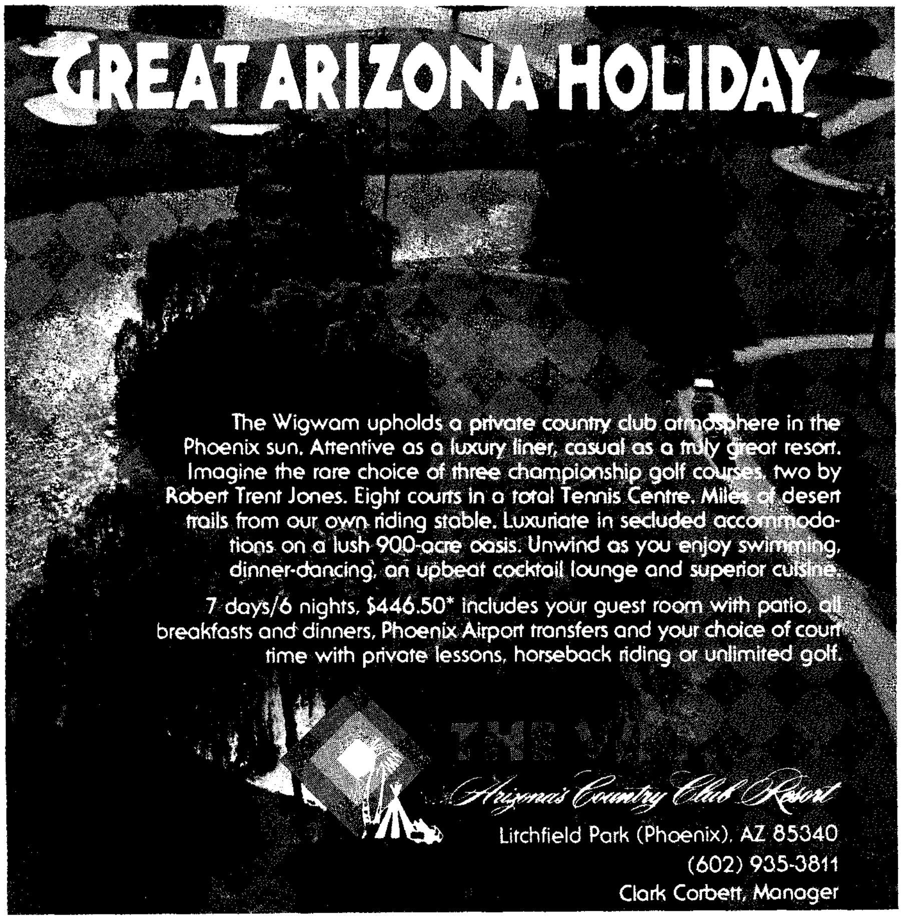

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more than other people how to be alone. They learn to be dependent on themselves . . . it just has to be that; there's no way of getting around it." The self-sufficiency was certainly something I had saved from my Scottish past—that and the fact of still having next to no possessions. Although Jasper alleviated that essential solitude, I fear that some of it has settled on him, by unavoidable osmosis.

I say "we" too often when I am talking about Jasper, but I have no intention of implying any unanimity of mind. We functioned as a unit, but for me the whole business of raising children meant teaching them to fly, separately and independently, getting them ready for leaving. I have been much preoccupied by fatherhood, for I felt most close to my own quiet father, and Jasper I have known as well as I know anyone. One moment lives vividly in my remembering. We had travelled up to Scotland during our houseboat days, on a visit, and we descended from the London train in the wan light of early morning, on the platform at St. Boswells, where my father was waiting. The train chuffed off, and, standing in the rising steam, there were the three of us: Jasper small and eager, my father pleased and open-eyed, and I, standing between them, father and son at once. That moment dissipated with the steam, and Jasper and I have exchanged the state of being father and son for that of inhabiting our separate solitudes, although we remain enthusiastic about each other, on the same side.

And Scotland? It no longer feels to me like the contradiction it once was, nor am I inclined to rant about Calvin the way I once did. I have, besides, a stake in its future. On August 7, 1990, I have to be there, Jeff and Nora will certainly be there, Jasper will turn up from who knows where, Allen has promised his presence, Sheelagh will arrive, breathless but in time, George will have the spades ready, and Jane, turned eighteen, Kate, in a totally different shape, little sparky Sara, and Kirsty, who by then will be older than Jane is now—they will be there. Scotland has re-formed itself, in my mind, into the particularities of last summer, a time capsule in itself.

I call Sheelagh on the phone, tell her I am finishing writing the story of the summer. I have in front of me the card we all signed—Jeff, Jasper, and I—and a leaf from the elm tree that sheltered the box, already dried and cracking. A few odds and ends of the story are still lying about, untold. I ask her about the children, the goats, the household. She fires all the news to me.

"When are you coming back?" she asks me suddenly.

"One of these days," I say to her. It is the only thing I can think of to say. I might have added, "If we're spared." I do now, but in the nuclear, not the Calvinist sense.

THE evening I finished writing all this down, at the remove of New York City, resisting the temptation to pick at still another thread, and ready to leave Scotland alone, at least until 1990, I stopped off on the way home for a drink with two old friends, Linda and Aaron Asher.

"What have you been up to?" Aaron asked me, in a misguided moment.

I told him, in the briefest, most encapsulated form.

"But didn't you see today's *Times*?" he said, going to fetch it and ripping out the relevant page.

Here is the story in its entirety, page B2, April 24th issue:

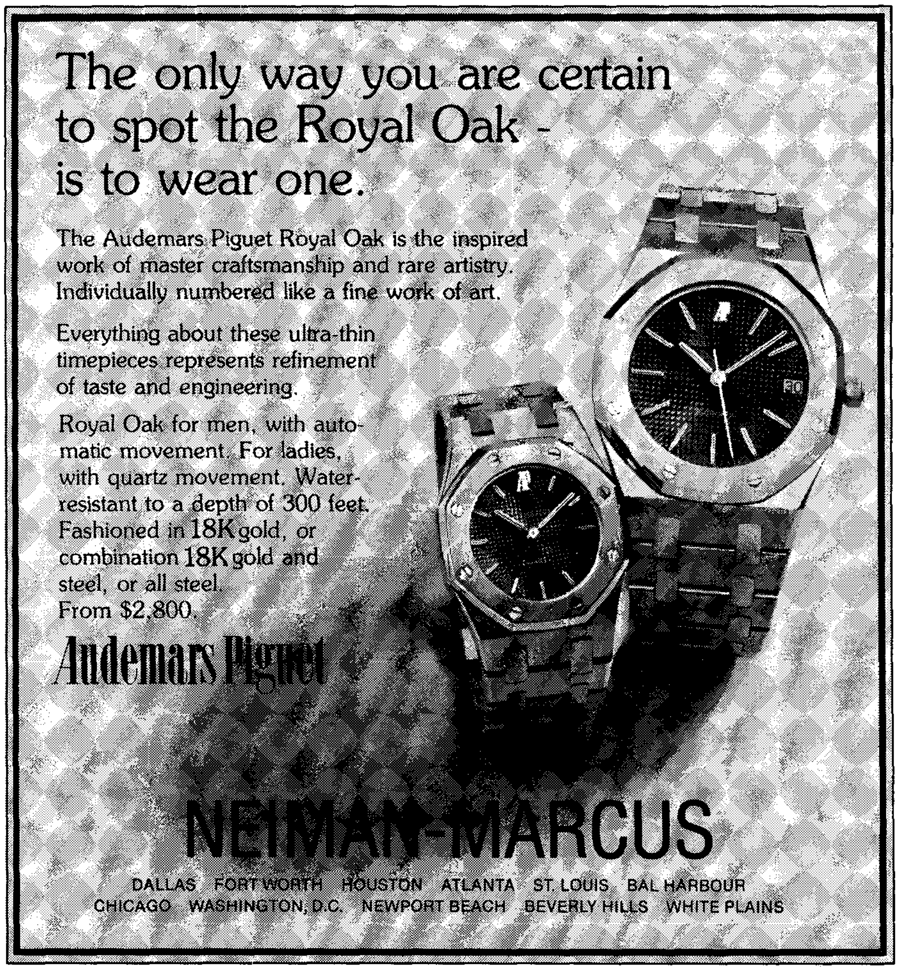
> It may be the ultimate skyscraper both esthetically and because of its superb construction, but the Empire State Building has not completely withstood the ravages of time.
>
> A time capsule placed in the building's cornerstone on Sept. 9, 1930, by Alfred E. Smith, then former Governor, was removed yesterday in preparation for the building's 50th anniversary celebration next week. The copper box that contained the time capsule was full of water, and most of the contents had been destroyed.
>
> The seams of the box, which evidently had not been properly sealed, had split, according to a spokesman for the building. The pre-cast concrete slab under which the box had rested had not been cemented into place. As a result, all the papers, which included a copy of The New York Times of Sept. 9, 1930, pictures relating to the building and paper currency from $1 to $100—had disintegrated.

In Scotland, durability is a much graver matter. —ALASTAIR REID

•

PEKING (UPI)—Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping gave a warm reception to former President Jimmy Carter today but warned his successor, Ronald Reagan, against letting Sino-American relations "stagnate." Carter and Deng, responsible for normalizing relations between their countries after a 30-year gap, greeted each other warmly and traded praise as they sat down for a 90-minute lunch followed by an equally long lunch.—*Trenton (N.J.) Times.*

And an hour later they were still hungry.



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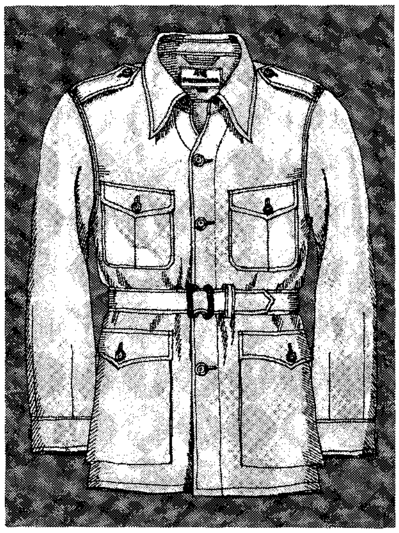

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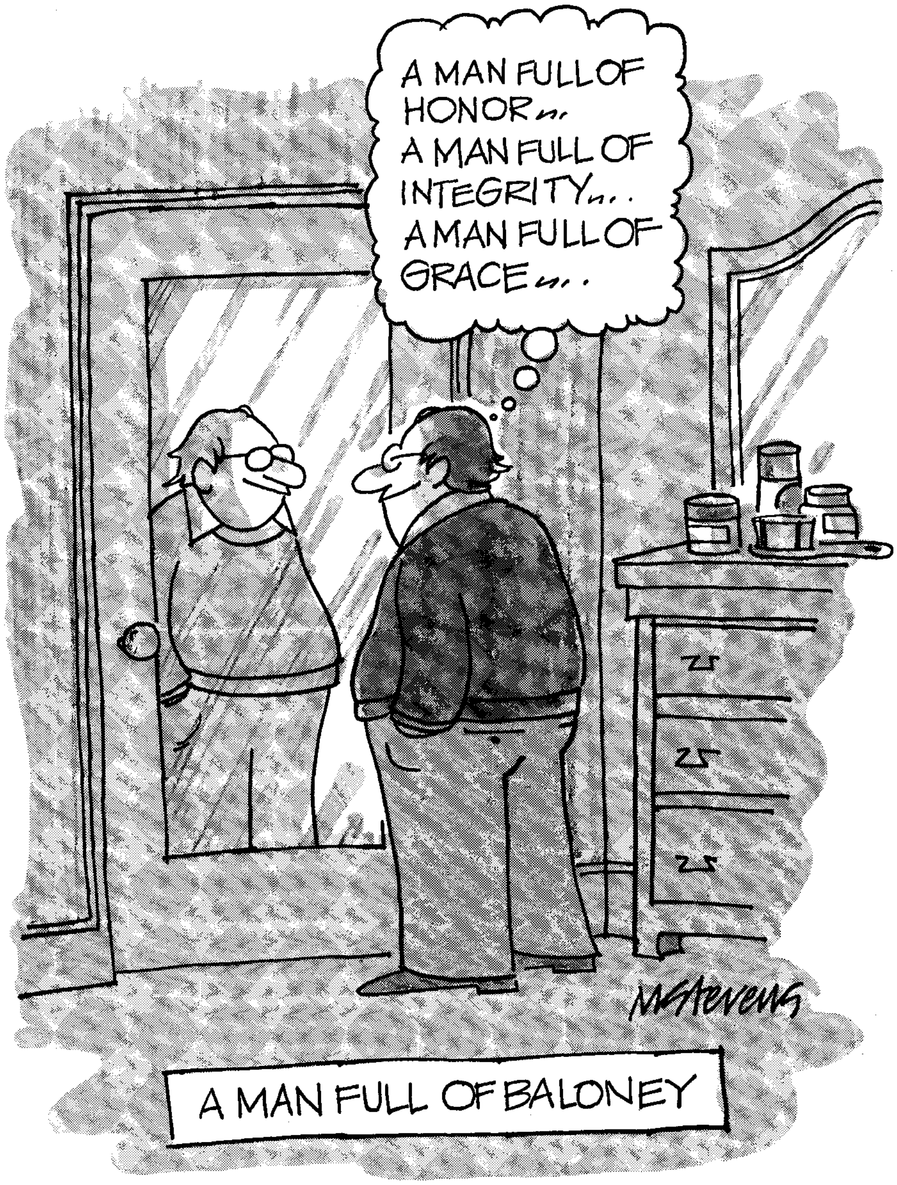
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

Gardner McKay's "Sea Marks," at the Players, begins with an Irish fisherman, in a spotlight downstage left, reading aloud a letter he is writing to a young Welsh woman whom he recently met at a wedding. He is in his two-room house on the edge of an island off the Irish coast, and he describes (in rhythmic fashion) the circumstances of his life: dawn to dark in his curragh, with his fishing partner, on the dangerous sea. The woman, spotlight upstage right, reads aloud what he skipped over and also her own reply, encouraging him to write again, and soon we get a kind of once-removed dialogue. They meet for a second time, and she invites him to visit her in Liverpool—one room, one bed—where she has a job in a publisher's office. The action moves to Liverpool; there is a scene in which he confesses his virginity, soon overcome, and another in which she presents him with a published volume composed of his letters, or excerpts therefrom, arranged as poetry. She then tries to persuade him to remain in Liverpool as a literary figure, but he sensibly opts for fishing. In the final scene, he is back in his house, she in hers, reading letters aloud, but now they are love letters.

"Sea Marks," for all that it is synthetic and foolish, at least holds the attention while it lasts, and there is some humor; it has been done in regional theatres throughout the country, and it made a brief appearance here, at the Manhattan Theatre Club, a few years ago, and one on Channel Thirteen. Falling as it does somewhere between play and dramatic exercise, it could easily last forever in actors' classrooms and audition studios. In this production, under the direction of John Stix, John Getz and Leslie Lyles do well enough, Mr. Getz's stage Irish and Miss Lyles' stage Welsh being a match for the stage Irish and stage Welsh of their lines. At one point, by the way, the woman advises her rustic beau to wear his new "pants" when he takes her out to dinner. In Liverpool, wouldn't the word be "trousers"?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A MAN FULL OF BALONEY
M. Stevens

Maggie and Pierre, of "Maggie & Pierre," which opens the season at the Phoenix, are the Trudeaus of Canada, both of them impersonated—the question of acting doesn't arise—by Linda Griffiths, who, with Paul Thompson, wrote the play, or whatever you'd call it. Eric Peterson, who a year or so ago was the splendid leading man of "Billy Bishop Goes to War," is a Canadian reporter who follows their courtship and marriage step by step, having been asked by the New York *Times Magazine* to write their story. His narration, directed to the audience, provides the framework for the evening—starting, of course, with the usual worn-out bitterness of those north of the border toward those of us below. He also appears in a few of the scenes. Miss Griffiths took a large gamble in assuming both roles, especially now, for American audiences. (The show was a hit in Toronto.) She has lost, but I suppose it was worth a try. Many of the episodes that she covers are familiar, but she sheds no light, for all her hyperactivity, on her hero or heroine. I'm not even sure that this enterprise is meant to be funny. Mr. Peterson succeeds, God knows how, in making his journalist, a stereotype if ever there was one, into a believable character. "Maggie & Pierre" will run at Marymount through October 11th.

—Edith Oliver

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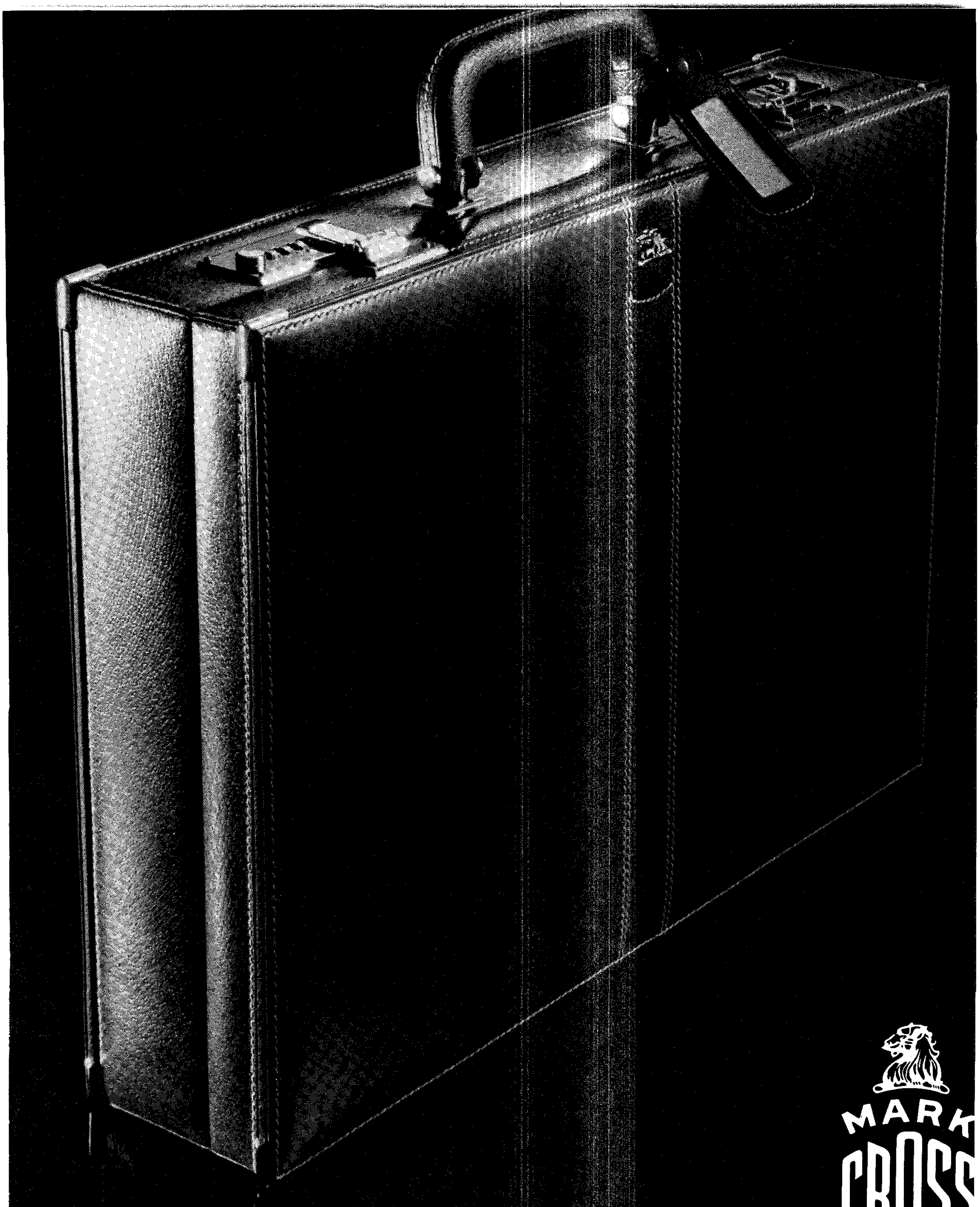
> With short term profit pushers running the show and little in the way of centralized controls, many was the firm that was left devoid of any kind of institutional memory. It was, to paraphrase Santa Anna, as if the firm could not remember the past and thus was condemned to repeat it.
>
> —*Iron Age.*

Or, to paraphrase George Santayana, "The Alamo never forgets."



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THE SPORTING SCENE

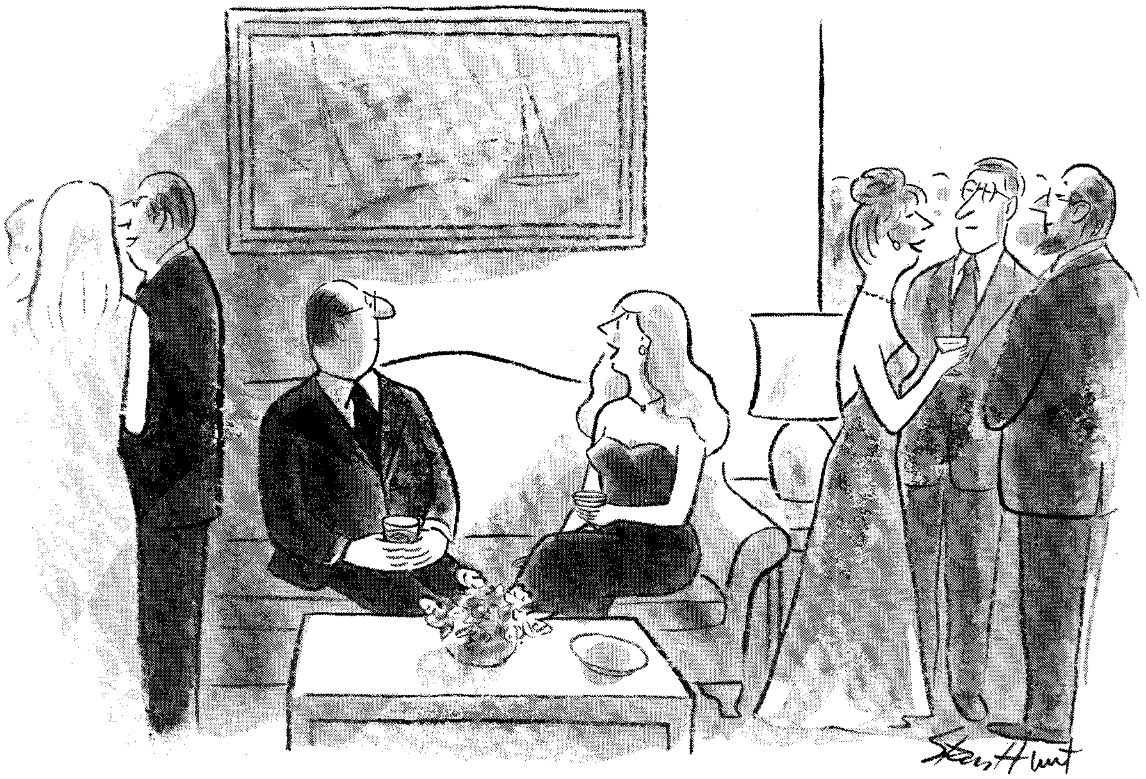
A RETURN TO GOLDEN GATE FIELDS

THE other day, I went back to Golden Gate Fields, a race track in Albany, California, to see if I'd learned anything about handicapping—or, possibly, life—since I served a hapless ten-week interneship there in the spring of 1978. That had been a difficult season for me, plagued by idiosyncratic behavior on the part of several hundred horses, and further complicated by my inability to devise a winning system of the sort advertised in the *Daily Racing Form.* I'd proved to be a first-rate loser, capable of betting an entire nine-race card without having any of my choices finish in the money. Only my old pal Arnold Walker, who's permanently estranged from Lady Luck, had lost as consistently. Arnold was quick to understand my renewed curiosity when I told him about it on the phone. "That's right," he said, borrowing as freely from folk wisdom as he does from his savings account. "You'll never know until you try."

To be honest, the trip was not my first of the year. I'd gone once before, early in February, on the opening day of the Pacific Racing Association's midwinter meeting. Ordinarily, I avoid crowds, but in this case I was honoring a promise to some friends—a writer and his wife who were interested in the track. Neither of them had ever been to the races before, so I spent about an hour instructing them in fundamentals. I didn't mind doing it, except that it put added stress on my already fragmentary consciousness. I had no time to consult the *Form*, and made my daily-double bets in what amounted to a daze. The tickets I later held in my hand were a record of anxiety—of the lack of grace under pressure. I could have picked them at random from a trash can, and probably should have, because in short order I was out thirty bucks.

The writer was doing fine, of course. Race tracks seem to reward innocence. I think if babies were permitted to wager they'd ultimately win so much money that management everywhere would bar them. "No Babies Allowed," a big sign at Hialeah would say. At Belmont Park, it would read, "Beat It, Babies." Anyway, I bumped into the writer just as he was collecting eighteen dollars on a two-dollar bet. Happiness beamed forth from his bearded countenance, and his fingers fumbled with slick new greenbacks. The sight upset me, so I did something fiendish. "Why don't you put it all on some horse in the next race?" I asked, insinuating by my tone of voice that any diehard plunger would feed the excess back into the machine. The writer is an intrepid fellow—he'd wandered through dank Mexican jungles in search of the ghost of B. Traven—and he made an on-the-spot selection and shoved his money in the direction of an abashed ticket seller. Perhaps the writer's gesture was really a bit of bravado, lacking in the necessary innocence, because his horse lost. I still felt guilty, though. In atonement, I guess, I started betting wild hunches, which soon sent forty more dollars spiralling down the tubes. Before the seventh race, I found myself standing at a snack bar ordering four beers. I took it as a bad omen, since I was the only one drinking. When the beer was gone, I talked everybody into leaving early. We went to Spenger's Fish Grotto, across the freeway, but even the sweet, fresh clams and oysters could not sway me from an unalterable sense of defeat. It seemed that I was destined to repeat my mistakes endlessly, with the grievous alacrity of a novice.

For nearly a month, I sat at home and moped. I realized that I'd been letting the track push me around. My waffling attitude cast me in the role of victim—somebody whose nose begs for punches. I approached the windows too timidly, as if I were asking a favor of a reluctant divinity. Once you've isolated a flaw in your handicapping technique, it's easy to view it as an essential flaw in your character, too—and I did, recalling timid incidents from my past. The faces of beautiful girls I'd failed to ask out in high school loomed above me in accusatory fashion, followed by the faces of obnoxious people I'd always meant to tell off and then by the sad equine faces of odds-on favorites I'd neglected in order to play improbable rene-

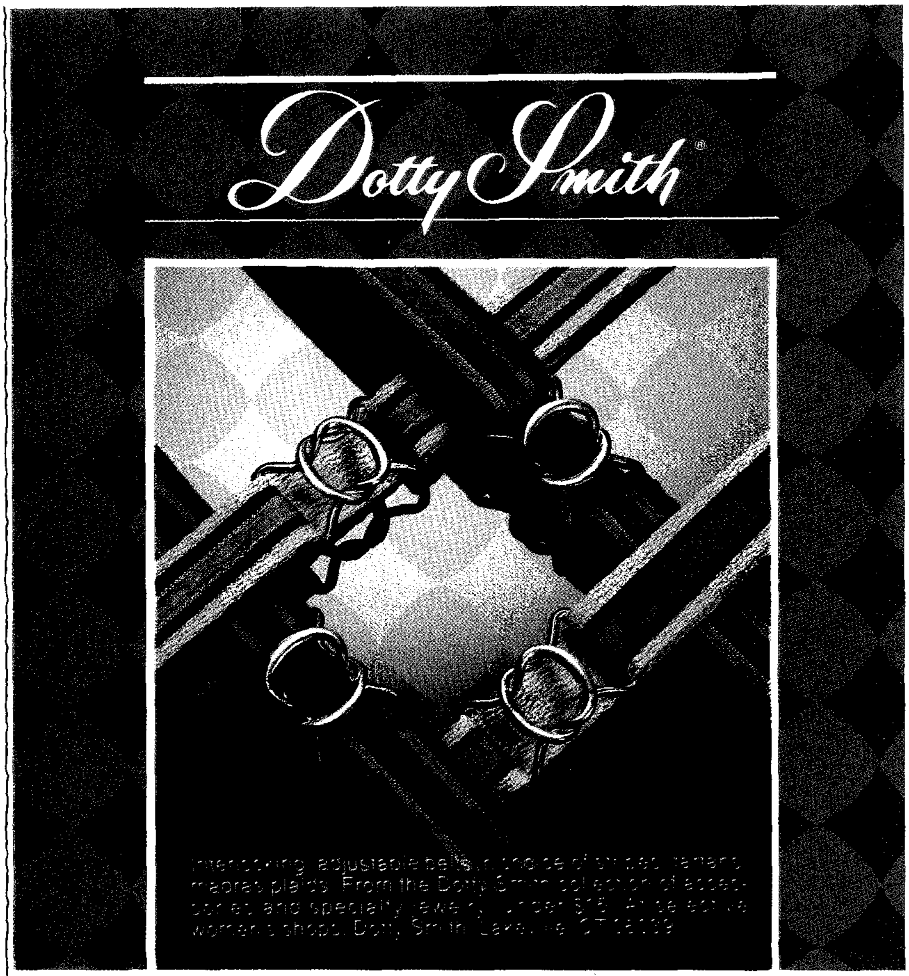


"I hope you're not going to ask me to sing."

gade nags. The face parade continued for days, cranking me up to fever pitch. I saw my life as a form of missed experience, of chances dispersed in the wind. I am as open to self-pity as the next person, and I fell to it now with a vengeance. It was finally broken late one evening, when I took a vow to go back to the track in the near future and teach it that I was not going to be bullied anymore.

I PICKED a Friday for my return trip. The morning was limpid, auspicious, spoked with rays of sun. I bought a *Form* downtown and read it over breakfast. I could see immediately that the track was planning to make things tough. A horse named Fitch Mountain was entered in the first race. I know the actual Fitch Mountain quite well, having lived near it for almost five years. It's a cone-shaped, timbered mound that should really be called a hill. There's nothing spectacular about Fitch Mountain, but I had a sentimental attachment to it, and I was afraid the attachment would carry over to the horse and force me to bet with my emotions again. I wanted to avoid sloppy emotional errors at all costs. My strategy, such as it was, depended on a hard-nosed belief in simple cause and effect. Things got trickier, though, and even more tempting, when I noticed who owned Fitch Mountain—a member of the Pedroncelli family, in Geyserville, whose jug wines I used to consume in some quantity. Fortunately, none of Pedroncelli's wine was currently in me, and I was able to exercise some control. I glanced away from all the fascinating names and examined instead Fitch Mountain's past performances. He had turned in a handy race and a few nice workouts, but he didn't compare with a more talented speedster, Al Who. On the basis of the figures, Al Who appeared to be the *Form's* classic "candidate for graduation"—easily the strongest horse in a field of maidens. I was determined to play him, no matter how seductively Fitch Mountain tugged at my heartstrings.

I walked through a turnstile at Golden Gate at a little past noon. The grandstand was not as packed as it had been on opening day—dreams of million-dollar exactas had been filed away until next winter. The plant looked clean and tidy, as if somebody's aunt had taken up residence in the janitorial suite. The restaurants and snack bars had expanded their line of wares since '78, and now offered fancy items like



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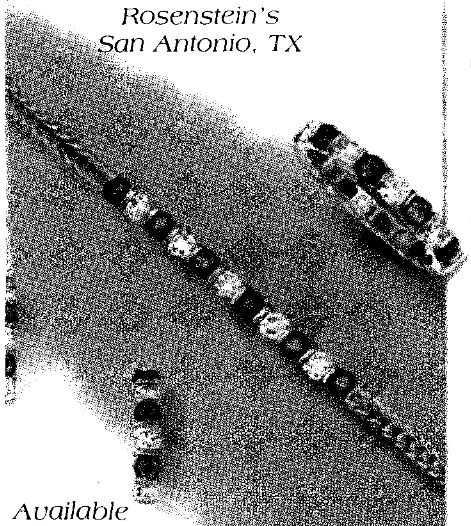

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hand-carved pastrami sandwiches and cream-topped cups of Irish coffee. It was amusing to watch bedraggled touts balance the plastic cups like bone china on the palms of their ink-stained hands. Even the racing strip seemed to be in better shape. At the paddock, I overheard a trainer say that it was the best surface he'd run his stock on in a year or so—softer and more yielding than the strips in Southern California, which are fast but can be hard on horses' legs.

Probably I should have avoided the paddock—it's where the most dangerous flirtations occur. Time and again, I have fallen for gleaming horses only to see them lose their gloss as soon as they stepped into the starting gate. I was trying to resist Fitch Mountain, but he looked awfully good, brushed up and tossing his mane like a competitor. Al Who was less impressive. He had the muscular, vaguely criminal look of a retired boxer who's been hanging around the mob. I just couldn't bet him—it would be like endorsing something corrupt. I couldn't bet Fitch Mountain, either; not after vowing to be serious. Instead, I scanned the *Form* once more—rather desperately now, with post time minutes away—and succumbed to paranoia. Every number was part of a code; every word had at least three meanings. The charts began to slip and slide before my eyes, and from their elliptical jumble I developed a bizarre theory that a thirty-to-one shot was going to steal the purse.

I will not dignify this nag by mentioning his name. He had been shipped up from Santa Anita, and that gave him (I thought) a touch of class. Roberto Gonzalez, a top jockey, had been engaged to ride him, and I interpreted this as another indication that a real bid was in the offing. Would Gonzalez's agent accept a worthless mount? I doubted it. I became convinced that a conspiracy to make a killing was under way, and I wanted a piece of the action.

When I placed my bet, I did so with an intimation of superior intelligence, that they'd soon be betrayed, but the race was horrible to watch. My conspiracy theory went up in smoke quite early—along with any notions of superior intelligence—when the nag in question failed to leave the gate until after all the other horses had left. This was certainly a polite gesture on the nag's part, but it didn't improve his chances, especially since he'd also broken in the air. His front legs

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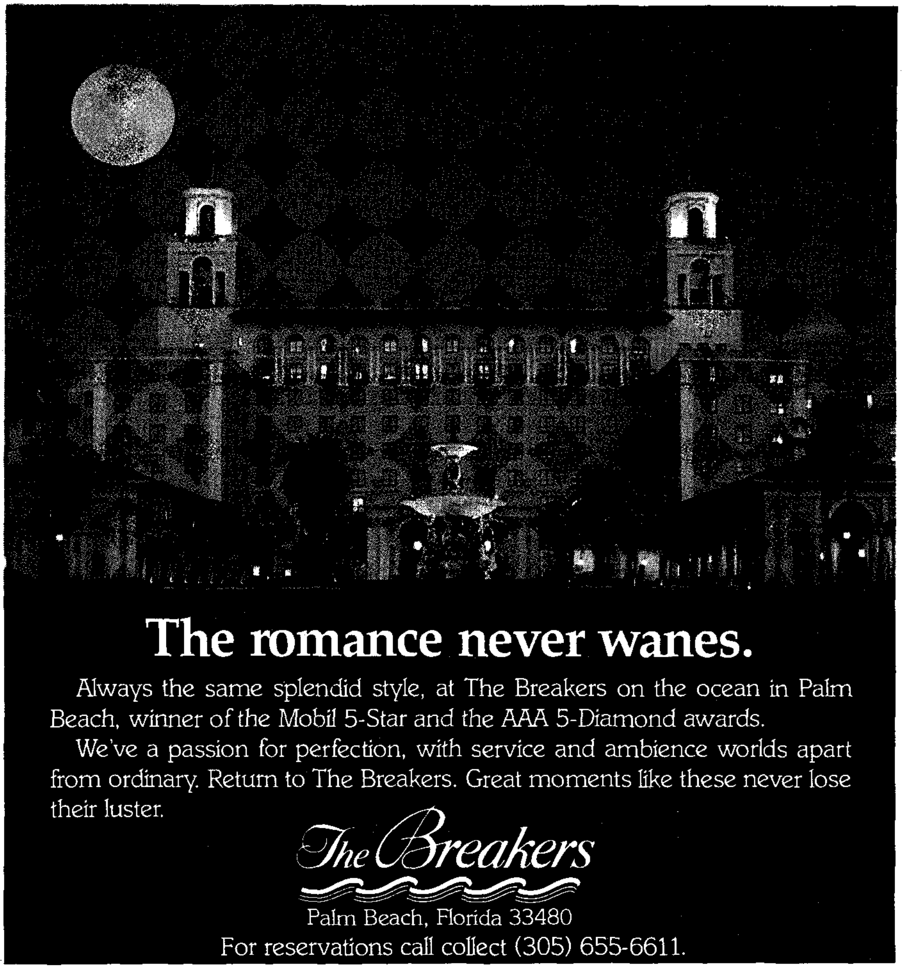

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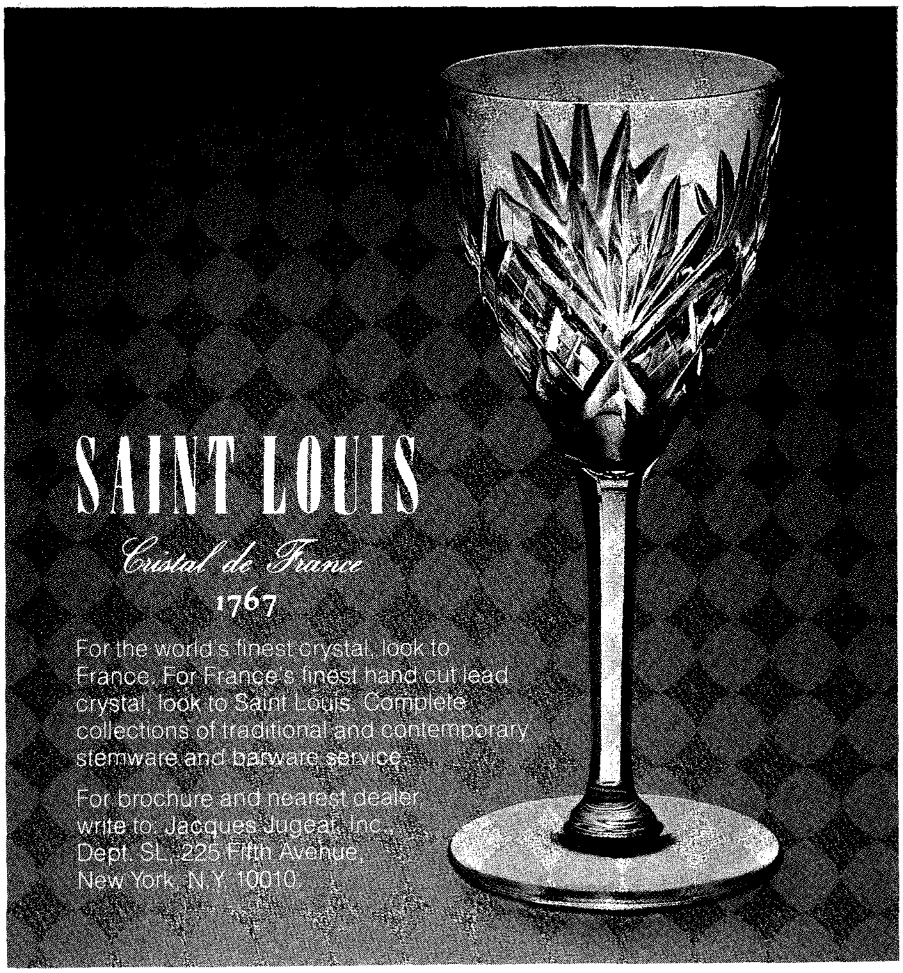

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flailed about. He seemed to be climbing an invisible ladder. He was firmly out of contention before the first quarter of the race was over. From his position at the rear of the field, he couldn't even see the leader—predictably, Al Who. Old Mr. Who was sprinting clear, several lengths beyond everybody else. As for Fitch Mountain, he was smack in the middle of the fray, keeping just off the pace but making no attempt to challenge. Fitch Mountain was miles ahead of the Santa Anita nag, though, suggesting to me that an emotional wager was better than a paranoid one. It was easy to figure what Al Who represented in such a scheme—Logic. The Big L was always a front-runner. It drove a BMW because of the high resale value, got to the supermarket early to take advantage of unadvertised specials, and kept its shoes shined in anticipation of a visit from the boss. But, for all its preparedness, Logic did not necessarily *obtain* in every situation—it had a nasty habit of collapsing. Favorites (the logical choices) seldom win more than a third of the races at any major track, so it came as no surprise when Al Who faltered in the stretch, and was passed by Shado Matt and Bobo's Prince. Al Who was just conforming to type, disappointing brokers, bankers, and positivists, even as the Santa Anita nag was destroying the intricately constructed fantasies of suckers like me.

AFTER the race, I exiled myself to a cold, dark, inhospitable corner of the grandstand. The afternoon was young, but I was old. Why did I continue to overcomplicate the transparently simple? I'd done it all my life, courting revelation in the most trivial of exchanges. That the world was neither more nor less than it appeared to be was an idea I'd yet to grasp. No doubt a few centuries on an analyst's couch could cure me of my stranglehold on coincidence and synchronism, but I was a little pressed for time. Already the entrants in the second race were being led by their grooms from the barns to the paddock, disclosing with each step subtle aspects of their potential.

I liked Kona Gold—a horse who'd been running poorly of late—because I'd noticed something interesting in his past performances. Last year, his trainer, Eldon Hall, had sent him off in a couple of long-route races—starter allowances, covering at least a mile and three-sixteenths—for which the horse had seemed ill-suited. Kona

Gold had done a rotten job in those races, but they'd helped to build up his wind. After Hall rested him, Kona Gold had come back to win handily at a shorter distance—a mile and a sixteenth. Hall seemed to be repeating the tactic this year: Kona Gold's recent trouncings had occurred in starter allowances; he'd rested for about a month; and he was entered in a race at the distance he preferred. I thought the horse couldn't lose. Other bettors didn't agree—they'd made Sterling Drive the favorite. I understood why. Sterling Drive had suffered bad racing luck his last time out. He'd got caught in a tangle, blocked from his purpose. Moreover, he was from a hot stable, and he was taking a nose dive in class for the present race. I had to admit that the horse looked good on paper. It would have required only a minor imaginative leap for me to join Sterling Drive's supporters, but, for once, I held temptation at bay and stuck with my own reasonably substantiated version of the actual. I put thirty bucks on Kona Gold to win, somehow managing to bite my tongue in the process.

Given the historical bias of my wager, I should have been able to watch the race dispassionately, with a kind of Viconian calm, but I was up and dancing on my toes even before the track announcer said "They're off!" Sterling Drive broke from the rail, with infinite care, and headed directly for the parking lot, going so wide on the first turn that several fans groaned simultaneously. The noise was not unlike a vintage Waring blender chopping carrots. "I need a Bromo," said a chunky, dispirited man as he deposited a handful of tickets on the floor. I was treating my own ticket like a piece of the True Cross, because Kona Gold was sitting right where I want my horse to sit in a route race—third, on the outside, and moving steadily forward. There was something inexorable in his progress. He was three lengths ahead at the top of the stretch, but he kept accelerating anyway, hammering a wedge of merciless space between himself and the other horses, and finished seven lengths in front. Sterling Drive loped in last, as gangly-legged as a cartoon horse, while I attempted to calculate how much I'd increased my bankroll.

Kona Gold's victory gave me confidence and also a rekindled tolerance for statistics. I slashed through the third-race entrants in the *Form*, dis-

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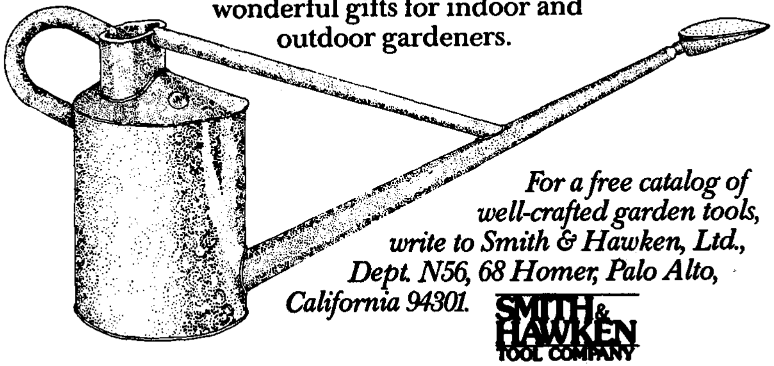

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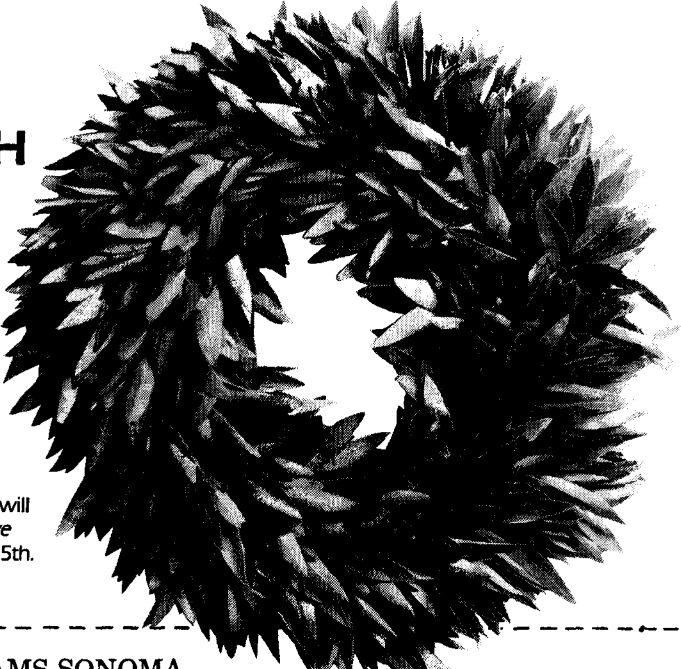

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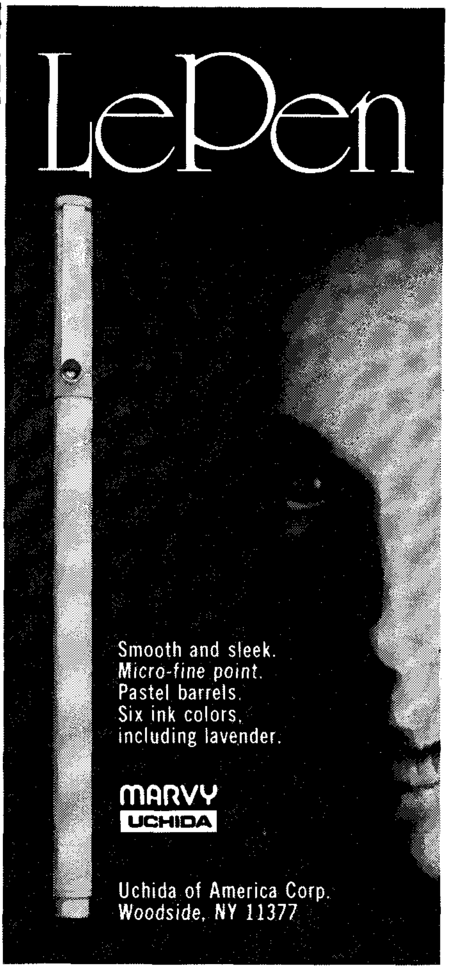
carding horses who would previously have attracted me by their names. I had no use anymore for clever rhymes (Jolly By Golly) or bad puns (The Long Ranger). The flagrant romance of Color Me Dashing left me cold. Even the exotic Palapa—mangoes, grass skirts, rum in coconut shells—failed to entice me. Only two horses really had a chance. The first, Palace Arena, had been close in his last three starts, but the second, Mr. B. F., who'd run in tough allowance company, far outclassed him. Mr. B. F.'s drawback was that he'd been out of action for eleven months, and I decided to look him over before parting with any of my cash.

Judging a horse by its appearance is one of the most underrated of handicapping skills. The Chinese who frequent Golden Gate seem particularly adept at it. They wait patiently by the paddock fence, smoking unfiltered cigarettes and registering anatomical fine points. They discuss the passing flesh like traders. Arguments about the relative merits of stock are not infrequent. Once, I watched an Oriental man in a shiny black suit as he watched the horses. He held a pencil in his right hand and a program in his left. At three-minute intervals, he lifted the pencil and scratched a name off his list. The mark he made was definitive, indelible. Eventually, the program resembled a hexagram from the "I Ching." I'm sure the winner's name had emerged from its unwavering boldness. My own approach is much less precise. What I hope to find is a horse who straddles the line between docility and wildness. Animals ready to compete give off sparks—you can feel a fire building in them. They circle the paddock in tight arcs, their energy barely contained. They're anxious to be released. When they stride onto the racing strip, they do so in a confrontational manner, nudging at the outriders' ponies with their noses, or sticking their heads forward in a gesture that smacks of teasing. More than anything, they convey a joy at being alive—it *shines* through. But joy isn't enough if the horse (like Fitch Mountain) belongs with cheaper company. Mr. B. F. did not belong with cheaper company, and he shone like a beacon. I bet him fifty to win, at odds of six to one. He broke first and never bothered to look back.

SUDDENLY, I had five hundred dollars in my pocket. The bills came in several denominations. They



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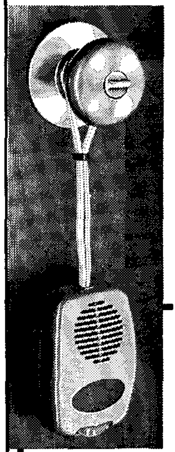

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were as crisp as counterfeits, virtually untouched by human hands. They produced such heady oblivion in me that I seemed to be floating through the grandstand on angel wings. Arnold Walker had to bellow my name three times before I descended from the ozone to greet him.

"Did somebody give you nitrous oxide?" Arnold asked, flashing the syrupy, self-effacing grin that causes palpitations of the heart in amorous matrons. "Do you want a Valium from the nurse's office?"

I showed Arnold my money.

"Very new," he said.

Bills like those I'd displayed had slipped through Arnold's fingers many times over. He and currency were in a state of continual divorce. It was a wonder that he could still afford the expensive suits he favored. The one he had on was beige, with fine pin stripes. He'd bought it during his annual winter sojourn in Florida, where he visits thoroughbred shrines like Gulfstream Park.

"How'd you do this year?" I asked.

"Terrific," Arnold said dryly. "I broke even."

We had a quick drink at the clubhouse bar. I tipped the bartender a dollar, and thereby startled Arnold (he'd never seen me surrender more than fifty cents before) and launched him into a story about a TV ingénue he'd met at a bar somewhere near Boca Raton. He took out his wallet and handed me the matchbook—Rick's Tropical Hideaway—on which she'd scribbled her phone number. "I have it memorized," he said. I cut him short when he began to describe the inside of her condo (pink conch shells, pink satin sheets), and forced him to listen as I used my newfound expertise to tout him on a fourth-race selection.

"Here's an opportunity you won't want to miss," I said. "Check out this Lulugal, Arnold. She's in town from Los Angeles *expressly* to break her maiden. Look who's been handling her at Santa Anita—ace jocks like Shoemaker, McCarron, and Fernando Toro. This is not your ordinary trashy filly. Look at her works." I tapped the small type with my pencil. "Is she in shape? Or is she in shape? Her owner even shipped her up here early, so she could get a feel for the track surface." I paused for effect. "Arnold, I'm giving you this filly like a gift."

Arnold stirred his vodka-and-7Up. Then he shook his head sadly. "I'm

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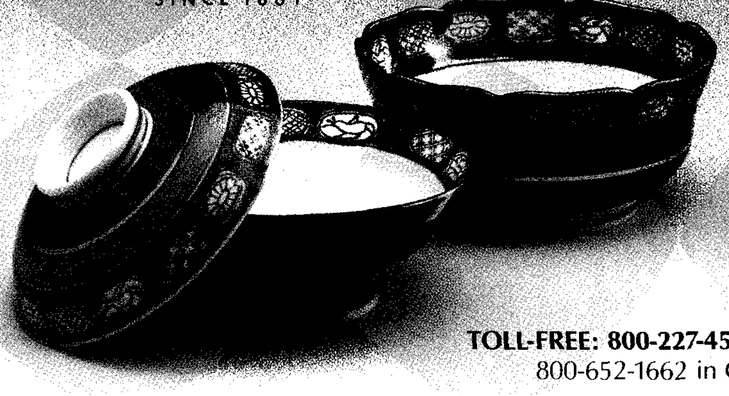

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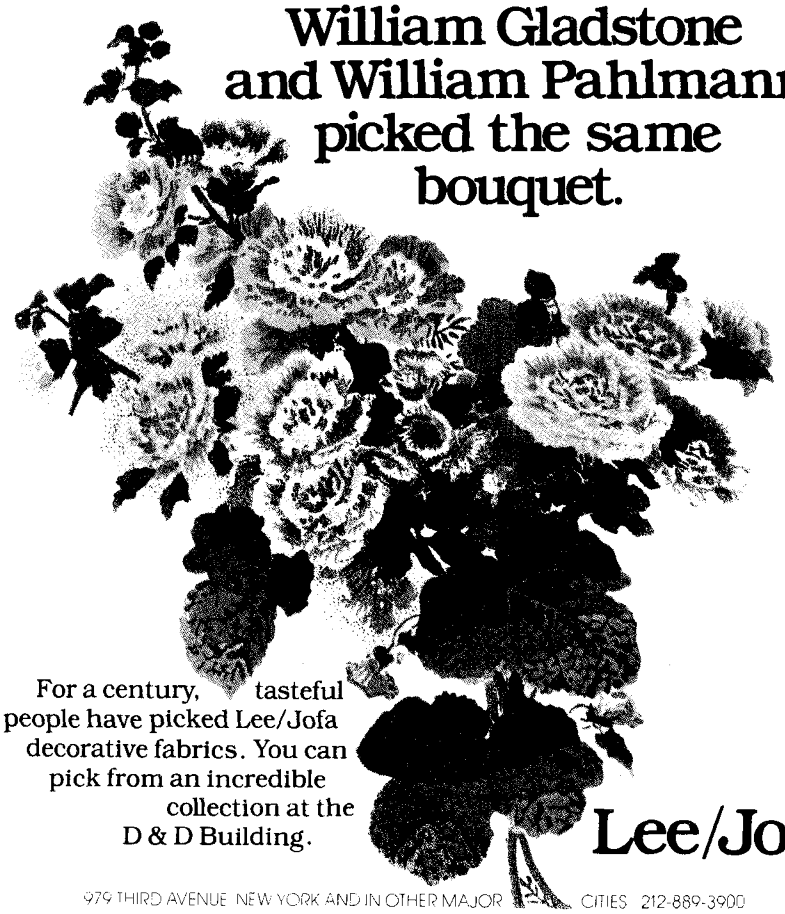

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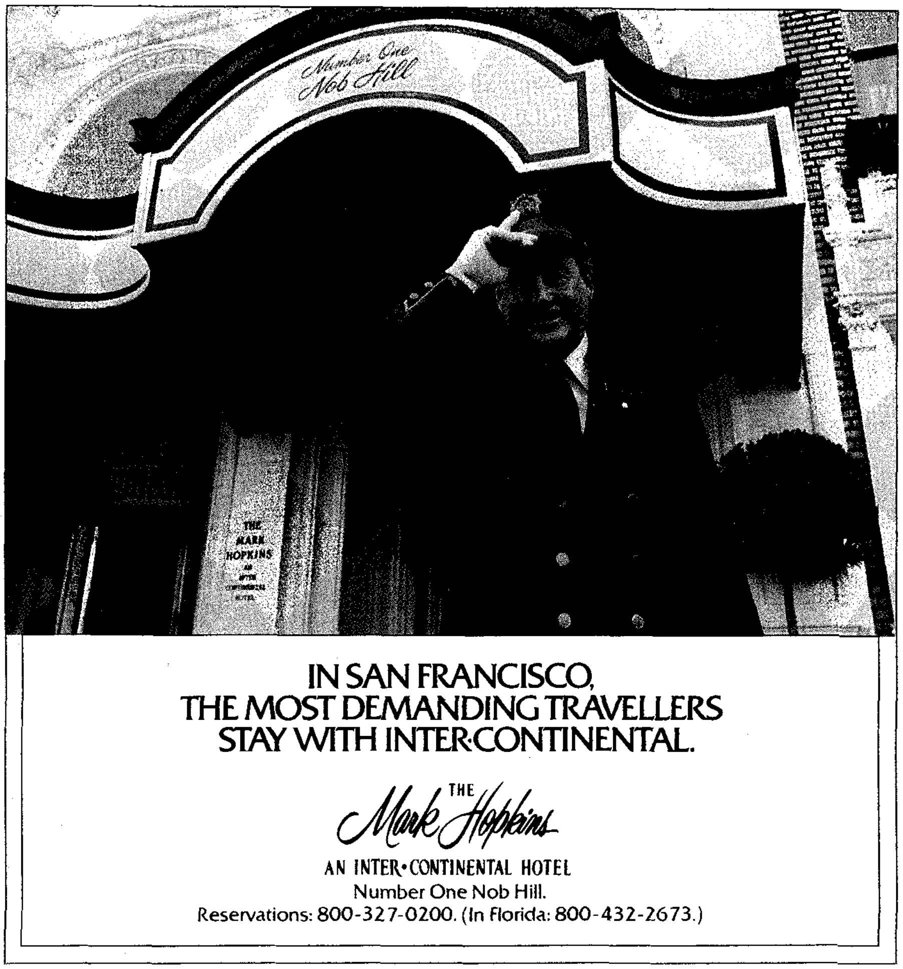

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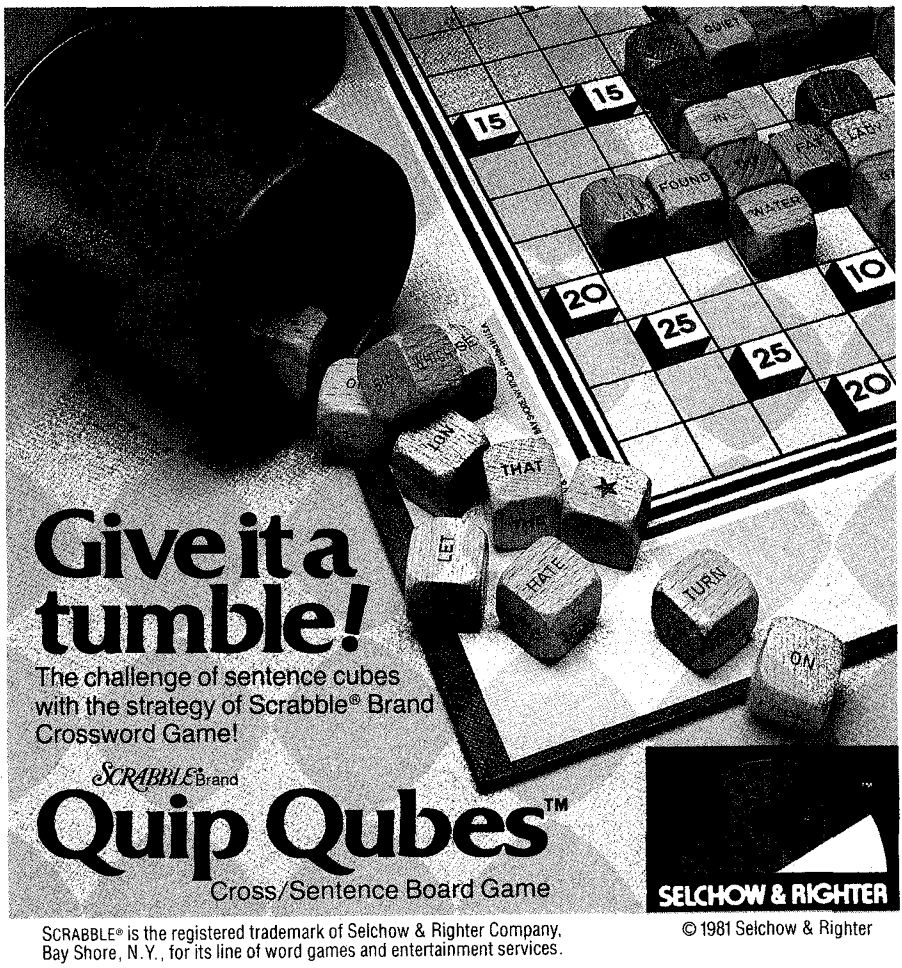

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through with shippers," he said. "I dropped a bundle on some crazy Santa Anita horse in the first."

"The one who was climbing the ladder?"

"You got it."

"But Lulugal's different."

"They're all different when you're in love," Arnold said, hitching up his trousers. "Me, I'm sticking with Plus Ultra. She's steady as a brick."

Why I should have credited the opinion of somebody whose talent as a handicapper is even more suspect than mine, I don't know, but I did credit it, and went for a gloomy stroll around the plant. Pretty soon, I was riding the escalators—up and down, up and down. I tend to do this when I'm confused, on the assumption that I'll achieve clarity more quickly if I don't have to worry about moving my legs. The escalators failed me, though—I kept getting glimpses of the tote board. Plus Ultra was an almost even-money favorite, while Lulugal hovered in the risky vicinity of four to one. It did no good to remember that the public was right only a third of the time—*vide* Al Who. The sheer weight of contradictory testimony inhibited me. I was certain Lulugal would win, but I wanted to talk myself out of it. I wouldn't have played her at all, in fact, if I hadn't engaged in a brief conversation with a man who was also riding the escalators. Actually, he may not have been a man. He had an ethereal quality that linked him to the spirit realm. His hair flew upward in electrified fashion, and his eyes were as scenic as sunsets. He was eating pop corn—fallen kernels bloomed like miniature cauliflowers around his shoes. He peered over my shoulder and saw "Lulugal" written on the margin of my program, where I'd inscribed it lovingly, like a name inscribed inside a tattooed heart. "It's Lulugal for sure," the man said pleasantly. "It's got to be Lulugal. I'm telling you, friend, it can *only* be Lulugal." He came closer. "Here's a secret," he said, looking around for G-men in disguise. "Lulugal will win." He thought this was a fabulous joke, and laughed accordingly. "Don't you understand?" he said. "It's simple—Lulugal is the best horse. The track has busted me before, and the track will bust me again, but it will not bust me *this* afternoon!" A sort of sigh escaped from his lips. "Lulugal. My Lulu*gal!*"

Of course, it *was* Lulugal, although she managed to create more suspense than I felt was necessary. Her pace was so lacklustre that I had to give her some vocal encouragement. This was a sacrifice for me, because I hate to cheer for the horses I've bet. It's one thing to suffer your disappointment in silence and another to announce it to everybody around you. "Lulugal," I muttered. Immediately, a female railbird down the way responded with "Come on, Lulugal!" Her voice had such unthrottled resonance that it summoned forth a more boisterous "Lulugal" from me. My rib cage expanded to accommodate those full, rich syllables—a decidedly therapeutic moment. Before long, a chorus had grouped together in my section, and I sang as loudly as any member. "Come on, Lulugal!" was the chorus's most popular refrain, followed by "Three horse, Lulugal!" with my bare-bones "Lulugal" in for the show. As the volume of the cheering increased, it seemed finally to filter down to Lulugal's pricked ears, and she picked up the pace. Her breeding and class became apparent when she shifted into overdrive. She won by a length and a half—margin enough to compound the interest on my bankroll and make me wonder if I should hire a Brink's guard to escort me to the car.

I HAD a bout of recidivism in the next race, when I went against the objective evidence, which pointed to Vin Du Cru, and bet instead Princess Corinne, yet another shipper from L.A. The Princess ran well, but Vin Du Cru beat her to a pulp. I skipped the sixth race. In the seventh, I was interested in an old-timer called Postmark, who'd taken on some heavyweight horses in the past. I got a scare, though, when I saw Postmark in the paddock. He was *really* old—the kind of still, solemn animal who attracts more than the average number of flies once he's put out to pasture. His groom didn't even walk him around. Postmark just stood in his stall, wearing a faded blanket and letting his eyelids creep toward his nose. But I refused to be fooled by Postmark's behavior—older horses are often lazy in the paddock—and I approached the windows feeling pure. Postmark delivered the goods, holding on like a veteran to withstand the charge of King Wako, a young upstart. The win pushed my earnings toward the thousand-dollar level. That was all the excitement I could take in a single day, so I slipped through the clubhouse gate, and was confronted again by the familiar glittering

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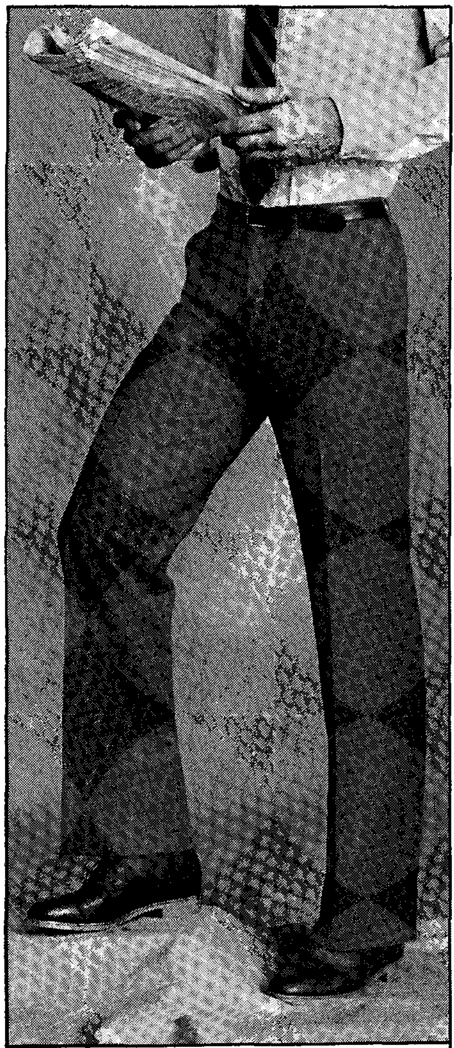

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blue expanse of San Francisco Bay. For once, I had no desire to jump in.

An hour later, I was sitting in a neighborhood bar, happily involved with the flickering beer signs. Arnold Walker ambled in and propped himself on the nearest stool. All the robustness of Florida had been drained from his face—he looked ashen, as if he'd wintered in a bear cave. He didn't speak but instead turned his jacket pockets inside out. The pockets disgorged lint, ticket stubs, a tube of lipstick, and a broken crayon. So I paid for his vodka-and-7Up—a double.

"Arnold," I said, adopting the patronizing tone of an older brother, "you'll get over it."

"Tell me about it," Arnold said.

Somebody played "Whiskey River" on the jukebox. Arnold lifted his glass in salute. He hadn't smiled since coming in.

"How much?" I asked.

"Enough to send an underprivileged kid to camp."

In an effort to buoy him up, I told him how well I'd done. I told him how I'd avoided the usual mistakes—how I'd trusted what was there before my eyes. I told him it was silly to overcomplicate the transparently simple. "You can't let yourself get tangled in the veils, Arnold," I said. "The world is what it is."

Now he smiled. It was a big smile, too, devoid of malice. "Phone me tomorrow," Arnold said. "I want to see if you still believe it in the morning."

—Bill Barich

•

OUR SINGLE-MINDED CRITICS

There is a despairing Abominable Snowman to be savoured, slipping and sliding about in the nearby Ice Age, as well as a sexy man-eating plant, and sundry giant reptiles.

I got the feeling, however, that those involved had more fun making the film than I got watching it.—*Ian Christie reviewing "Caveman" in the London Daily Express.*

As you might imagine, there are numerous pile-ups and encounters with hostile policemen before the race ends in California with everyone chuckling to themselves and each other. The cast must have had a great time making the film. I didn't have much fun watching it.—*Ian Christie reviewing "The Cannonball Run," same edition, same page.*

•

Personally, like the piano, I wish I had been made to take Spanish, even with seven years of Latin and two of Greek.

—*Letter in the Washington Post.*

And then there's always English, as a last ditch.

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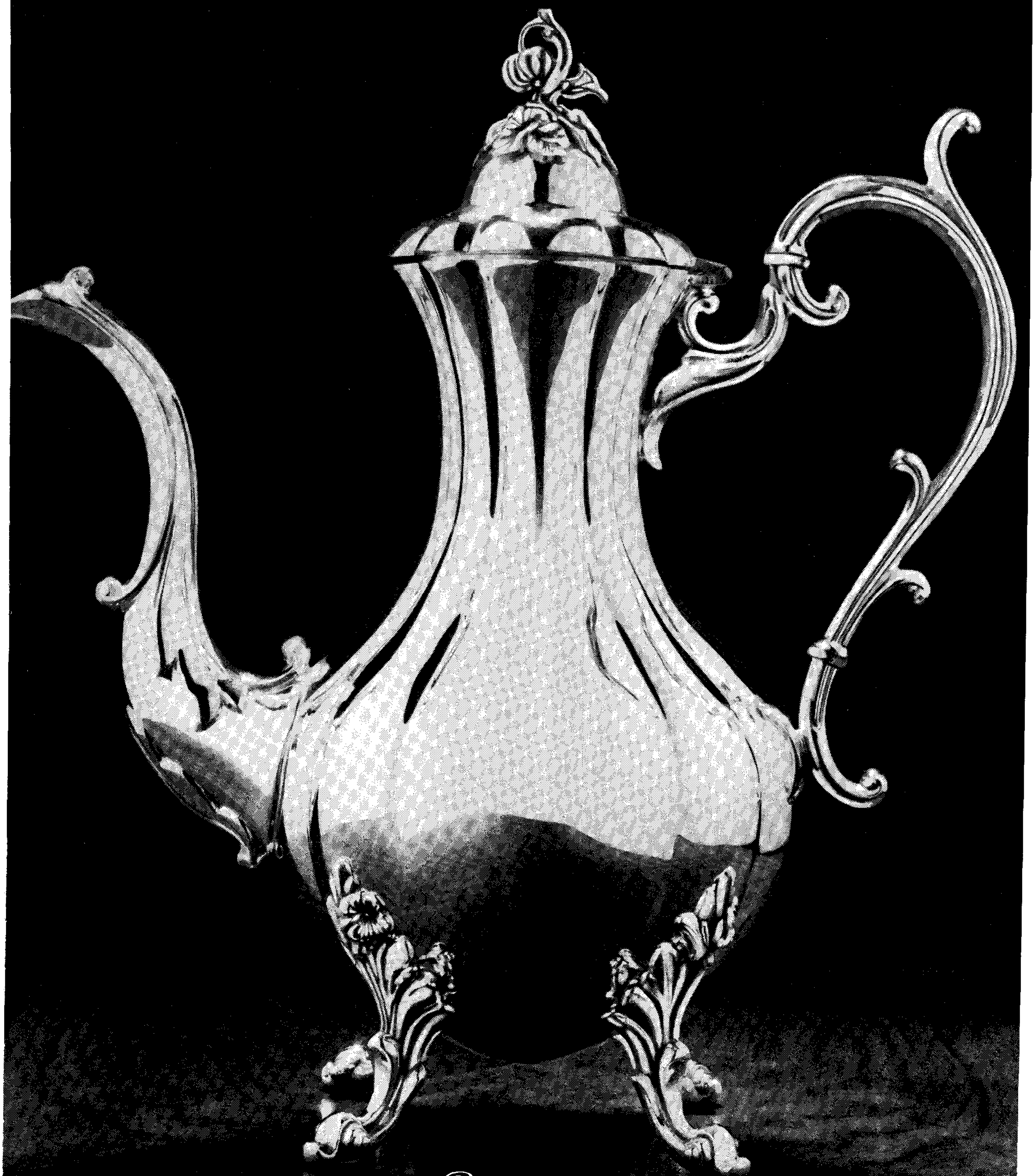

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JACINTO

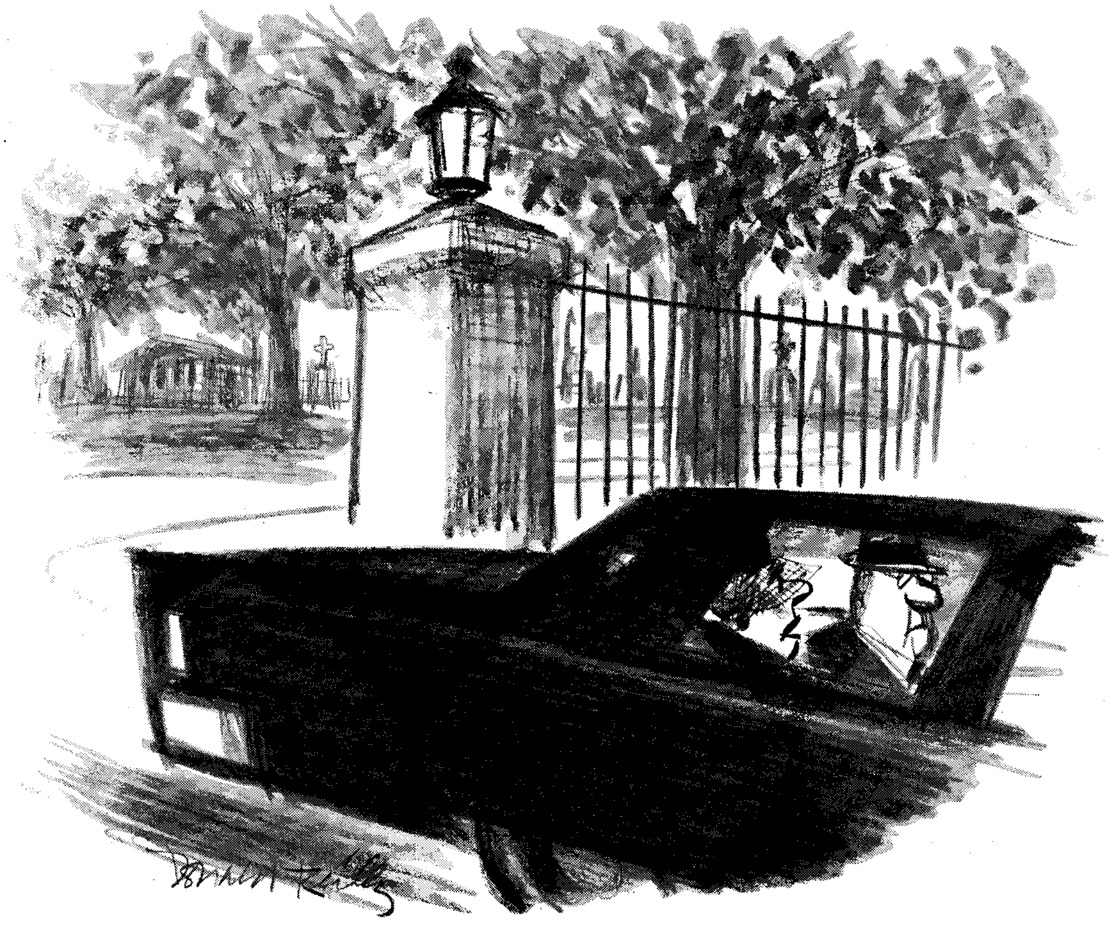
IN California almost any country property is referred to as a "ranch." When we bought an old ranch in the Napa Valley, my husband and I did not expect to become old ranchers, but ownership includes responsibility, and of responsibility there were many kinds. One job that my husband, an architect, accomplished before long was to enlarge the original small house on the place. This was occupied by our son John and his family. We ourselves had built a new home farther back on our rural acres of vines, orchard, and woods. John soon acquired a small flock of goats to provide milk for his children, and eventually, by informal steps and for ill-defined reasons, I turned up, surprisingly, as the meek guardian of a determined billy goat whose name was Jacinto. I did not covet this dutiful relationship with Jacinto, and I did not have time for it, but the same excuses were given by my husband and our son, and thus the problem of the goat's pasturing fell to me temporarily. I prefer to say that I was Jacinto's counsellor. In this case "guardian" meant "goatherd," and that seemed beyond my capability. "Counsellor to a smart goat": that gave me a better position, at least in my own sight, and even suggested that the goat might, on occasion, be paying attention to my ideas, although that was improbable. However, I found that a title—the only one I ever had, and self-bestowed—was sustaining. It defined, for a summer month or two a few years ago, my hopeful attitude toward a conceited animal.

I had much to learn about goats. Jacinto had nothing to learn about me, since I am only human, humanity being a subject goats have had the opportunity to observe for ages. What else had they to occupy their lively sensitivities and intense curiosity all those long afternoons, in life and legend, in the early centuries of their Persian masters, or waiting with Philoetius for Odysseus to return, or being worshipped in gold in the vineyards of Phlius or eaten raw in the name of Dionysus, or filling the ancient woodlands with music and scandal of satyrs, Pans, and fauns? A goat is a deceptive and mysterious entity. He begins life as the most lovable and charming of animal young, and even in his advancing mid-existence he still has those softly hanging ears of hearkening velvet which look so doglike and ready to lift in friendship at your voice—but what of his eyes? Sardonic and calculating agates, fathomless, kingly, and proud. He has been both god and sacrifice, slave and feast, pet and symbol. Royalty is in his eyeball, and hilarious arrogance in the sudden grace with which he knocks you down.

SUBURBAN life has not prepared me to be the caretaker of a goat, and as we start along the ranch road this fine morning of late summer Jacinto stops, and consequently I stop also, at the other end of his chain. I have not as yet figured out any way of continuing until he is of a mind to get in motion. It is like this every time. This is where counsellorship assists me. If I try authority or even simple firmness, it is no good and I am a failure. If mild persuasion has no effect, then at least I have done nothing drastic and the goat's refusal to accept it leaves both of us less antagonized. The relationship is psychologically fertile, and Jacinto makes the most of it as he turns to look at me with his pale severe eyes. He even takes a few steps forward.

"Good and amiable goat," I begin. "Jacinto," I add politely. "Just get that branch of elderberry—the crooked one, not the pretty one."

He takes all the elderberry within reach, and moves a few steps. Then he stops again. This ritual continues until a possible reason for it occurs to me: On this quiet, bright, sauntering morning, it is easy to start remembering. Remembering what? For me, perhaps a moment of childhood brought back by the dry fragrance of the white everlasting that grows along the road. But the goat, whose memory is racial and primordial, what memories he must be having! Uninhibited, undiluted, they flow over him like



"He had a vision of life and society that guided him in all his endeavors—'Finders keepers, losers weepers.'"

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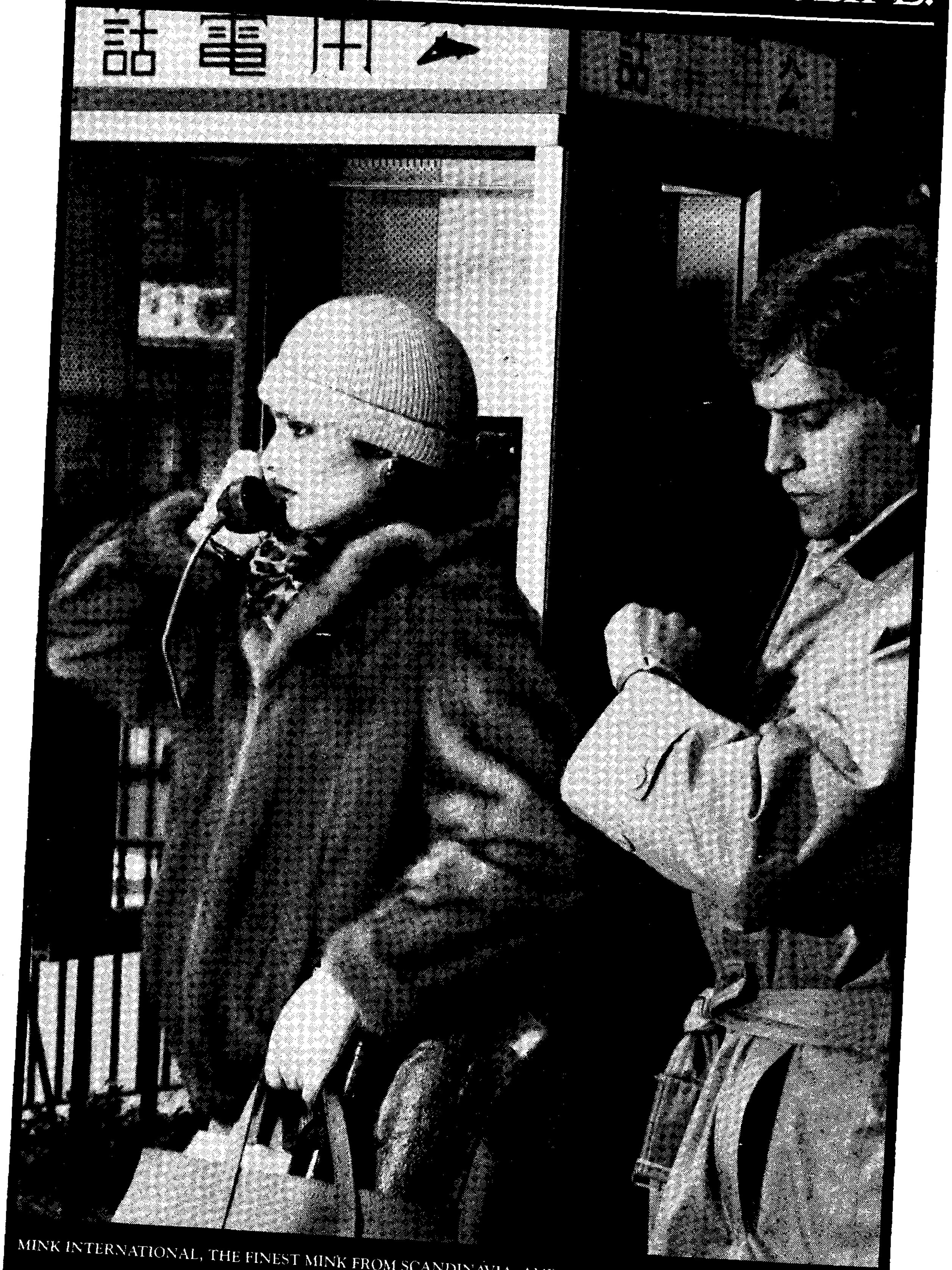

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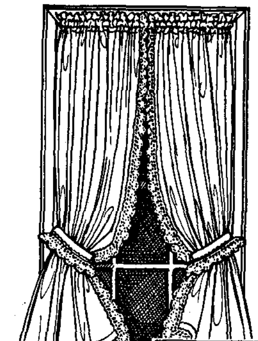

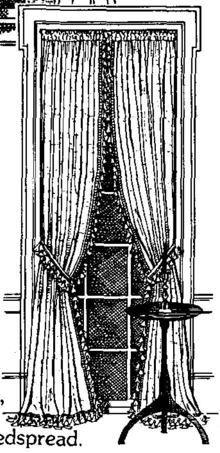

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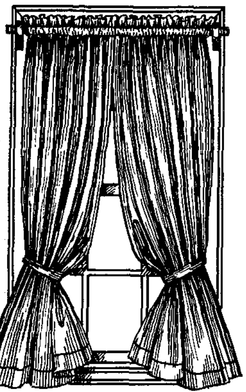

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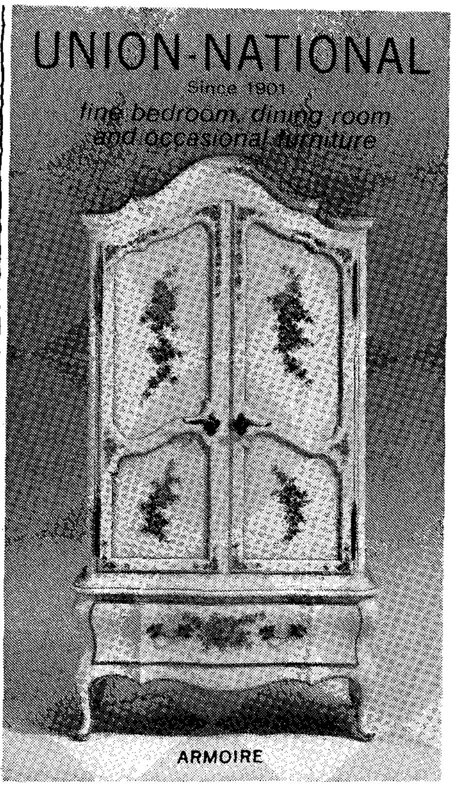
water. Like water over a stone. So it is necessary to stop and to stand still. And I stop with the goat and stand still with the goat. He is remembering other valleys, almost inhumanly ancient, gray and harsh, where he left his profile on the first walls and taught the people to celebrate; and later, gracious valleys where men and women sang to sweeten the ripening grapes. He is remembering—but wait! Sheer fantasy, isn't it, straight out of my own head? If that goat could speak, I know what he would call me.

Jacinto is of the third generation of the small flock on our place. Of the family group, I have been best acquainted with Mama, a dear friendly creature quite different from her son Jacinto. And intelligent, too. John fixed a cart for her to stand in, which made it easier to milk her at a convenient level, and when she was ready to be milked she climbed into the cart and called for him to come. Or sometimes she would sit there, resting, looking comfortable and comic. She enjoyed being petted and in return offered a few soft nibbles here and there. One afternoon, our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, who had come to do some exploratory water witching for our well, tried to teach me how to milk Mama, who was sitting in her cart. I was not good at the primitive thievery of milking, although June Harman's advice was clear and spirited. "From port to starboard," she said. It is difficult for the novice to pull milk, yet once the maneuver is begun it seems enjoyable to all concerned.

Poor Mama. To think of her is to be overwhelmed by sympathy and anger. I was alone here one evening when I heard barking and also a strange hornlike cry that I did not recognize. The sounds were coming from the knoll at the front of the place, some distance away. I can never forgive myself for my stupidity and dullness. I took the odd hornlike cry to be a child's toy blown in play. Later, we learned that a vicious dog was attacking Mama, and that she was crying for help. The predator continued his attack, and the goat, tethered to her stake, had no defense except to whirl and plunge. Repeatedly the dog ripped her udder. Poor agonized, terrified Mama. When we finally discovered what had happened, we thought she would die at once from her misery. But she did not, and when we called the veterinary it was an entire day



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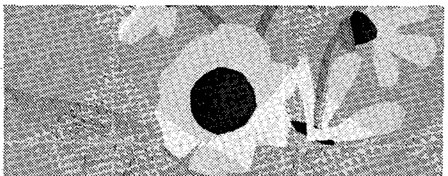

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before he arrived, and then he was of no help except to administer the drug that brought the end. She died with her head in my lap and my tears pouring down on her. The dog belonged to someone nearby; the dog was identified, and John shot him, but revenge afforded no satisfaction. When we came to live here, in a part of the state new to us, we did not find it hard to take root in a landscape that was so appealing. But there are sad, unchosen things that may crowd into a new home. We had not thought to encounter them, yet here, on another map in another latitude, we must write them down plain—the local and universal names of pain and remorse. These also are roots.

Before the nanny goat's tragic end, a half-dozen sheep had been added to the goats. This roving community soon taught us some pastoral lessons. "What a charming little flock they make," we said, in ignorant pleasure. "What a romantic detail they add to the scene." When we turned to look again, we found they had eaten a part of the scene to which we were dearly attached, our treasure of wild flowers—at least three-quarters of an acre of gold *Calochortus*, the lovely mariposas lifted on tall stems in the grass (their loss will never be forgiven), and a rosy meadow of gilias, dainty examples of pointillism, so delightfully dotted and maculate as to make of each flower a fetching creation. These natives had come as gifts to us from our own land. In the spring of their best display they were quickly wiped out by ravenous goats and sheep. Ferns under the oak trees, too, all gone; and in the orchard the young prune trees were chopped into as far up as possible. By standing on their hind legs and climbing, the greedy animals—the goats especially—destroyed the lower limbs of several fine cedars that now struggle to renew their torn branches. The velocity of hunger increased with the taking of the beautiful buckeye that grew between the lichen-covered rocks under the oaks. Their united ambition led the small flock to consume everything within reach on the surface of the earth—our new desirable earth—omitting only a few unsavory stones; and the goats did the best they could about these when they found an old prune-dipping vat set with mortar into a frame of boulders which must have been standing for fifty years. When these acts of corruption were discovered by us, we were speechless, until my husband, a man of consummate

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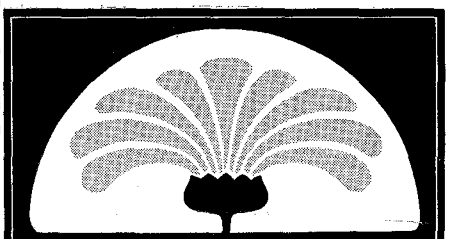

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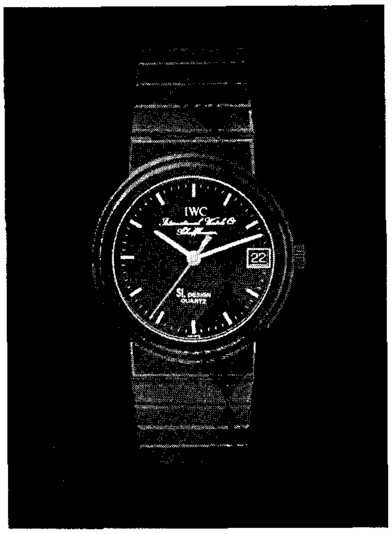

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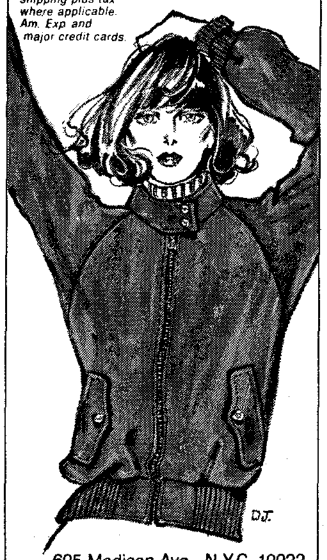

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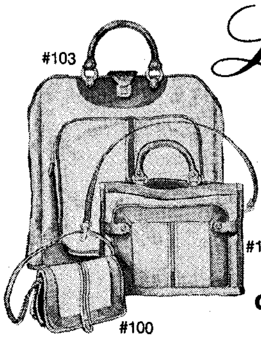

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restraint, broke into profane indignation. Our son John, who likes plain uncovered earth, took it calmly, but he agreed to some fences and corralling.

THESE unattractive morning recollections of past ravages are the basis for my responsibilities toward Jacinto. In addition, his present poor manners begin to bore me, and there are many other things I should be doing. If I try to push Jacinto, he will push *me*, and much harder, and in any case I do not wish to abandon my fine ideas about gentle persuasion. As I give Jacinto's chain a light tug, I see my husband approaching along the ranch road on his way to the house. A little complaining would be a pleasure. "Fred," I cry to him. "This goat has just called me a fool."

Fred comes to a stop, and looks at me hard. Then he begins to laugh, and says, "He can't stand your hat."

The hat came to me by the charity of a friend, who got it in Acapulco. It is a baroque seduction of southern craft. It has bad-smelling little shells that dangle from the brim and is far too large in the crown, so that no matter how straight I stand I seem to crouch, and it is garishly decorated with varnished flowers that please me very much, being quite recognizable tropical epiphyllums. Well, maybe it is a joke. It nods and flops in false sociability, for I really think of it as a place to hide. But I am surprised that my husband has noticed it. Pure awfulness he can ignore; it ordinarily takes chic or originality in feminine garb to draw his attention. I say as much.

"Ever noticed it?" he says. "How could I escape seeing it? That hat is one of the two worst hats of modern times."

"And the other one?"

"The famous one painted by Matisse in full sail on the head of his wife."

"And do you think Jacinto's opinion about anybody's hat is important?"

My husband considers the question, then says, "Jacinto, when did I give you leave to be so sassy?"

The goat, who knows his name, shouts, "Bah!," and it is my turn to laugh.

But suddenly: "Oh! He's moving, Fred. *Adiós! Adiós!*"

I hurry after my charge, promising, "If he's impertinent again, I'll kick him."

But Fred warns me, "Kick him

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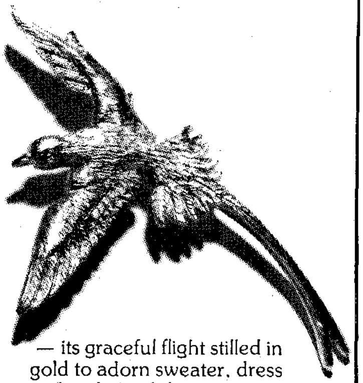

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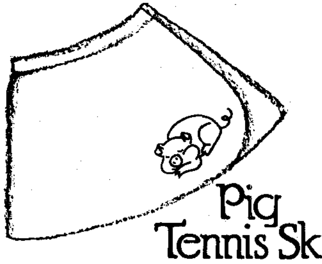

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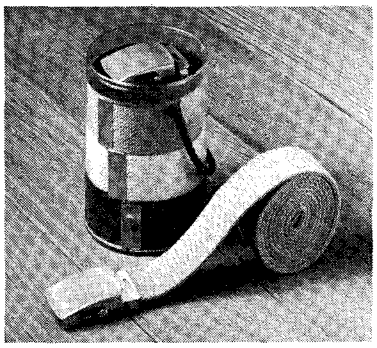

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carefully." Then he adds, "Kick him once for me."

JACINTO and I are headed for a ravine below the road. We both know the place well. It is shady and secluded, and several weeks ago it was grassy, but now only the outer portions are grassy, for the goat has taken this good herbage, leaving just stubs of poison oak and rabbit brush as he circles around his tether, a strong fence pole regularly moved to give him fresh grazing. This sounds simple, bucolic, efficient—a description that applies to Jacinto but not to me. In my efforts to keep him contented, I have taken him a snack of prune branches laden with ripening fruit. I have taken him freshly cut long grape stems that sprout from the old abandoned root stock, an apple stem as well, and cuttings of cherry and pear and Japanese quince—all in all, quite a heap of branches, stems and twigs, and enduring vegetable matter. The leaves, fruit, and tender parts disappear, but the tough remains lie scattered about, until they are swept into a tangled pile by the goat's chain as he moves like a Maypole dancer around his post.

Goats are appreciated as scavengers of poison oak, but they prefer the leaves to the shrub, and in pulling at the twigs they may tear the root system up and break the underground stems, which are as full of poison juices as the rest of the plant. During the first days of Jacinto's pasturing in the ravine, when his chain became entangled with them I was careless in handling these underground stems and roots. They were not always easy for me to distinguish from the underground stems and roots of other native plants. I myself was easy to distinguish when after contact with their virulence I broke out in a bright-red rash. At that point I would have been wise to take Fred's advice: "Have nothing more to do with the goat and the ravine." But at that moment there seemed no other natural pasture left for Jacinto, and, moreover, and more important, I felt driven to cope with his problems, for they had become my own problems.

As we approach the ravine, Jacinto is pulling on his chain. Just after he has passed a large oak tree at the edge of the road, he slides down the bank, leaving me on the other side of the tree. Immediately, I slide down myself, and then, to correct this error—mine, of course—I scramble up to the road and hastily slide down behind the goat, and barely manage to secure his

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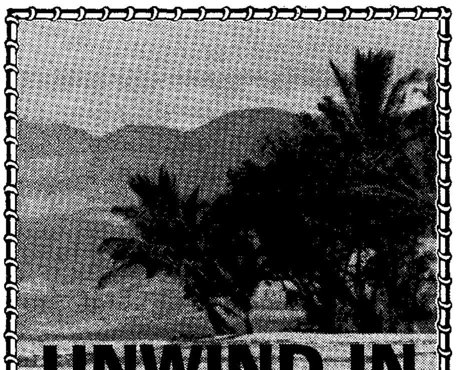

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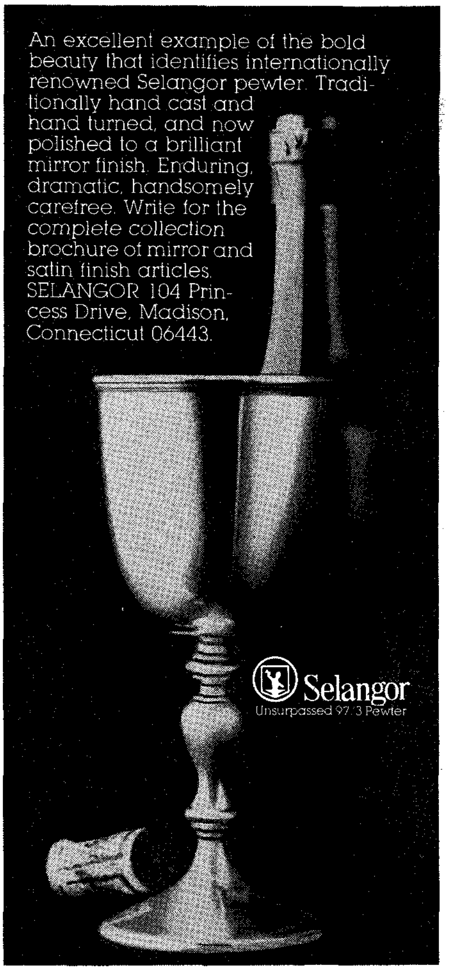
chain to the post before he tries to cross the dry streambed and rush into the prune orchard beyond.

"Is that your best behavior, Jacinto?" I ask. At his name the goat shouts, "Bah," and so derisively that I almost say, "I'm sorry." Instead, I survey the immediate scene and decide that it is a mess. My fault, of course. Too many snacks. When mixed by the chain, they make an abominable fellowship of trash. Holding to a limb of the oak tree, I pull myself up the bank to the road and set out toward the house—a ten-minute walk—for a rake and the ration of barley that Jacinto will soon be calling for. I did not bring the barley with me before, because he would have knocked the pail out of my grasp. Now, when I return with the rake and grain, he starts toward me in a hurry, and in a hurry I present the barley to him. But the bamboo rake I have chosen because of a fondness for bamboo is not adequate for the trash.

Jacinto is at peace with his barley, as I again struggle up the bank of the ravine and start toward the house. En route I realize how ill prepared I am to enter the arena of goat and poison oak. I must not repeat my earlier mistake, no matter how driven I feel to introduce unnatural order into a natural environment and thus avoid the havoc I foresee if chain and trash become completely tangled and the chain so reduced in length that the goat can no longer reach any grass. The morning is serene, but I can imagine the response from Jacinto if for any reason he is held back from the tempting border of grass. At the house, I take time to don heavy slacks, socks, long sleeves, goggles, and gloves. The treasure from Acapulco is still on my head. By the time I have found the steel rake and pruning loppers I judge right for the job, I am distinctly overdressed for the summer weather. Once again, in the ravine, the goat and I face each other. He seems to approve my gear and tackle finally, after a critical stare.

AT this point Jacinto is wound only halfway around his Maypole, and I release him and start to cut down a tall stub of rabbit brush that is certain to snag him. The pruning loppers are not big enough for the job, and, telling myself that I am not big enough for the job, either, I scratch my way up the bank again and wearily plod back to the house, hunting for a hatchet. On the return trip, I fill my



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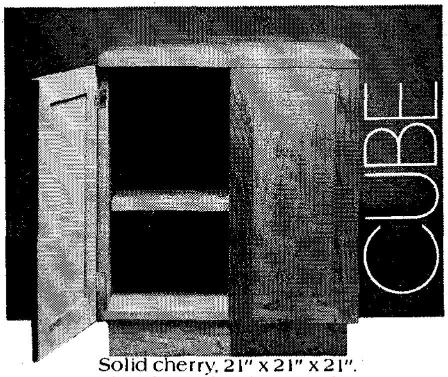

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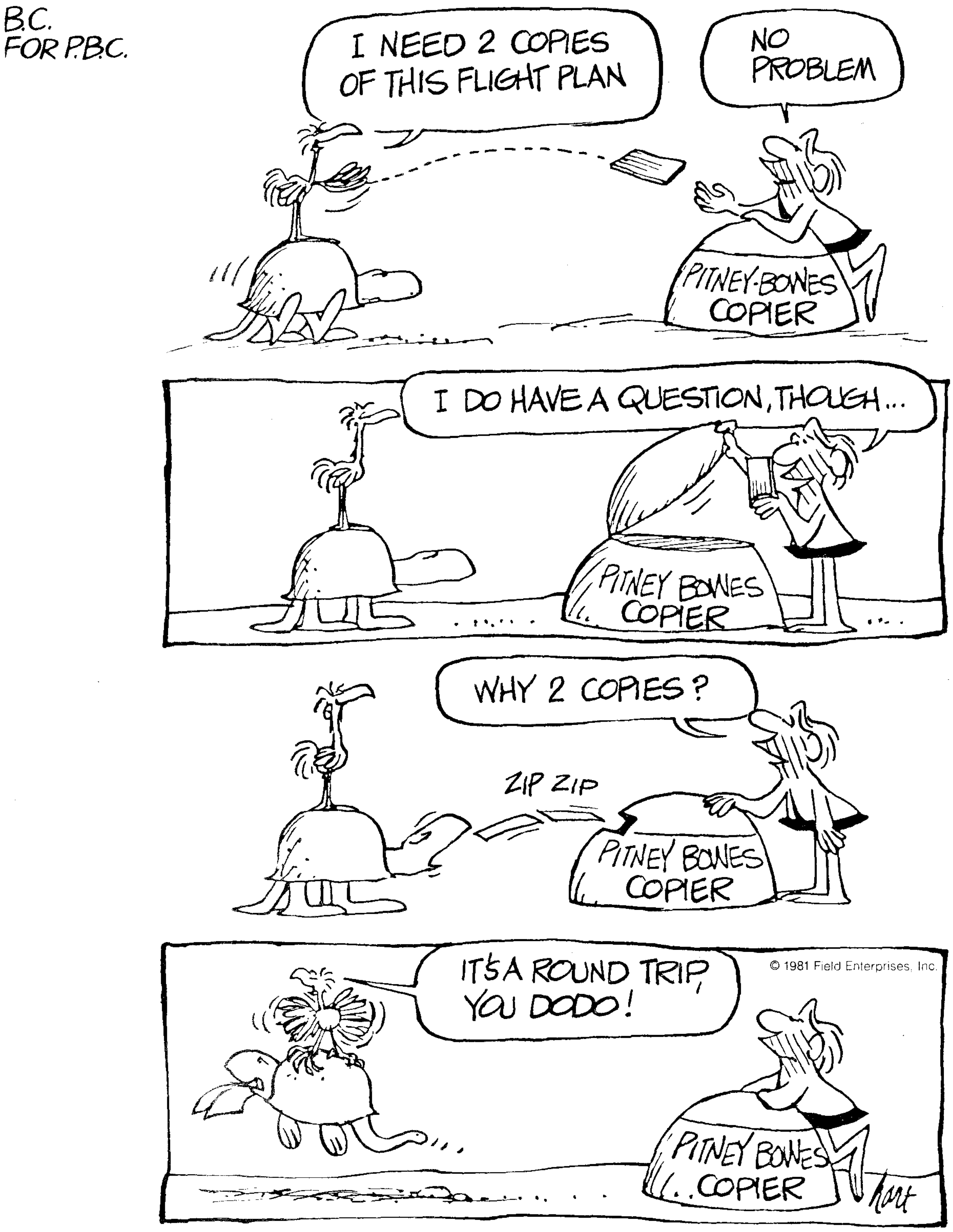
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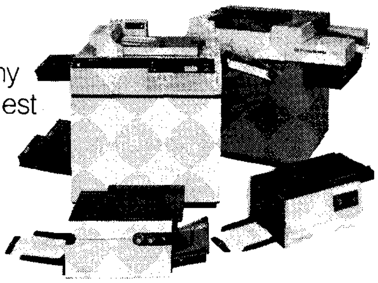

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pockets with ripe prunes while trying to decide how many miles I have traversed, all for that goat. In my absence, Jacinto has been circling the pole, scraping up a heap of rubbish and stones in which his chain is horridly interwoven. Perhaps ten feet of chain is free for activity, of which he takes advantage.

"Why don't you reverse and go the other way, you idiot?" I ask. As I come within range, he unties my shoestring, then tries a few buttons on my shirt and gives my wrist an unpleasantly hard pinch. Next he lowers his head. It appears to be the beginning of a ritual, leading up to a climax. I quickly tap one of his horns with the hatchet, and he rears up on his hind feet in a dramatic show of superior strength. He jumps into the air, flying sideways; he bends down and tosses the earth; he hooks the tines of the steel rake and drags it as far as he can; he is excitable, theatric. This is not the moment to kick him, even carefully. I hand him a ripe prune.

Seizing my chance, I begin to hack at the troublesome stub catching his chain. Standing on top of a boulder by the streambed, Jacinto watches attentively, then reaches down to nip me. I tap his horns, and together, with dodging on my part, we get the stub out and I throw it across the streambed into the orchard. But can I reach the rake without being charged? There is a threatening light in the goat's eye. He is in gallant shape. As for me, I have nothing to support me but human confusion and haste. Not daring to be deliberate and thereby give him the impression that I am timid, I make a quick sally and get the rake but drop the hatchet. Jacinto turns his interest to that tool. Ah! A clear field, the opponent distracted, and my own nerves a trifle restored. Now to get those sticks out of the chain, gather up the rubbish, and make a pile—one, two, three piles—while I sidestep Jacinto, cajoling him with flattery and tossing ripe prunes at him at critical points.

AT last, beyond belief, I have got the mess into the orchard, where rain, wind, sun, and even the soft glimmer of the moon will attend to the grand finalities of dissolution. I am close to collapse, and Jacinto is beginning to dance again. Snatching my tools, I throw them ahead of me up the side of the ravine toward the road. Using the barley bucket as a shield, I crawl up the bank, pulling the heavy

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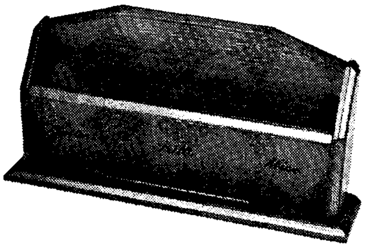

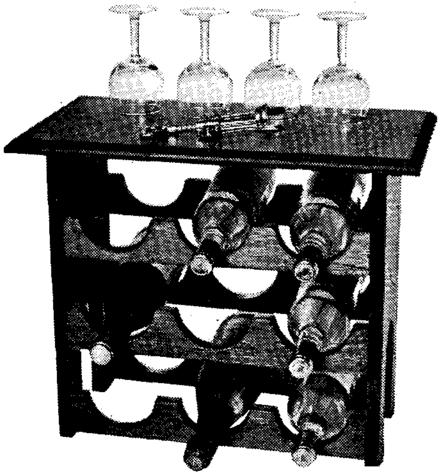

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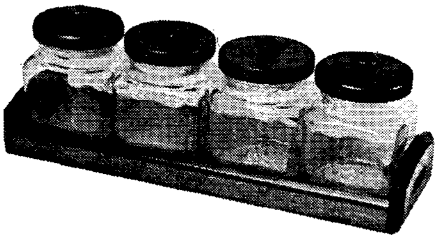

French Officers Spice Cannisters
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rake. I am entitled now to the proverbial long-drawn breath, and I enjoy it deeply, out of the goat's radius. I am modestly satisfied with what I have done. I have coped. Now, like Mrs. Porter and her daughter, I am on my way to a bath in soda water, that old almanac remedy for poison oak. But wait! Water! Jacinto needs water, I suddenly remember, and at that moment a scornful bleat causes me to look down into the ravine.

My rake has dislodged another stub of poison oak that was overlooked in the strenuous and excited affair of redding up the environment. The goat's chain, like a busy snake, is already winding around it, and he is captive again. The stub rears; it must be strong and permanent. Around it goes Jacinto, and around a tree nearby, uniting all three—goat, stub, and tree—in a trinity that defies me. At least I see the truth: I have not coped. To admit failure is a kind of refreshment, and under the stifling warmth of my hat I feel a revelation of cool air. Leaving the long loppers at the road—they look adequate for the new stub—I jog crazily back to the house, dragging the other tools, and return with a bucket full of water.

Embracing the bucket with its water, I slosh as discreetly as possible down the bank. While Jacinto takes a drink, I turn to cut the stub. My loppers! I toil my way up the bank to the road, seize them in both hands, and slide down with a loud cry. Jacinto is still drinking. He drinks a great deal of water. *Now* I cut the last cursed stub as far down into the hard earth as I can manage. But where can the bucket stand and not be pulled over by the chain? I collect some heavy stones and throw them into the remaining water. Mud! Removing the stones at once, I say sternly to the bucket, "Stay," as to a well-trained dog. Then, for the ultimate time, I haul myself up the bank and crawl onto the road. I swear to myself that the ravine has deepened and steepened under the continual passage of me and my conscience. Never underestimate the geological power of a woman. At last, can I go home?

The loppers are with me, but I have lost a good glove. I dare to look back, and Jacinto is tasting it. Shall I give him my hat, with Fred's congratulations? Not until I cut off the pretty salty shells to keep. "Do not look back again," I say to myself. Perhaps I am a little tired, for things are floating in and out of my head as I sit for just a

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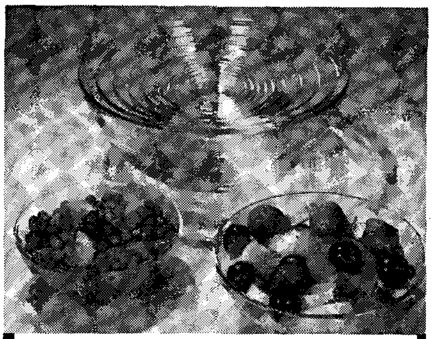

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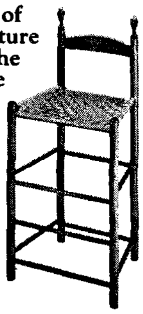

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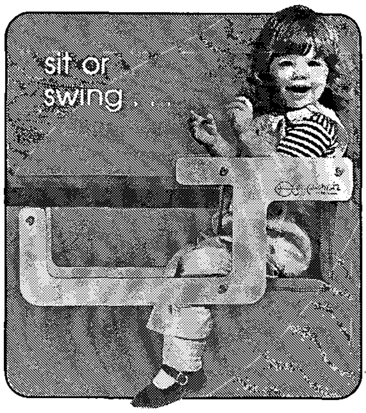

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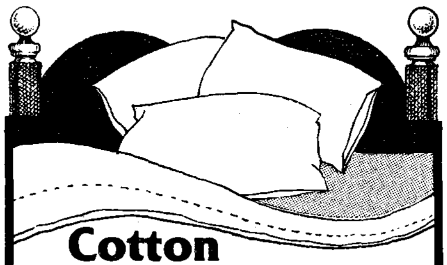

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moment, resting at the edge of the road. It is full summer, that random, dreamy weather when stems loosen and the tiny veins in leaves begin to dry. I stand up and steal one more look down at Jacinto. He looks up at me, and we stare at each other with a long stare. Although I am standing so far above him, his gaze is one of complete condescension. I have not expected gratitude for my foolish hard labors, but neither have I anticipated being snubbed by a rowdy billy goat. Yet I will not forget the expression in his timeless eyes. I will eventually feel well endowed by the recollection that his haughty, transparent concentration of lens and light has been, and without stint, directed at me.

I HURRY home, and, with a glad sigh of renunciation, I stop in the garden and hang my hat on an agave leaf. The agave plant—the enormous species sometimes called century plant—would look silly with a sunbonnet hung on it, but both the plant and my hat come from below the border, and in the garden their related origins are visible.

As I go in the kitchen door, Fred greets me. "You appear to be in need of food and drink. First of all, drink," he says.

"It's the truth," I say, as I gratefully sink onto a reliable kitchen chair, a support that does not require climbing up or sliding down.

Fred mops my damp cheek. "Had enough of that goat?" he inquires sympathetically.

"Definitely for today," I say. "But actually I've made a discovery."

"World-changing? Planet-shaking?"

I try to sound deliberate and full of significant thoughts. "Well, no. Just a bizarre discovery."

"I like that kind." Fred takes a bottle of Johannisberg Riesling from the refrigerator.

I pause, hoping to stir his curiosity, but an idea that has sneaked into my mind as I walked to the house is ready to be communicated. I begin with a flourish. "That goat of yours—"

"Wait a minute. This begins badly. It sounds like a liability suit. Am I protected? Anyway, the goat belongs to you."

"No, he doesn't. He belongs to John."

"So he does. Proceed."

"Well, then, the goat of our son John . . . Are you listening?"

"A little." Fred is busy putting

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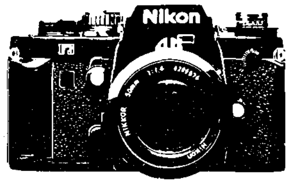

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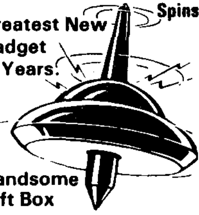

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wineglasses in the freezer compartment to chill them quickly. "Go on." He starts rummaging for a box of tostadas.

"Next shelf," I say. Then portentously, and taking my time, "That goat . . . looks like . . . Ezra Pound!"

For the second time my husband is laughing at me, and if I have any image of myself as a winged messenger bringing home important news I immediately know better.

"And you think," I ask, "that the presence on our property of such a phenomenon is merely funny?"

"But I've always thought he looked like Ezra Pound."

"Then why didn't you ever say so?"

"It seemed too splendidly disrespectful."

"To whom?"

Fred is still laughing, and hands me a glass of Riesling. "Rejoice," he says.

I accept the wine happily, and then I am overcome by a sudden rush of loyalty. "You know very well," I say with dignity, "that Jacinto is a great goat."

"A great goat! What's so great about Jacinto? Let's get this straight. A self-infatuated animal."

"Well, just a little."

"And always opinionated."

"Just about a few things."

"*And* full of tantrums."

"You should have seen him dancing."

"*And* full of sin."

"He enjoys it."

"Without doubt he ate the *Calochortus.*"

"He wasn't even begotten yet!"

"All right, all right," concedes Fred. "And when does the great Jacinto start writing cantos?"

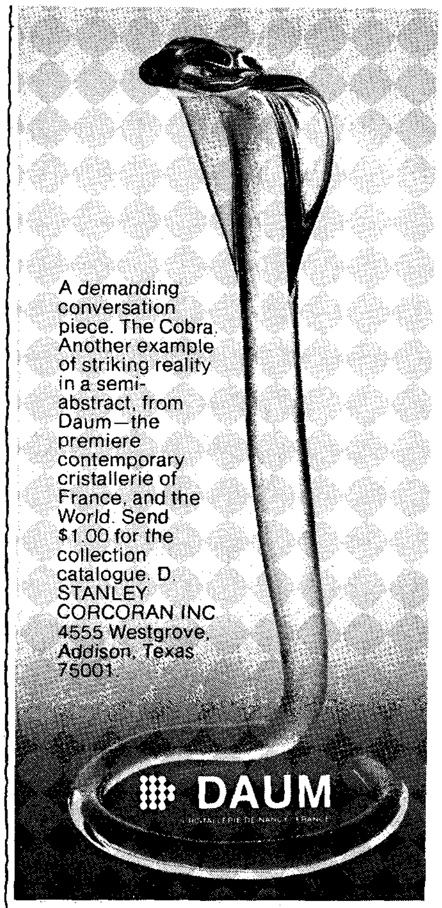
The perfect question, the demolisher. So often I am demolished by my husband's wonderful unanswerable questions. This time I am going to hang on. "When does Jacinto start writing cantos?" I say carefully, as I lift my glass of cold glowing wine. "Any day. Just any day now."

—HILDEGARDE FLANNER

•

Lastly, Lewis Hill, Regional Transportation Authority chairman, probably thinks he has a bit of a problem communicating the RTA's woes to the General Assembly. Not to worry. Rep. Donald Deuster has it all figured out. "Your problem can be summed up in three little words," Deuster said. "You need more money."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Make it four and their troubles are over.



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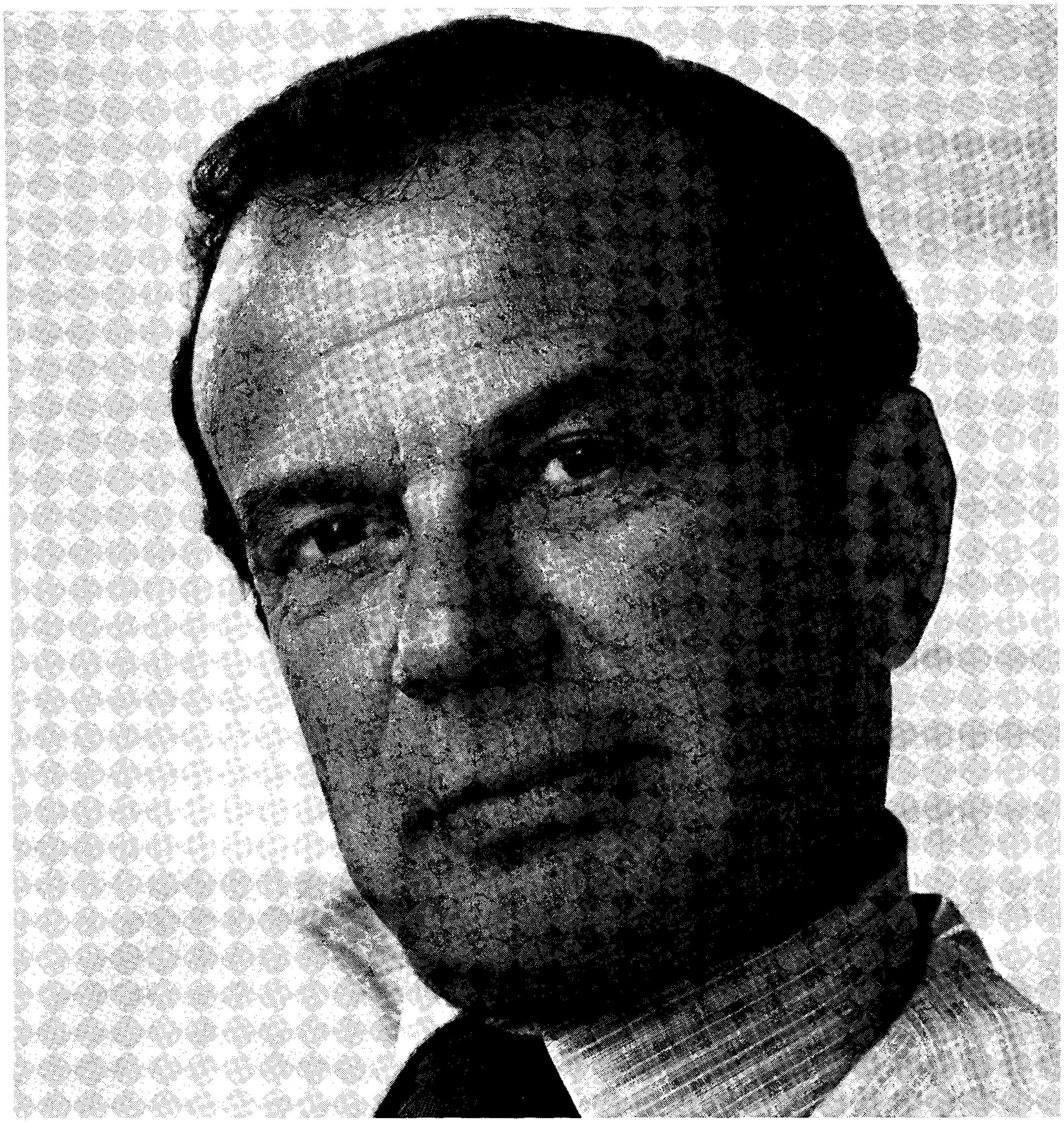

Michael Ephron, Executive Vice President and Media Programming Director, Scali, McCabe, Sloves

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THE AIR

Memoirs of the Cable Revolution

The Wiring Begins

AFTER the suburbs fell in early August, there was a deceptive period of quiet, lasting for several weeks. The heat, of course, was terrible that month. Citizens took their holidays as usual. Indeed, some said the parks and beaches had never been more crowded. The reception for the Spanish sea cadets down at the old wharf went on as scheduled. Meanwhile, inside the imperfectly cooled Municipal Building the City Council (though lately weakened by the resignation of the three Public Television councilmen) met each afternoon in a vain effort to thrash out the crucial question of the franchises. Mayor Pompano, eighty-two years old that summer, who as a young man had once fought side by side with A. H. Brodnick for UHF deregulation, now seemed uncertain—even ambivalent—on the matter of private access. Predictably, the crypto-Communists attempted to destabilize the debate on monthly service fees by raising (and not for the first time!) the spectre of unlicensed decoders. Even as reports began to reach the business district indicating the movement of street-furrowing equipment toward the city, a final compromise was being sought beneath the slowly turning overhead fans of the Municipal Building—only to slip away before morning. In any case, the accord (which the crypto-Communists would certainly have disavowed) would surely have come too late. Forty-five minutes before dawn on the morning of September 3rd, the first thunderous barrage of applications landed, followed by a lightninglike refranchising of the outlying boroughs. By noon, Mayor Pompano had resigned. The wiring of the city had begun.

The Early Days

IT must be admitted that in those early days of the revolution there was a feeling of excitement, even of expectancy, in many quarters. Sometimes in the evening, after dinner, L. and I would go up to the roof of L.'s apartment building (where dozens of the old TV aerials still stood—rusty relics of a past many of us were now trying to forget) and listen to the sound of the machines working their way in from the outskirts. With a little practice, you could tell the sturdy growl of the Smith-Ferguson street-furrowers from the implacable *crunch-crunch-crunch* of the huge Japanese-built KK-120s, still grimy from the streets of Pittsburgh. "You know, I can't believe the networks have let it go so easily," L. said to me one night beneath the stars, her hand in mine. Later, we lay in bed together and listened to the trains bringin the great drums of cable in from th north.

L.'s Childhood

L. WAS a true child of the revolu tion, although, perhaps typicall she had grown up in a tradition network household. Actually, her fa ther until his retirement had been minor functionary in one of th network offices—a time buyer for th Mid-Atlantic Region. As such, he wa clearly not the worst of his clas obedient and deferential, no doubt, i his dealings with his superiors but home apparently not averse to som times switching from "The Bob Ho Christmas Show" to an episode "The Defenders." On occasion, would speak to me in private moment and not without some tenderness, of youth spent watching "Captain Ka garoo" and "Mister Ed" and ' Dream of Jeannie." But inevitably t bitterness would break into the ope interrupting the flow of childho reminiscences. "Can you believe," s once said to me loudly, her eyes gli tening with tears—and not tears compassion, either—"that their h rizons were so bounded by the ele tromagnetic spectrum! Can y imagine that all we knew were *twel* channels when all along there were *many others* out there!"

L. Breaks with Her Parents

ONE afternoon, when the wiri of the city was in its third wee L.'s parents came by unannounce unexpectedly, the two of them stan ing out on the sidewalk rather like elderly set of twins, both in overco despite the Indian-summer heat, wi two matching pink Globetrotter su cases behind them on the sidewalk.

"There's no point coming here," said. "We don't have the cable yet."

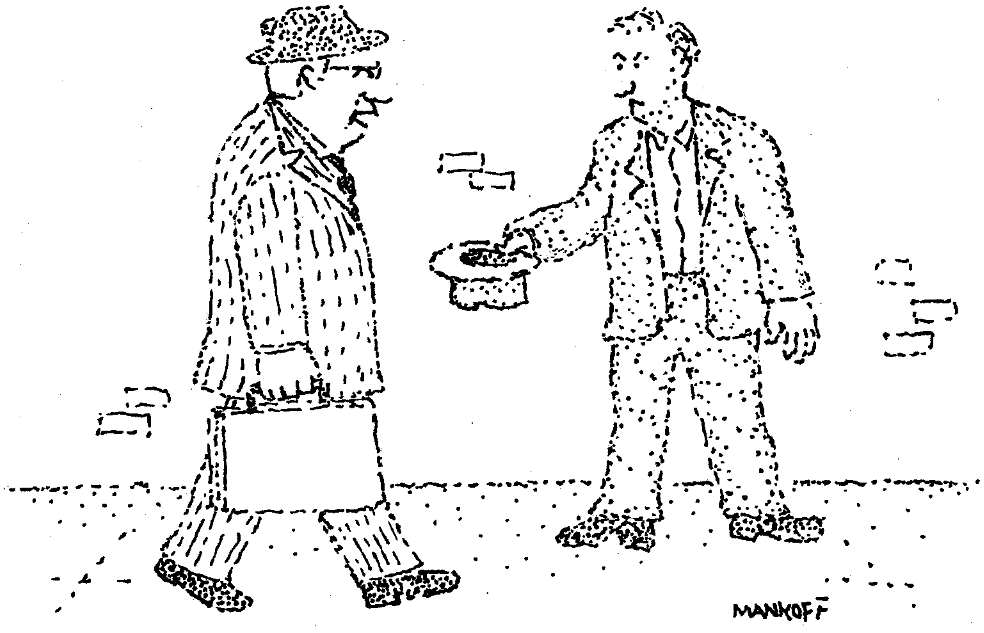
"He doesn't want the cable," h mother said, clutching L.'s father the sleeve. "He wants to go away. wants us to leave."

Her father suddenly spoke. "We ready have all the cable anyone needs

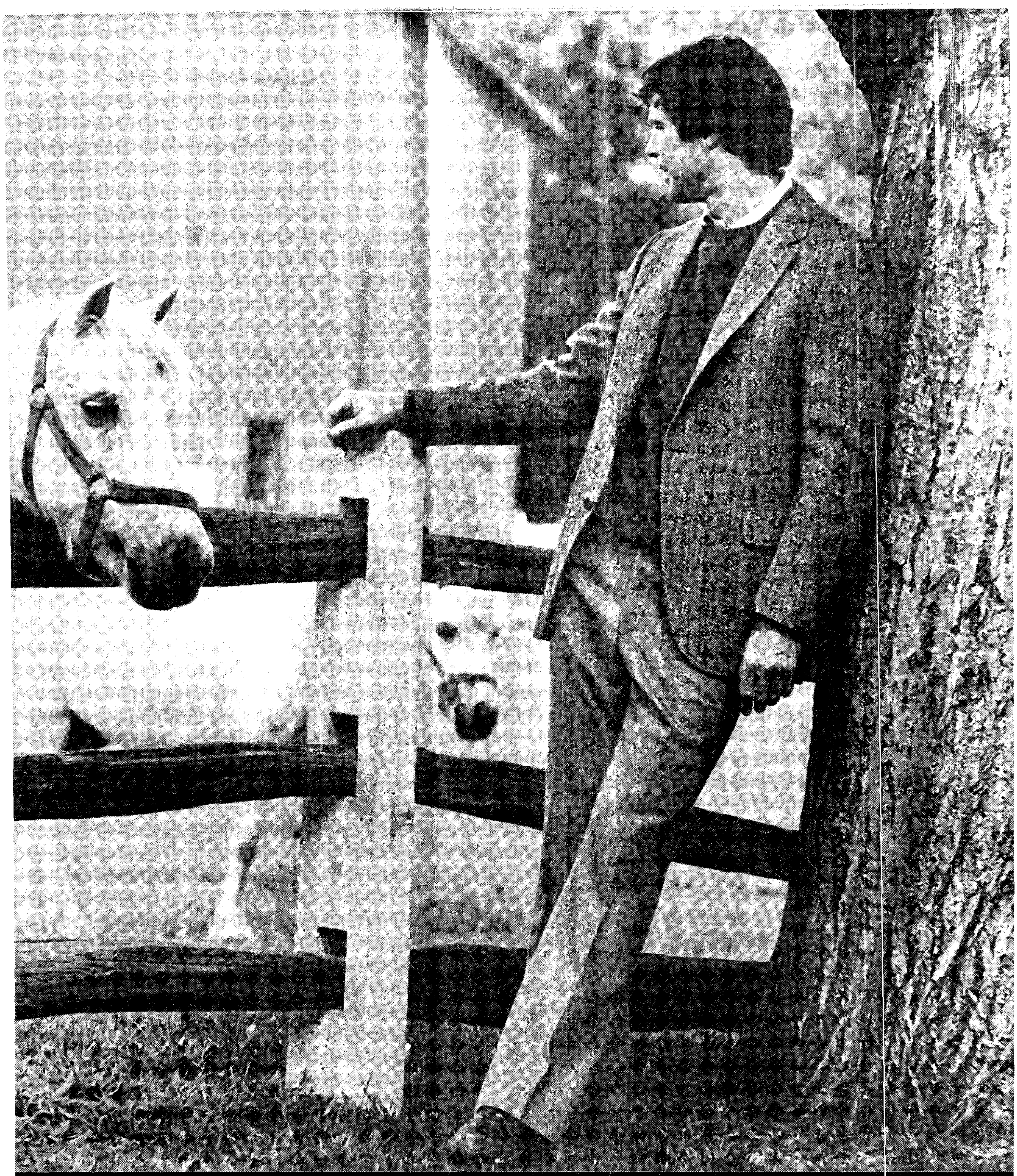
"Oh, don't speak to me again abo that coaxial cable," L. said coldly. S could be as hard as steel when s wanted to be.

"It was good enough for you wh you were a child," her father sa "Remember the Cuban Missile Cris Remember 'The Defenders.' "

"Where will the two of you get



"For God's sake, man, give the President's program a chance!"



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anyway?" L. said. "In three months, half the country will be wired."

"Half the country!" L.'s father said contemptuously. "The Top Twenty Major Market Areas will never throw in the towel!"

"Chicago was franchised this morning," L. said.

I could see the old man wince. "Miami-Fort Lauderdale will hold the line," he said. "Dayton is rock solid. Look, I know those standup affiliate guys. I watched the first microwave towers go up. Why, I was right there in the control room when they linked Dave Garroway coast to coast."

"Oh God, the coaxial cable again!" said L.

"I'm telling you they'll never give up the coaxial cable," L.'s father said. "Proud link between L.A. and N.Y.!" His eyes began to mist. He looked once more at L. "The last train leaves at 4 P.M.," he said.

"I won't be on it," L. said in a flat voice. We watched them go. Afterward, L. turned to me. "Tell me they'll be all right," she said. "Tell me they'll find adequate reception." But how could I tell her what I didn't know?

The Coaxial Cable Falls

THE truth is, I don't think any of us ever dreamed that events would proceed so swiftly. The coaxial cable was breached at several places—notably in the San Fernando salient—and was finally abandoned on the morning of November 12th. Elderly Network President Pforzheimer, who had recently come before the nation during halftime of "Monday Night Football" to declare that never, on any account, in the course of his administration would he tolerate an interruption of regular programming, was now compelled to reappear (ashen-faced and visibly trembling) during halftime of "Tuesday Night Football" to announce that a very real possibility existed that Super Bowl Sunday might now take place on Thursday, if at all. L. phoned me right away at work. "Can you believe it?" she said breathlessly. "No more Super Bowl Sunday! Then no more Rose Bowl! No more Orange Bowl, Gator Bowl, Hula Bowl, Banana Bowl!" She was laughing, giggling, almost hysterical. We met later on at the café. All she wanted to talk about was software. Afterward, on the sidewalk, we had an argument about voice-data transmission. "Voice-data transmission is not the concern of private citizens," I re-

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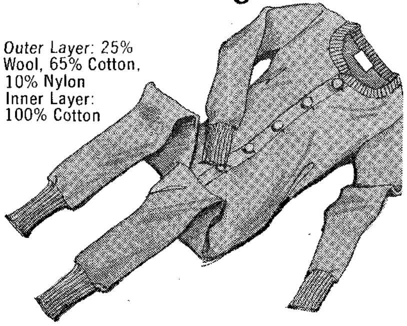

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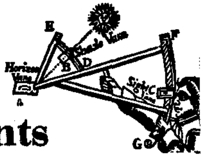

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ember her saying in a harsh, shrill ne I hadn't heard before. In those ys, as far as L. was concerned, the volution could do no wrong.

Finds a New Friend

ROUND that time, L. found a new friend. I'll call him G. He d I had been colleagues long ago at e Fotomat, but now he was serving ith one of the street-furrowing dechments. There's no denying he had forceful personality and a striking anner. In the evenings, I used to ar them upstairs on L.'s roof talking software and access—two-way acss, multiple access, private access, ndom access. Oh, you never knew y two people to go on about software d access as did those two! Once, I ent up to the roof to ask L. if she anted to come down and watch MacNeil-Lehrer discuss transponder leasg on one of the old channels that the vernment still kept open. "Don't u *understand*?" said L., as if speakg to a child. "MacNeil-Lehrer are *anachronism*."

"Surely not!" I blurted out.

G. got to his feet. I noticed that his cks were of different colors. "What e means, old chap, is that with two indred channels virtually available—most around the corner—why ould any of us settle for MacNeil d Lehrer *together* on *one* channel hen any day now you can see *each* of em on his *own* channel?"

"Isn't he brilliant?" L. said. The ct is, I had never seen her quite so ppy.

He Networks Counterattack

N early December (as some of us had feared), with the first snow ginning to fall, the networks struck ck. At first, L. was confident as ual. "The city is nearly wired," she id. "What can they do?" But soon isettling stories started to come in om other franchises. In what was ft of the Phoenix-Tucson Market rea, a band of retired network viceesidents operating as guerrillas unr the leadership of a former CBS essenger known only as "Raul" had cceeded in capturing three KK-120s id unwiring half of Scottsdale before being routed by Warner Cable's w fire, theft, burglary, and countersurgency Home Detection System. In ie of our own outlying boroughs, ere were unconfirmed reports of vionce to some of the cable-fee collecrs. Meanwhile, the snow continued fall. Four of the Smith-Fergusons

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became hopelessly stuck in drifts along the embankment and had to be abandoned. Citizens still without the cable passed battered videodiscs of "Casablanca" from household to household and prayed for the spring thaw. It was at such a juncture that newly elected Network President Goroon appeared, speaking from network field headquarters outside Palm Springs, and announced a dramatic counter-programming offensive. "Battle of the N.F.L. Cheerleaders" was to be regrouped, reorganized, reëquipped with new material (allegedly of advanced Chinese design), and sent out again, as "An Evening of Kabuki Theatre." The regular evening news was to be replaced by permanent live coverage of the International Maritime Commission hearings. Sunday-afternoon sports would carry only high-school soccer, with periodic feeds from unusually interesting junior-college lacrosse contests. "The Merv Griffin Show" would be reprogrammed for midmorning so as to feature three hours of continuous yoga instruction. . . . L.'s face went pale as she heard the news. Then she looked at G. and me. "They'll never get away with it!" she said bravely. But for the first time in months I heard a touch of panic in her voice.

The Revolution Triumphs

L.'S FAITH in the revolution was vindicated, of course. After an initial publicity barrage (which, ironically, destroyed many of the networks' own positions), the counter-programming offensive soon foundered as the vicious January ratings took their toll. By March, Merv Griffin was in traction and President Goroon (along with the N.F.L. cheerleaders) was on the run. Evidently, the revolution was an idea whose time had come: an irreversible tide—as the hot-blooded, though undeniably brilliant, young pro-cable journalist D. Lemoyne Macnamara put it—sweeping all the authoritarian decadence of the old ways before it. Citizens rushed to tear the TV aerials from the roofs and hurl the hated rabbit-ear antennas on bonfires that now blazed in every neighborhood. In certain sections of the city, the cable-laying crews were cheered as they approached. Oh, I can assure you, it was a time of dancing in the streets! Colonel Leo Moon, chairman of the Cable Council, promised fifty channels by Christmas and the addition of fifty more channels every three years until a total of

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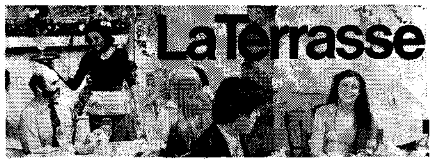

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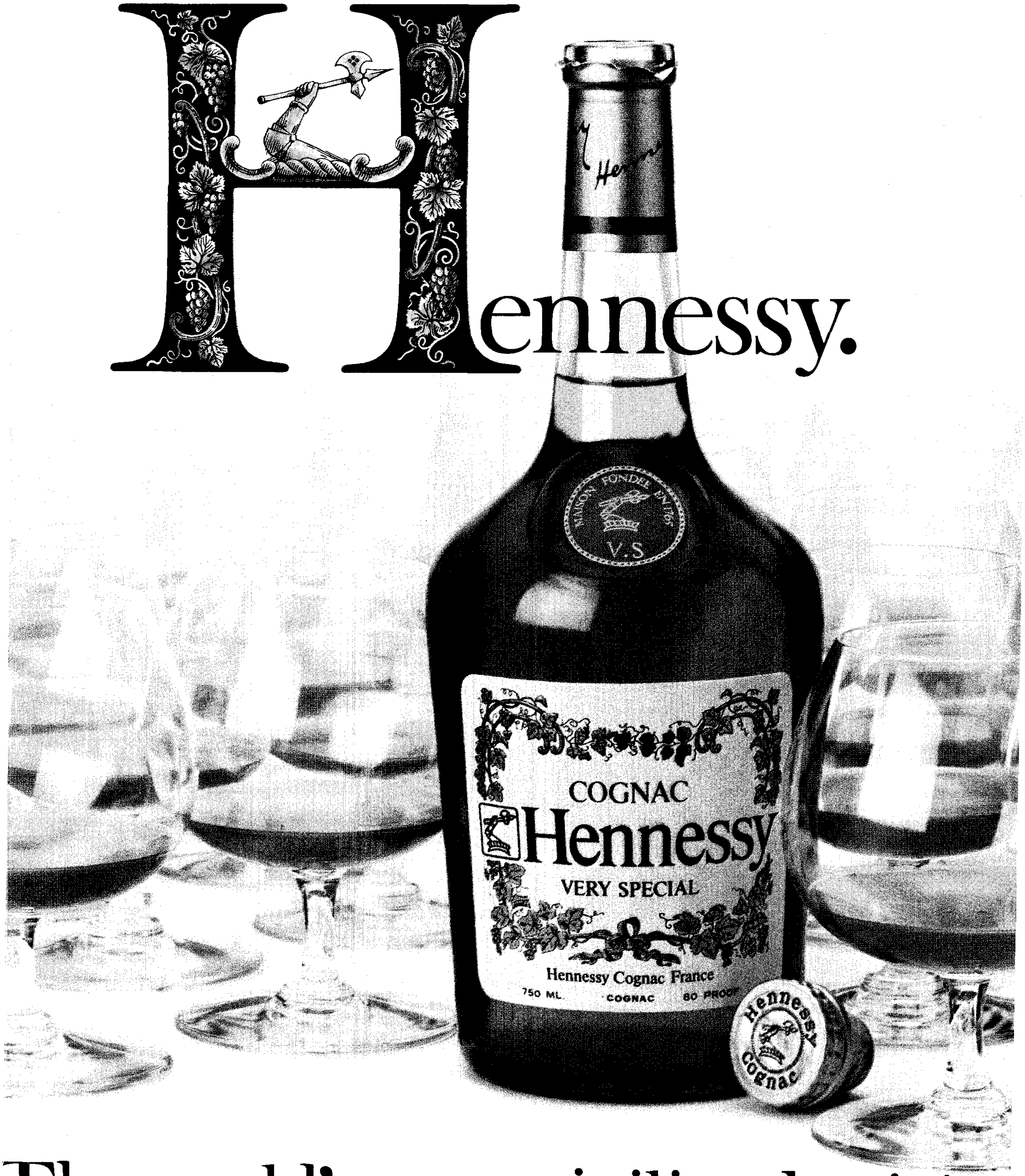

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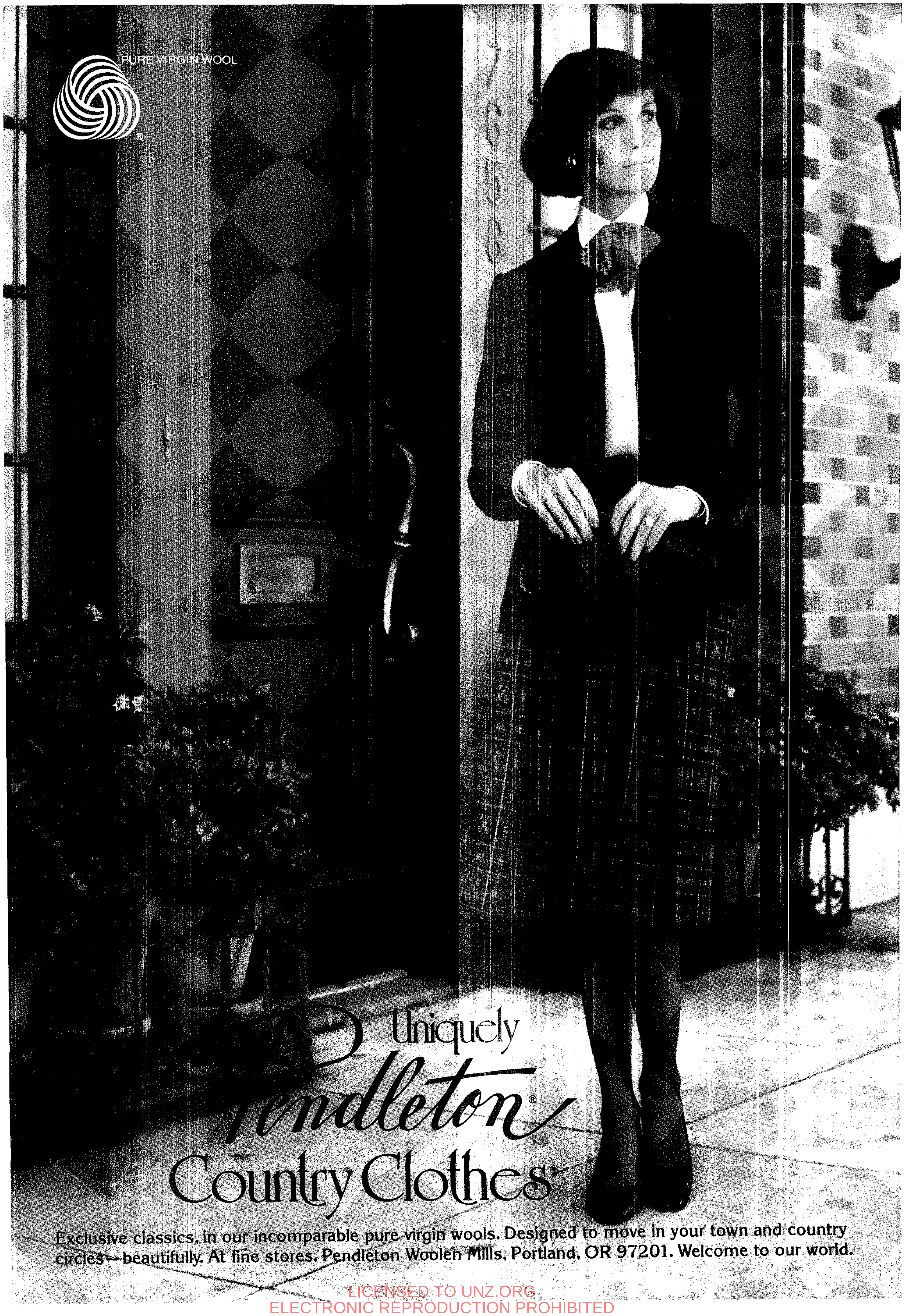
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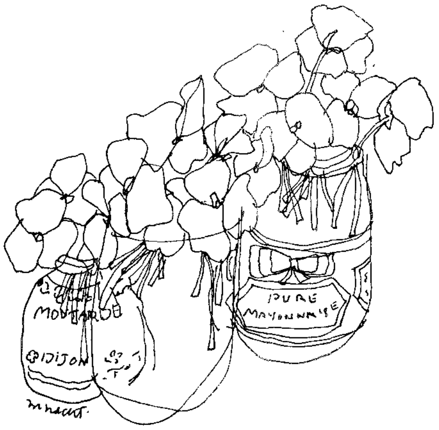
nine hundred should be reached. For the first time, ordinary people began to openly discuss the possibility of a separate channel for every citizen!

A Final Glimpse of L.

ALAS, not all the promises of that rosy revolutionary dawn were to be kept. By the end of the first year, even the perpetually optimistic Colonel Moon was forced to admit that although most citizens had been provided with no fewer than one hundred and fifty channels, at least half of them were devoted to reruns of "Gilligan's Island." Frankly, it was a time of disillusionment, which put a strain on many relationships. I saw L. less and less in those days, though sometimes I glimpsed her at one or another of the software-repair shops that had sprung up around the city. Once, we met, almost by chance, as she was coming out of the Cable Bureau, where it appeared that she now worked as a traffic dispatcher in the Mr. Magoo Section of the Cartoon Division. She was still handsome, with a proud manner, although it seemed to me I noticed a certain look of despair about her eyes. To make conversation, I asked her about G. "Oh, he's all right," she said. "He's a survivor. He has his own franchise." She bit her lip and gave that funny laugh of hers. "It's one of the new public-service outfits. Channel 122. They broadcast thirty hours a week of 'Bob Hope Christmas Shows.' " I must have betrayed a moment's surprise, because she then said quickly, "It's only temporary, of course. I mean, not everyone can get to carry the El Paso Symphony or Hotchkiss wrestling right away." After that, I don't suppose either of us quite knew what to say, and so we went our separate ways. A few months later, I thought I saw her watching in the gallery at the deregulation of former President Goroon; I waved, but she must not have seen



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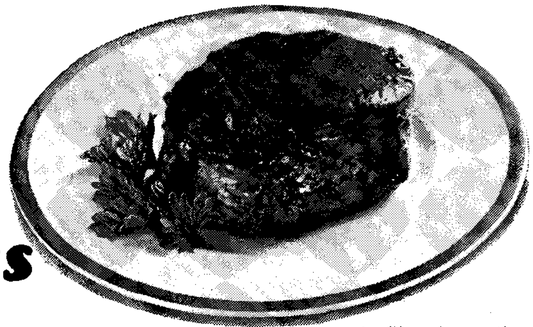

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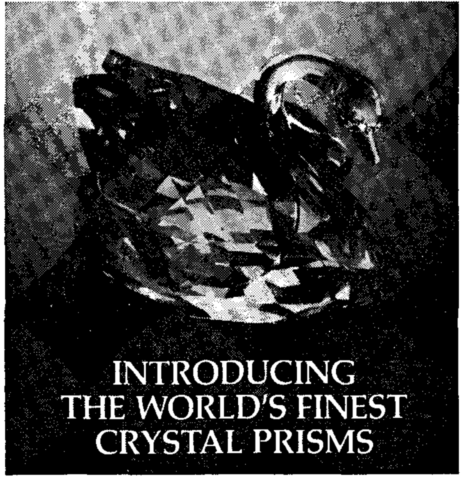

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me. The truth is, we had drifted apart.

Then, one evening, I was sitting at home, as I usually did those days, modulating the equipment, rotating the receiving dish, punching my way in and out of the channels. "Meal of the Week" was on 73—one of the more popular shows of the season, owing, perhaps, to the fact that most restaurants in the city had closed for lack of business. "Best of the Soybean Futures" was on 55. The Waukegan Softcore Players were on 110. "Super Bowl Highlights" (on sale at only seven ninety-five per hour) was on 132. I don't know what long-suppressed anti-revolutionary sentiment caused me to do it, but I suddenly slammed my fist on the control console—meaning, I think, to switch the damn thing off. Instead, I must have hit the button for one of the remote-access channels, because a new image swam hazily into view, as if coming in from a great distance. One face. No, two faces. Two small elderly people—strangely, vaguely familiar—wearing enormous turtleneck sweaters and seated on stools. I punched in the definition control. Slowly but unmistakably, L.'s father and mother came into focus. They appeared to be reading something from a script, though it was hard to hear the lines. I punched in the amplification control.

"A clear case of civil disobedience, it seems to me," L.'s mother was saying, in her singsong tremolo.

"It is my experience, Mr. Preston, that there is no such thing as a clear case of civil disobedience," L.'s father said in his gravelly monotone. "But will you take the case?"

Mr. Preston? Lawrence Preston? Suddenly, I remembered: "The Defenders." Not only were L.'s mother and father alive and well in some remote corner of the country but they were broadcasting readings of "The Defenders"—doubtless by improvised remote access, with the aid of makeshift transponders—to a global audience.

I rushed over to tell L. the news. She met me at the door. Apparently, she had already heard—perhaps she had known for some time. At any rate, her bags were packed and she had a new flush of color in her cheeks. "They're in Dayton," she said, "with one hundred and eighty thousand subscribers, not counting Third World linkup. I'm going to join them." I went with her downstairs. "Come with me," she said.

"I can't," I said. "My work is

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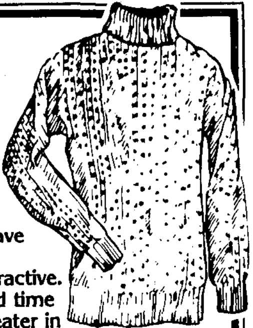

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here." Which was no more than the truth.

We shook hands then, the way one does at final partings, and she left. I stood there for a while, watching her walk away from me, the suitcases bravely banging against her knees, and then went home, humming the slow middle movement from "The Untouchables" theme, a bit pensive, possibly wiser, and, fortunately, in time to catch the last show from the Hempstead Dinner Theatre on Channel 168.

—Michael J. Arlen

I NEED HELP

For all the insomniacs in the world
I want to build a new kind of machine
For flying out of the body at night.
This will win peace prizes, I know it,
But I can't do it myself; I'm exhausted,
I need help from the inventors.

I admit I'm desperate, I know
That the legs in my legs are trembling
And the skeleton wants out of my body
Because the night of the rock has fallen.
I want someone to lower a huge pulley
And hoist it back over the mountain

Because I can't do it alone. It is
So dark out here that I'm staggering
Down the street like a drunk or a cripple.
I'm almost a hunchback from trying to hold up
The sky by myself. The clouds are enormous
And I need strength from the weight lifters.

How many nights can I go on like this
Without a single light from the sky: no moon,
No stars, not even one dingy street lamp?
I want to hold a rummage sale for the clouds
And send up flashlights, matchbooks, kerosene,
And old lanterns. I need bright, fiery donations.

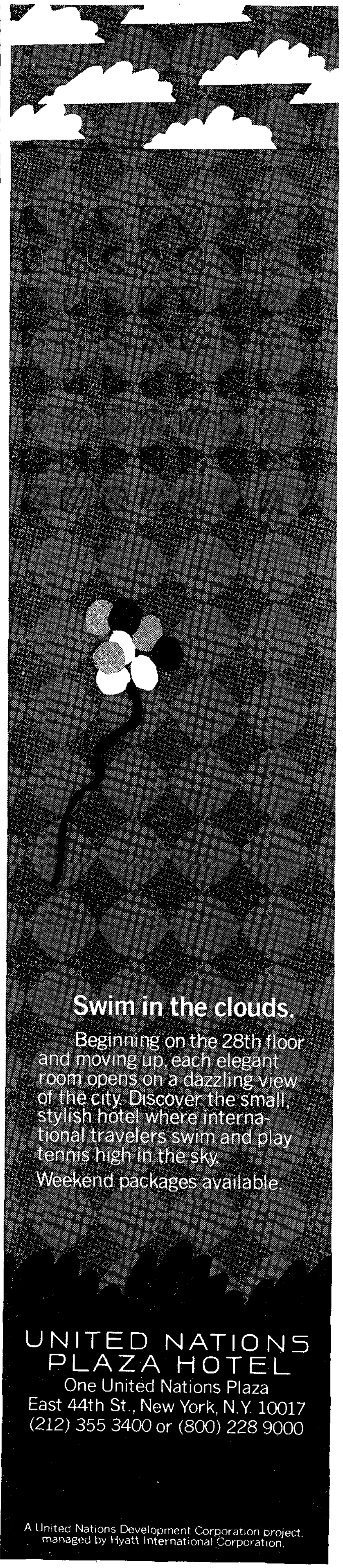
And how many nights can I go on walking
Through the garden like a ghost listening
To flowers gasping in the dirt—small mouths
Gulping for air like tiny black asthmatics
Fighting their bodies, eating the wind?
I need the green thumbs of a gardener.

And I need help from the judges. Tonight
I want to court-martial the dark faces
That flare up under the heavy grasses—
So many blank moons, so many dead mouths
Holding their breath in the shallow ground,
Almost breathing. I have no idea why

My own face is never among them, but
I want to stop blaming myself for this.
I want to hear the hard gavel in my chest
Pounding the verdict "Not guilty as charged,"
But I can't do this alone, I need help
From the serious men in black robes.

And because I can't lift the enormous weight
Of this enormous night from my shoulders
I need help from the six pallbearers of sleep
Who rise out of the slow, vacant shadows
To hoist the body into an empty coffin.
I need their help to fly out of myself.

—Edward Hirsch



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Leading Ladies

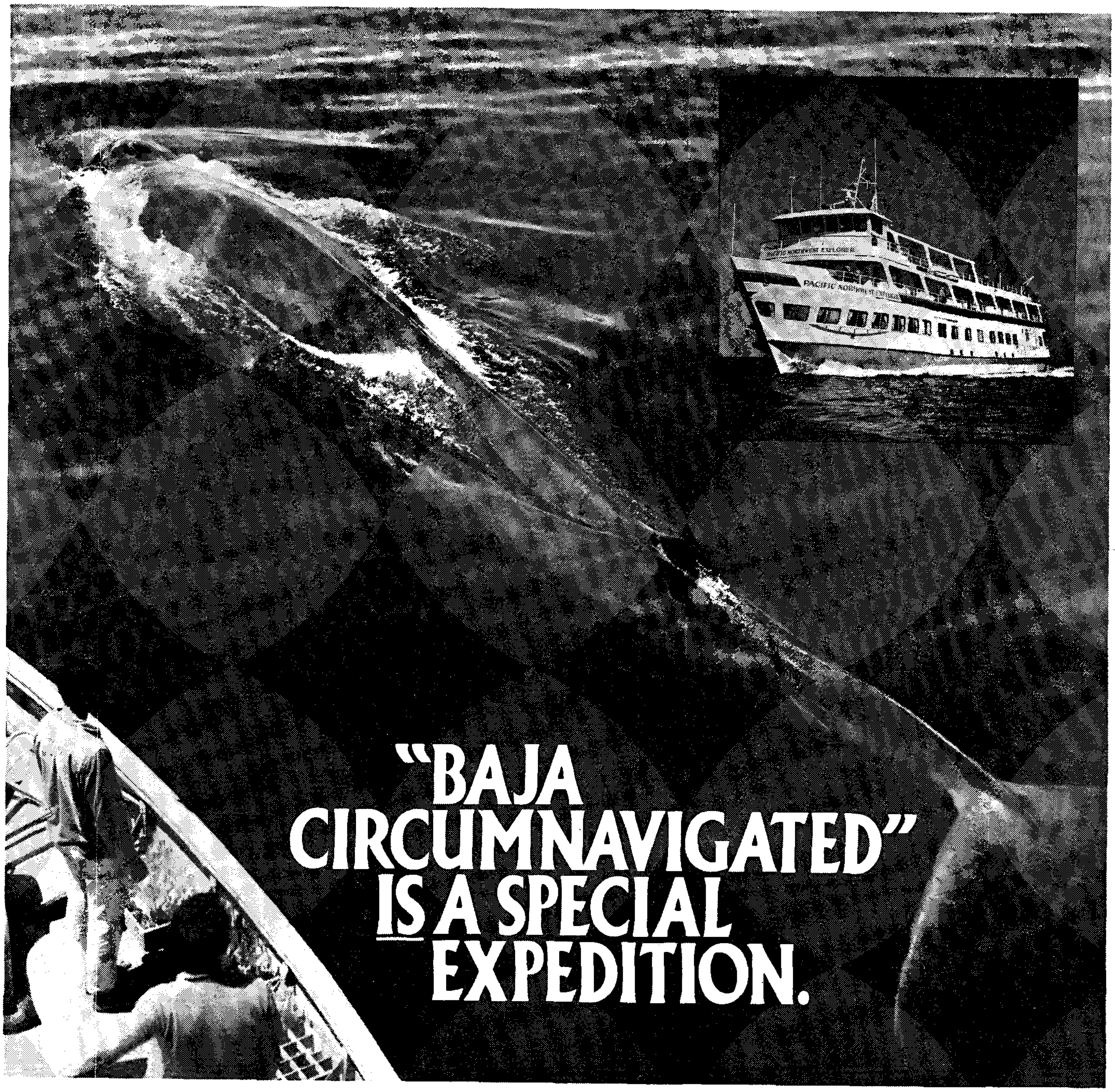
IT was unwise of the Metropolitan Opera to open the season with Bellini's "Norma" without having engaged a soprano equipped to meet the challenges of the leading part. Renata Scotto essayed it, and she came to grief. During the last decade, she has undertaken the tremendous role several times—in Turin, Palermo, Cincinnati, Houston, Philadelphia, Florence, and Vienna—but she had not sung it before in New York. Nature endowed Miss Scotto with a delightful lyric soprano. She made her London début in 1956, singing as promising and pretty a Mimì, Violetta, Adina, Lucia, and Donna Elvira as one could hope to hear. With careful nurture, voices grow. Nine years later, Miss Scotto reached the Met as a bewitching Butterfly. But soon thereafter she began to move into a still heavier repertory and to gain force at the cost of freshness, purity of timbre, and evenness of dynamic flow. In 1972, I praised in these pages the dramatic force she brought to a Carnegie Hall "Lombardi," but feared lest "artistic ambition lead her to punish that beautiful voice."

Various paths lead to the Norma summit. The opera's seconda donna, Adalgisa, was evidently conceived by Bellini for what we might call a soprano d'agilità (although in his day there was less categorizing: Amina, in "La Sonnambula," and Norma were composed for the same singer, Giuditta Pasta). His first Adalgisa, Giulia Grisi, soon became a famous Norma. Giuseppina Strepponi, later Verdi's wife, sang Adalgisa in 1835 and Norma the following year. The great Lilli Lehmann, the Met's first Norma, sang the comprimaria role of Clotilde, Norma's handmaid, in her early Prague seasons (1866-68) and then Adalgisa before—having mastered Donna Anna, Beethoven's Leonore, and Isolde—she felt herself ready to tackle Norma, a role she deemed "ten times as exacting as Leonore." In our day, Joan Sutherland has sung both Clotilde and Norma, bypassing Adalgisa; mezzo-sopranos have long since appropriated that role (which in the early years of the phonograph we find recorded by Lakmés, Gildas), and at least two of them—Shirley Verrett and, notably, Grace Bumbry—have made the ascent to Norma. But Normas are not easily found. An essay in the opening-night program recalls that the first eight decades of Met history produced only five—Lehmann, Rosa Ponselle, Gina Cigna, Zinka Milanov, and Maria Callas. Thirty-five years elapsed between Lehmann's Norma and Ponselle's, and it was only in her tenth Met season that Ponselle undertook the part. After Ponselle, Kirsten Flagstad learned it but decided against singing it; Dusolina Giannini took it as far as a dress rehearsal and then withdrew. In the past Met decade, however, there have been six different Normas, and each of them has had something to offer. We should not conclude that heroines qualified to don the druidess's mantle have suddenly become abundant. Richard Bonynge, introducing Miss Sutherland's recording of the opera, summarized the role's requirements as "the greatest dramatic ability, superhuman emotional resources, the greatest bel-canto technique, a voice of quality and size, and I dare say many more attributes as well." And Ester Mazzoleni, a celebrated Norma of the nineteen-tens and twenties, remarked in a 1977 *Opera News* interview:

"I'm informed and sagacious, but I'm no fun. Is that it?"

> I simply cannot understand what is happening nowadays. They all sing Norma—the coloraturas like Deutekom, Sutherland, and Sills, the lyrics like Scotto and Cioni, the spintos like Caballé, whom I admire in certain roles very much. But how can they do justice to this terrifying score? It is a travesty of what Bellini wrote, and the audience takes a lot of punishment.

The Met audience did. Miss Scotto is a serious and determined artist. If will alone could have driven her voice through the music, it would evidently have done so. But "Casta Diva" was a disaster. Sustained notes were often unsteady. The repeated A's at the climax lurched over, both times, into a sharp and strident B-flat, a curdled scream. The descending scales of the cabaletta were slithers. At coloratura passages she grabbed—and missed. By intention, the performance was powerful, earnest, and never perfunctory; Miss Scotto plainly does not share Beverly Sills' opinion, set out in her autobiography, "Bubbles," that "Norma is not a very difficult role" and that "there are some lines . . . that always make me want to giggle." Miss Scotto was strongest in fierce declamatory recitative, as in the exchanges with Adalgisa before "Mira, o Norma." In passages of sustained melodic forcefulness, she pushed her voice to its limits. There was nothing in reserve to compass changes of color; everything was delivered in one hard, clear, high-pressure tone. Elsewhere, there were soft, gentle, floating notes, and some of them were beautiful. But, through either miscalculation or technical trouble, the "thread of voice"—a necessary weapon in any Norma's armory—was not evenly spun, and im-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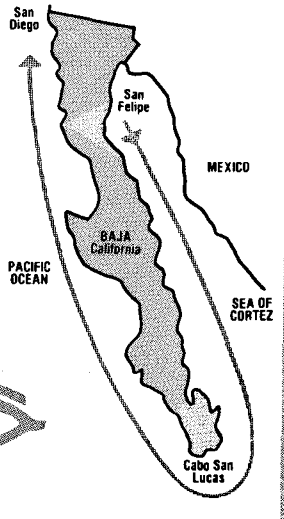
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portant statements faded in and out of audibility. Estimates of Miss Scotto's acting differ. The dear, bright little bundle of earlier days has acquired a grand manner that sits oddly on her small frame. I tend to admire it. She does everything so confidently. But I see why some people think it slips into the absurd.

Adalgisa was Tatiana Troyanos—a new Met assumption, though she sang the part with Caballé at La Scala four years ago. It lies high for her; the peak notes were reached, but they were pretty raw. She is a gauche actress. There is a rich sound to her voice. I wish she would essay the sustained A-flat of the phrase "Io l'obbliai" with the "*messa di voce assai lunga*" that Bellini asks for, instead of just belting it out. Placido Domingo recorded the part of Pollio in 1973, with Caballé, but he has waited eight years to bring it to the stage. He began badly, blaring out the conversational remarks to his friend Flavius as if he were an Othello embarking on "Esultate!" The subsequent aria was rough and loud, though his tone was fine. In the duet with Adalgisa, he seemed to have overlooked the instruction "*con tutta la tenerezza*." In a plain, blunt way, however, he offered a passable performance. Bonaldo Giaiotti's Oroveso was passable, too, provided one didn't look for the nobility and grandeur with which the role can be invested.

No one seemed very much interested in anyone else, and the drama dragged. If Miss Scotto's technical execution was faulty, the others lacked delicacy, refinement—the individual touches, vocal and dramatic, by which imaginative singers bring Bellini's opera to life. The approach of the conductor, James Levine, did not encourage them to finesse. He laid out foursquare metronomic rhythms. He was energetic and assured, and less crude than in his 1973 recording (with Sills as its heroine), but he showed almost no feeling for sensitive, flexible shaping of Bellini's melodies. The staging, by Fabrizio Melano, was plain and for the most part inoffensive. But without batting an eyelid the chorus heard the news that its priestess had broken her vows and betrayed her country. A spread-eagled sacrificial victim dominating the first scene struck a false note. Desmond Heeley had revised his scenery, but not sufficiently in accordance with the requirements of the plot. There was no sacred oak for Norma to cull mistletoe from. (They brought her a pre-cut bunch.) There

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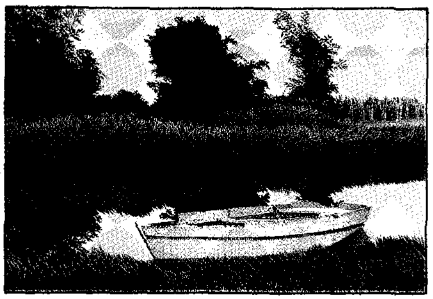
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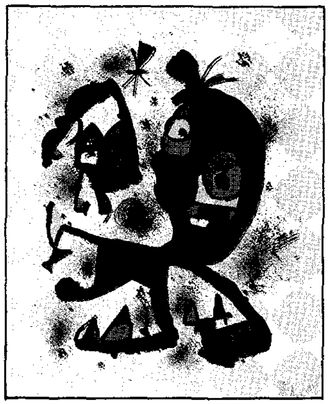
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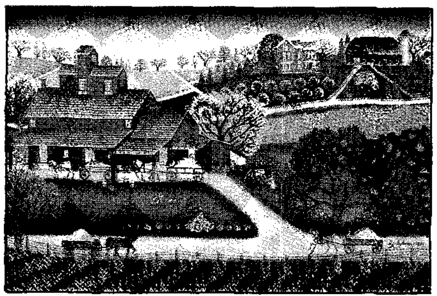
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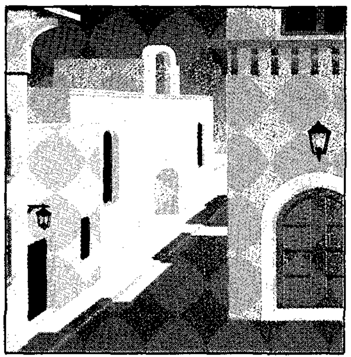
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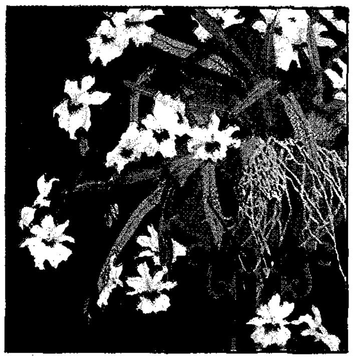
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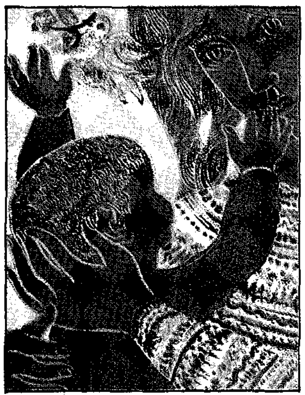
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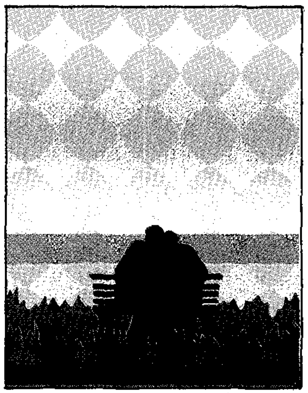
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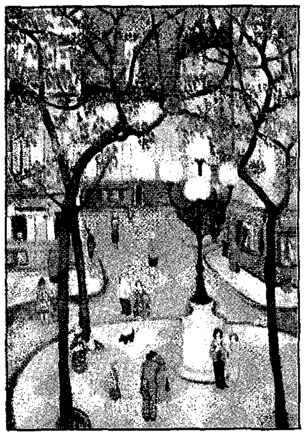
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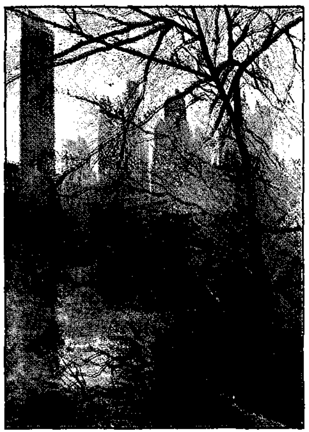
José Martí's *Cityscape*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 225.

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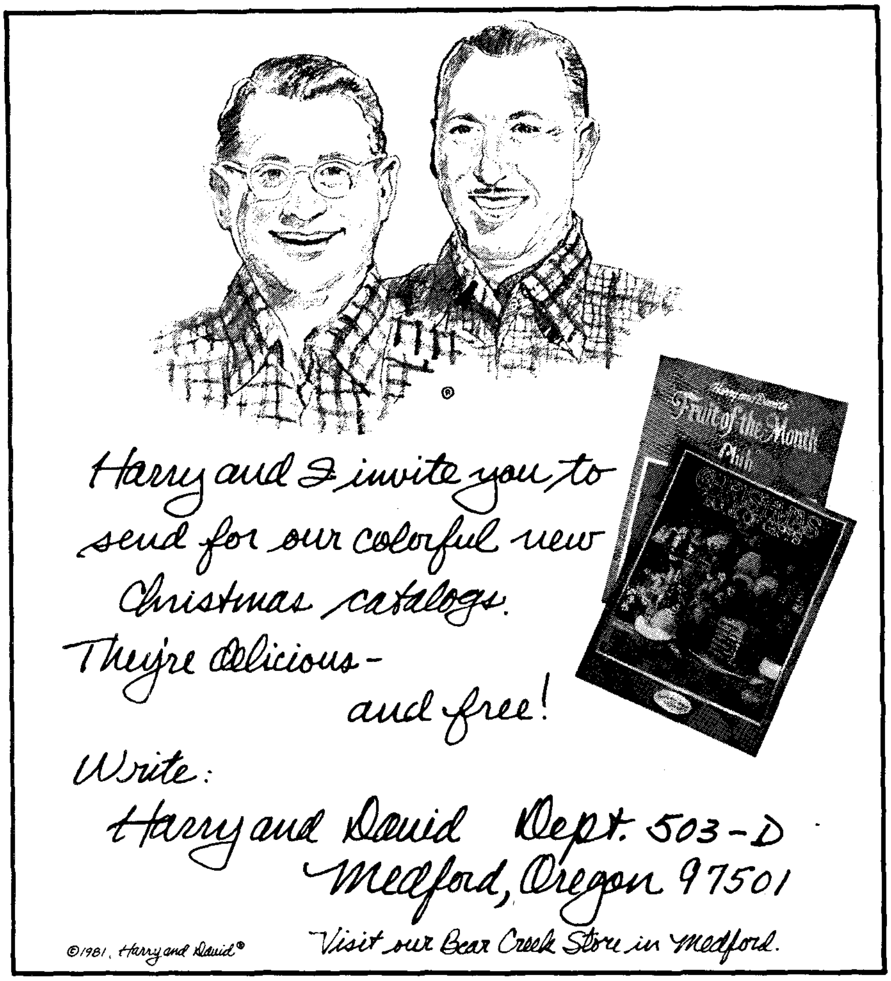
was no bronze shield for her to strike. (She gestured toward a gong in the sky.) Two of the prescribed settings—the "luogo solitario" and the "tempio d'Irminsul"—are dispensed with; both scenes were played back in the "foresta sacra" of the opening.

ABIGAIL, the heroine of Verdi's third opera (and first great success), "Nabucco," is a shorter role than Norma, but while it lasts it makes vocal demands on its singer scarcely less extreme. Indeed, it asks for even more in the way of vigorous leaps (up to two octaves in extent), violent declamation, and extravagant dynamic contrasts. Abigail's scena ed aria "Anch'io dischiuso un giorno" is a "Casta Diva" recomposed in the *canto d'azione* that Verdi's contemporaries recognized as something new; in her duet with Nabucco, she takes up and extends a fiendish roulade cadence of Norma's in her duet with Pollio; and her death scene quotes the "Casta Diva" climax of repeated notes, syncopated, swelling to the semitone above. The City Opera, for the production of "Nabucco" that opened its season (after summer operettas), had wisely engaged as Abigail a prima donna who can sing Norma, Grace Bumbry. Not all the coloratura was securely in place. In tender passages, the tone was not always limpidly beautiful. But she was fiery, regal, and exciting. The stage and the music came to life whenever she appeared.

There was not much else to enjoy, apart from the firmly voiced phrases of John Broecheler, in the title role. (As an actor, he was almost clownish.) Zechariah needs a deeper bass than Justino Díaz's, and his low notes were pale. The second soprano sang awkwardly, and the tenor bawled. Nicola Benois's set is a clumsy affair of two giant staircases, unsuited to an opera where crowds must rush on and off. The stage direction, by Ghita Hager, was village-hall. "Va, pensiero" from a chorus seated around as if at a picnic loses its emotional force. Worst of all, Imre Pallo's conducting was small, short-breathed, unshaped. Who would have thought that a performance of this rousing opera could have so little blood in it?

Mr. Pallo also drained much life from the revival of Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda," two days later. The show, directed by Tito Capobianco in 1972 (for Sills), has now been restaged by Mr. Melano, and its worst stylistic



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solecisms are removed. Maralin Niska, the Elizabeth, was ugly of voice but arresting in her use of it, and she is a cogent actress. She used the text. ("It is the convoluted, ornate Italian of the libretto that is hard to master in this opera," she said in an interview.) More than Miss Scotto, more, even, than Miss Bumbry, she made one sit up, attend, feel, and understand. The Leicester, Henry Price, was also a vivid performer, albeit with a frayed tone; he, too, gave dramatic life to the score. Alan Titus was Talbot. His voice held a new weight, warmth, and fullness. He seems to be growing naturally, happily, without forcing the pace, into a fine romantic baritone.

As for the heroine, Ashley Putnam, she puzzled me. She was in good voice. She looked attractive. And yet she made less of an effect than one would have expected from such virtues as hers. Mary's long final sequence of *confessione*, *preghiera*, and *aria del supplizio*, broken only by the carefully written choral *inno di morte*, proves overwhelming in almost any performance of "Maria Stuarda," but here it was not. Three things, perhaps, conspired to dim it: Mr. Pallo's wan, feeble conducting; Miss Putnam's failure to pronounce the Italian words vividly; and—harder to describe but related to the preceding—a want of ardor and intensity in the phrasing. Miss Putnam lacked majesty. She was too young, too consciously girlish a queen. She came to the confrontation with Elizabeth with hair tumbling like a coltish schoolgirl's. Yet much was right, much was moving. Given more sensitive direction, musical and dramatic, Miss Putnam could surely become a memorable Mary.

IN "A Hundred Years of Music" (1938), Gerald Abraham wrote that "at best one can hope to hear nothing more than occasional concert excerpts from Donizetti . . . or a sporadic half-dead 'revival' for the benefit of some star singer." The fifth edition of Grove (1954) allotted just three and a half pages to Donizetti, and concluded:

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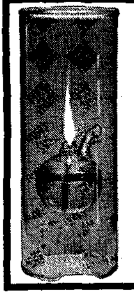

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day Donizetti performances are common. It was Maria Callas, above all, who brought his serious works besides "Lucia" back into esteem and showed the world how much virtue "Anna Bolena" and "Poliuto" contain. Joan Sutherland, Beverly Sills, and Montserrat Caballé set other serious operas of his before wide publics. And they fed those publics' appetite for novelty without newness. I doubt whether Donizetti will ever again—well, for a long time, at any rate—be as lightly dismissed as he was in the first half of our century. Enough work has been done to demonstrate that there is more than prima-donna fodder in his scores. Nevertheless, those scores call imperatively for prima donnas; approximate and unstylish performances won't do. Unless some new stars of magnitude arrive, singers who refine natural endowment by careful study, it cannot be long before his works figure less prominently in the international repertory.

—Andrew Porter

FURTHER EVENTS

Perfect Marriage

THE performance of baroque music on instruments of the period, using the techniques and the interpretative language that the composers intended, has become widespread here and in Europe during the last decade. In the wake of that revival has come a realization that the same approach may be applied to the classical repertory: recent landmarks have included the Esterhazy Quartet's recorded accounts (on Telefunken) of Mozart string quartets; Malcolm Bilson's performances and recordings (Titanic and Nonesuch) of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven using reproductions of eighteenth-century pianos; and the Academy of Ancient Music's uneven but generally accomplished versions (Oiseau-Lyre) of Mozart symphonies. In Sweden this summer, I heard for the first time a Mozart opera, "Le Nozze di Figaro," performed with a correctly sized orchestra of original instruments in an appropriate opera house; the result was, musically, a startling success.

The court theatre at Drottningholm (fifty minutes by boat from Stockholm) has long been known as a uniquely well-preserved eighteenth-century theatre. Not long after Gustav III was assassinated at his *ballo in maschera* in 1792, the flourishing theatre was closed, and it lay unused and unmodernized until

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the nineteen-twenties, when it was carefully restored. Only in the last couple of years, however, has an attempt been made to match faithfully the new productions there with the style of the period. Although Mozart wrote "Figaro" in the decade—the seventeen-eighties—that the Drottningholm theatre was at its height, there is a case for believing that the rococo taste of the theatre's decoration and scenic design is too old-fashioned for Mozart. Yet the forward-looking works of Joseph Martin Kraus (whose music has been revived in New York by Newell Jenkins) were heard at the court in the same decade; Swedish taste was by no means undeveloped. A striking feature of the theatre is its combination of a small auditorium—some four hundred and fifty people can be accommodated, mostly squeezed onto benches—and a large stage, sixty feet deep. The orchestra is seated quite visibly, only just below stage level. The conventional balance of singers, players, and audience is thus radically altered: orchestral soloists can sing with vocal soloists on equal terms, and both can communicate to the listener with unusual subtlety.

The orchestra that played for "Figaro" had been gathered together by the theatre's music director, Arnold Östman, chiefly from a summer academy he has held since 1970 at Vadstena Castle, in Sweden. The strings did not entirely eschew modern aids—there were some chin rests in evidence—but they played with a deftness and a well-tuned precision that equalled those of any Dutch or English ensemble. The cosmopolitan group of wind players surpassed almost all similar groups I have heard in the ease and eloquence with which they handled their instruments. Some sounds were unforgettable: the airy, fluffy flutes in "Voi che sapete," the plangent oboe and bassoon solos in "Dove sono," and the light, tense wind chorus in the middle section of "Non più andrai." Throughout the evening, Mr. Östman was a cool and distanced director; he drew crisp ensemble work from the orchestra and took some unusual but carefully considered speeds. In the recitatives, he presided at a square piano—curious choice—on which he doodled with trilling scales and thirds.

The singers worked well, on the whole, to modify their instinct for heavily vibratoed display. Sylvia Lindenstrand's Countess had the most conventional voice, but she controlled

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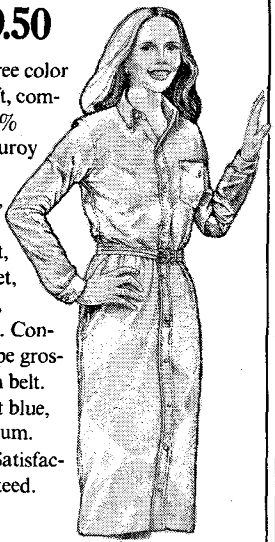

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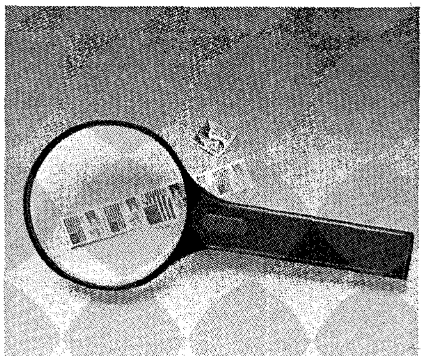

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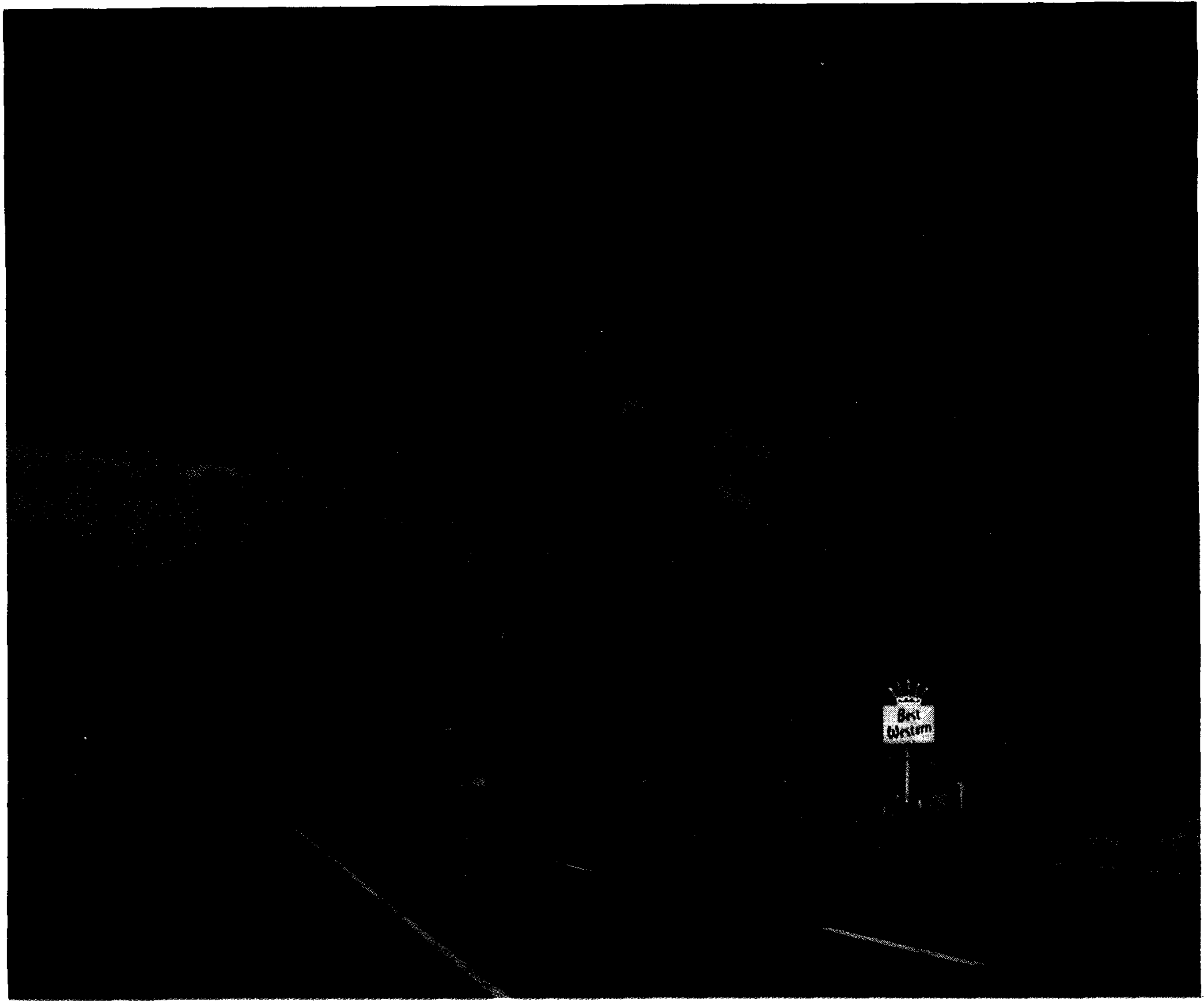

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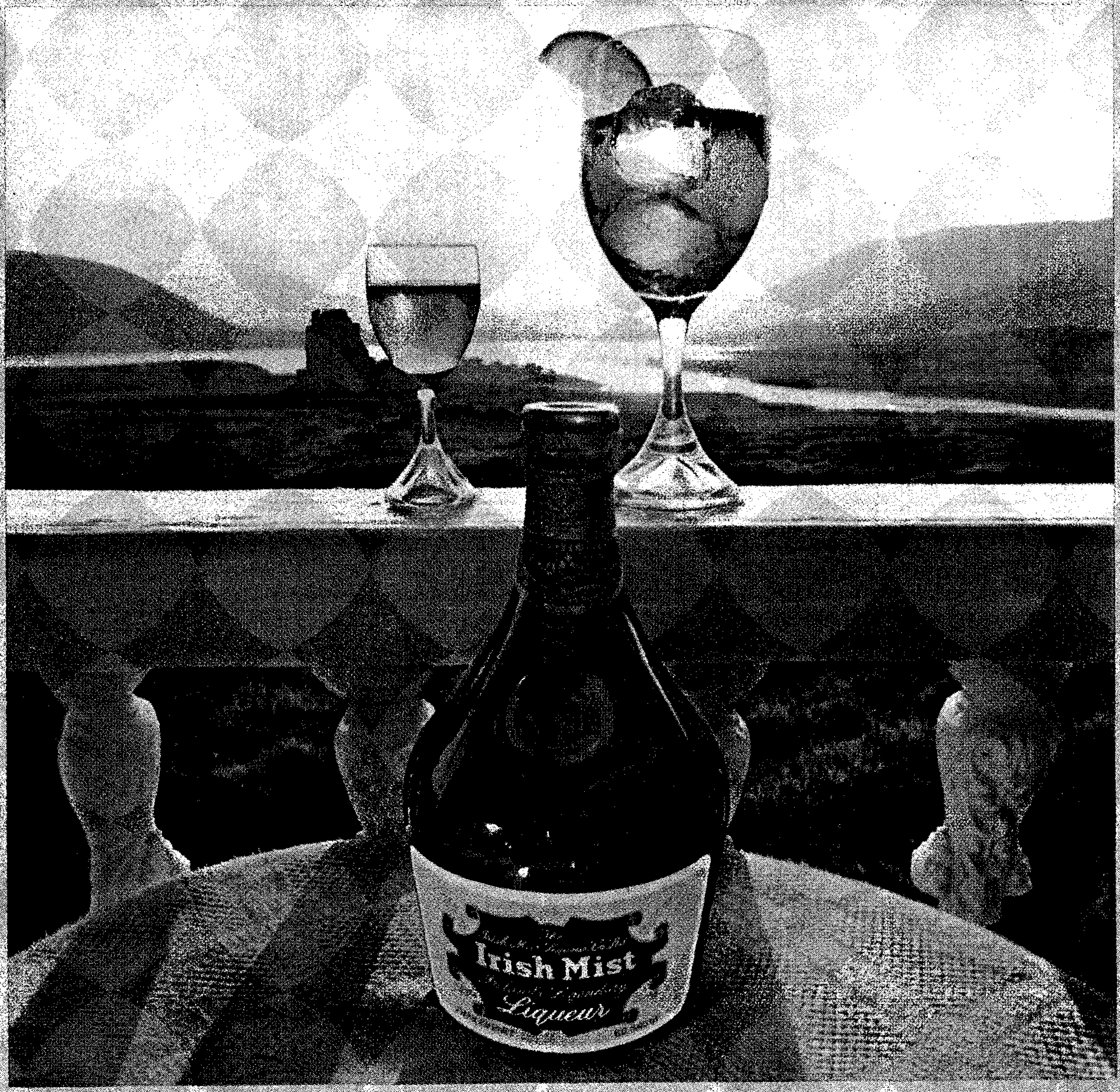

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its natural power well. Both Georgine Resick's Susanna and Mikael Samuelsson's Figaro were light and lively. The cast was not helped by Göran Järvefelt's distinctively modern production, which abandoned any attempt to recapture stylized eighteenth-century gesture in favor of a heavy "interpretation" that involved plenty of sex (the Count invited Susanna onto the floor with him after their Act III duet) and violence (Cherubino was kicked, Mozart-like, out of the house at the end of Act I). The use of authentic Drottningholm sets was only partly successful, though the box set for Act I looked like a contemporary engraving of an early production of "Figaro;" the lighting lacked strong footlights and relied instead on cross-lights, which clouded the singers' faces. Staging and music, in fact, inhabited different worlds, but the insights offered by the music were strong enough to point a new direction for all late-eighteenth-century-opera performance.

THERE was much operatic Mozart in England this summer. Covent Garden mounted an unprecedented Mozart Festival that included all three Da Ponte operas as well as chamber-music concerts. But the finest staging of Mozart in England this summer was seen at Glyndebourne, where Peter Hall's serious, musically observant production of "Le Nozze di Figaro" was revived, first under his direction and then by Roger Williams. Glyndebourne's season was outstanding. Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" provided personal triumphs for two Americans—Maria Ewing as the Composer, and Gianna Rolandi (in her British début) as Zerbinetta. Benamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was newly staged by Peter Hall and designed by John Bury. Mr. Bury's human, twisting trees and undergrowth, his black floor and misty silver light were perfectly complemented by Mr. Hall's slow-moving, subtle direction. Damien Nash's Puck, a Cockney urchin escaped from "Oliver," rasped his lines deliciously; James Bowman and Ileana Cotrubas as Oberon and Titania sang sensitively; he lovers quarrelled believably; and he mechanicals rehearsed and performed hilariously. Bernard Haitink's leading of the score remained sober and rather inflexible, but the rest oared to create a sustained, magical atmosphere all too rare in the operatic heatre.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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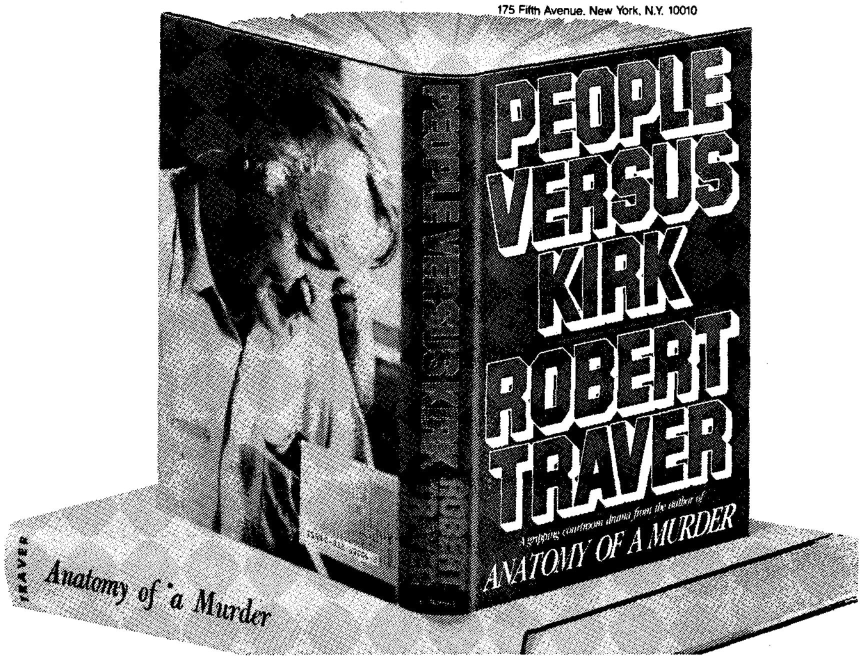

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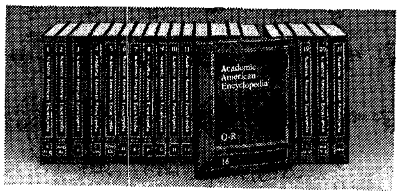

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BOOKS

The Long and Reluctant Stasis of Wan-li

d. ehrenberg

RAY HUANG'S "1587, A Year of No Significance: The Ming Dynasty in Decline" (Yale; $19.95) is a curious book, fascinating and revelatory yet also a bit enigmatically bland, like the members of the Ming bureaucracy who constitute its essential subject. The copyright page reveals that this book is to be also published in China, under the title "Wan-li shih-wu nien (The fifteenth year of Wan-li)," by "Chung-hua shu-chü, Peking"—or, if you prefer the new (and grotesque) style of transliteration approved by the cultural directors of the People's Republic, "Wanli Shiwunian," by "Zhonghua Shuju, Beijing." Professor Huang, born in mainland China and now an American citizen, has for sixteen years been teaching Chinese history in colleges and universities here, and though his book leads off with a comforting flurry of prefatory matter in the friendly manner of American academic publications—a dedication, "For Gayle," a page and a half of acknowledged favors for which the author is "very, very grateful," and a brisk foreword of imprimatur by Professor L. Carrington Goodrich, co-editor of the "Dictionary of Ming Biography"—the text itself plunges the reader into the middle of things Ming as if he already knew what the "Four Books" were, how the Literary Depth Pavilion and the Silk Robe Guard worked, and that the Manchurian tribal leader who was eventually to undermine the Ming dynasty was, of course, named Nurhaci. Mr. Huang has a disconcerting way of referring to "our" empire, and even, at one point, "our history." A Chinese readership seems to be on his mind, accounting perhaps for his delicacy in pressing home Western and modern parallels; to this same phantom audience Professor Goodrich presumably addresses the abrupt assurance in his foreword that "this account must not persuade us that the bitter sufferings of the Chinese people in general, both then and since, have all been a huge mistake—that from now on China must discard her entire past experience and imitate the West in whatever way possible to make up for lost time."

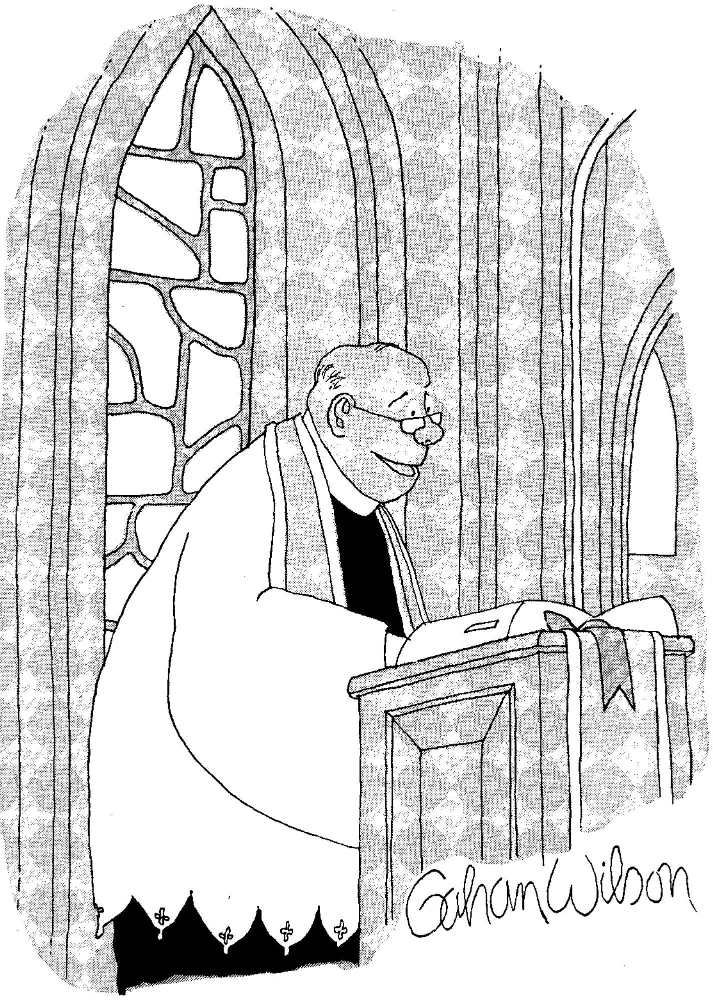
This assurance to the contrary, Mr. Huang's portrait of a moment in the Ming decline, with emphasis upon a half-dozen historical personalities, amounts to an indictment, the terms of which—in brief, that the imperial bureaucracy's commitment to tradition and stability stifled initiative and perpetrated injustice—imply an admiring acquaintance with the ideals of personal freedom and legal process embodied in, among other Western documents, the United States Constitution. Against the Confucian principle of a generalized morality pervading society, his analysis opposes legality and self-interest:

> For all its moral tone, the system could never free itself of its authoritarian cast, for social pressure as a substitute for justice was always exerted from the top down. It was taken for granted that whoever could recite verses from the *Four Books* was more enlightened than an individual motivated by self-interest. . . . Since the government took drastic action in enforcing the penal code but showed no interest in upholding the civil law, and village leaders were preoccupied with decorum and social status, the villagers in reality were denied legal services of any kind. They were never given a clear indication of what they were entitled to.

His reason for this sorry condition is crisply given:

> The doctrine of jen, with its accompanying devotion to kinship relationships and to ritual, grew progressively overburdened as a unifying force in Chinese society as the latter advanced in cultural level. Its development over a long period must be viewed in light of the fact that, because of the early unification of the empire, which followed almost immediately upon the Bronze Age, local institutions and customary practices never had a chance to mature into civil law.

Success, in short, spoiled China; too swiftly "a highly stylized society wherein the roles of individuals were thoroughly restricted" had jelled into shape. Mr. Huang arrives at these conclusions by way of biography; drawing upon the prodigious archives left by a government of literati (where, in the absence of a prime minister, the emperor's chief scribe, or "first grand-secretary," acted as effective head of state), he shows a handful of highly gifted men among the élite as they struggle against the built-in limitations of their system. Ch'i Chi-kuang, a general of genius, who died late in the insignificant year, revitalized the empire's



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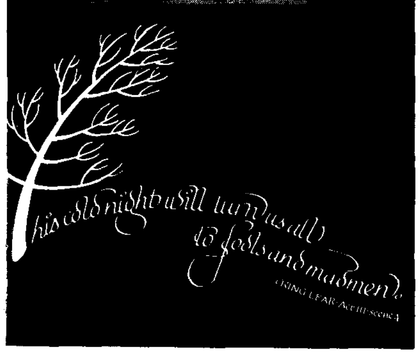

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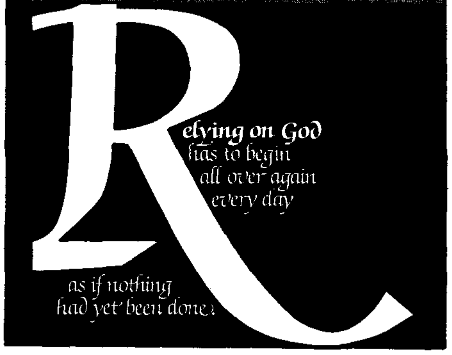

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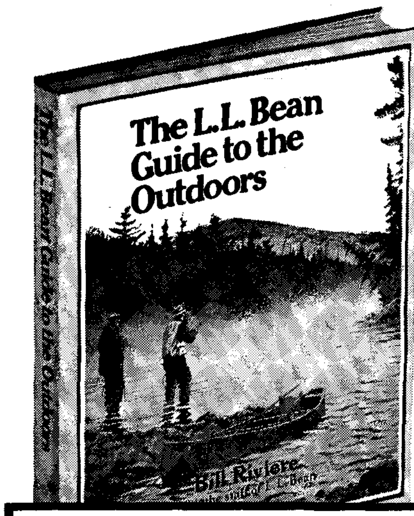
statistically impressive but actually feeble army, single-handedly codified military procedure, invented new formations and techniques, and enjoyed heartening successes against Japanese marauders along the coast and Mongol raiders in the north; yet with the death of his sponsor, the First Grand-Secretary Chang Chü-cheng, and Chang's posthumous fall from imperial grace, the great warrior was demoted and eventually censured and dismissed, dying in poverty. Military officers—a caste almost entirely hereditary—were regarded as mere technicians and distrusted by "civil officials preoccupied with the dogmas of restraint and moderation." Any power base outside the imperial bureaucracy had to be reduced, though "gone with Ch'i Chi-kuang was our empire's last opportunity to give its armed forces the minimal modernization needed to survive a new era." Also dead in 1587 was the famous Hai Jui, a civil official of fanatic rectitude, who had dared chastise in a publicized "memorial" (a word used here with a sense close to "memorandum") the Chia-ching emperor as "vain, cruel, selfish, suspicious, and foolish." In a caste notorious for its hypocritical venality, Hai Jui imposed, when governor of South Chihli, an austerity that extended to calling for the elimination of wasteful blank spaces at the end of official documents. Yet his reformer's zeal quickly ran him afoul of agrarian conservatism and led to his retirement for fifteen years, which was followed by a brief and empty final appointment. "His death toward the end of the year must have given the court of Peking a sense of relief. Now no one had to be held responsible for removing a popular hero who was worshipped by the public even though, in the eyes of his fellow bureaucrats and the emperor, he was silly and inept." A third rebel unable to find his way out of the system was the philosopher Li Chih, whose voluminous and "erratic" commentaries upon the canonized classics contain inklings of egalitarian thought that have endeared him to the present rulers of China but did not really break with the élitist and Confucian presumptions in which he had been raised. To Mr. Huang, his writings form basically "an invaluable record, without which we would perhaps never be able to fathom the depth of intellectual frustration that characterized this era."

Other studies in frustration are offered by the careers of Chang Chü-cheng and Shen Shih-hsing, two



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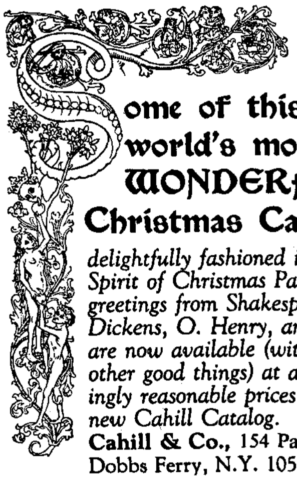

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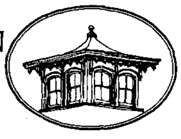

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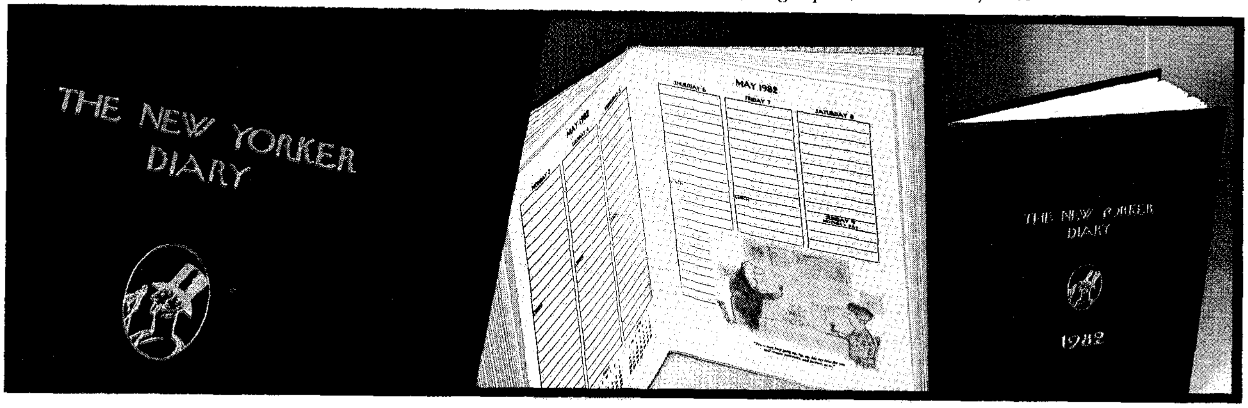

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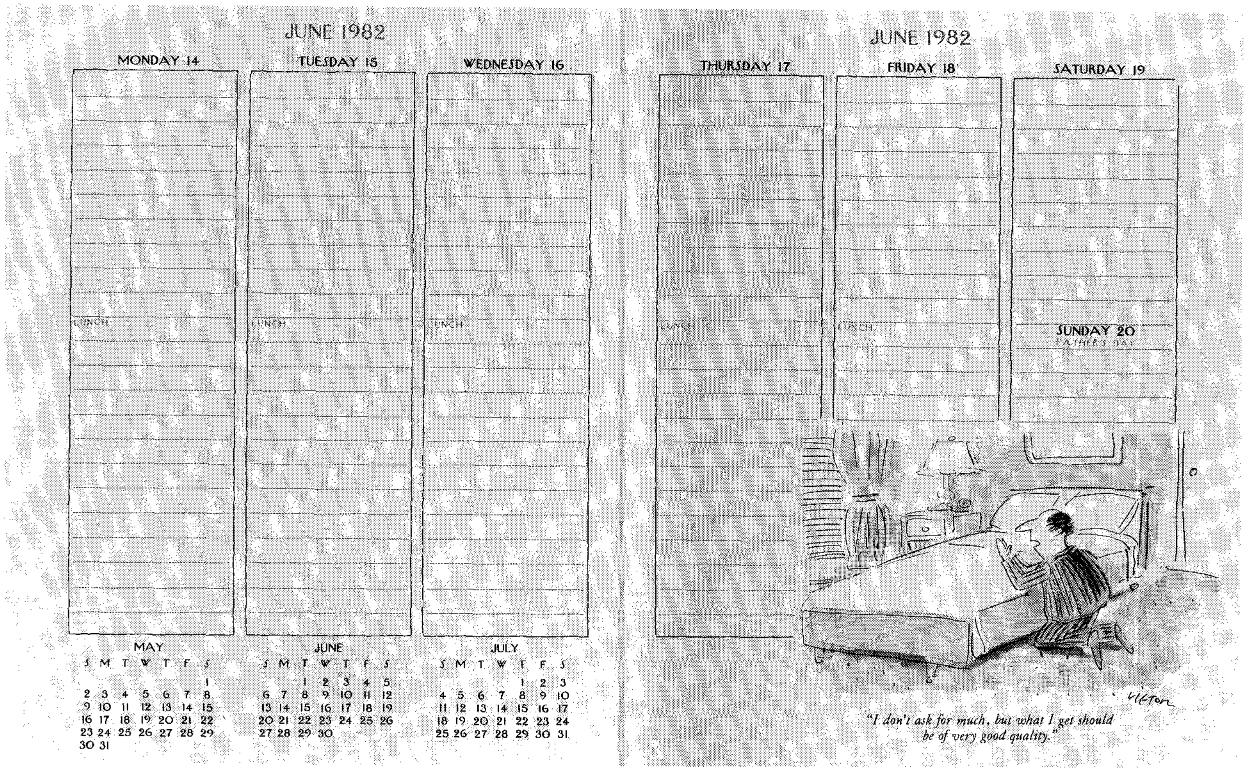

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MONDAY 14 | TUESDAY 15 | WEDNESDAY 16

LUNCH

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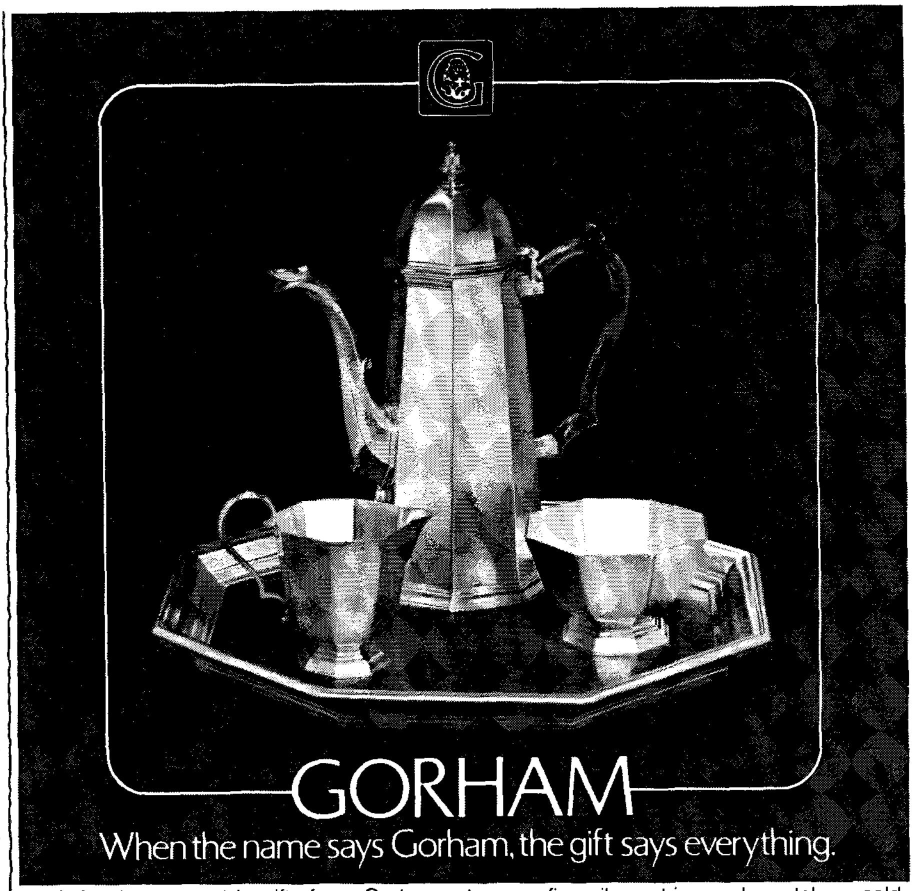
grand-secretaries whose attempts to direct the affairs of a clumsily centralized and overextended empire were constrained by the rubrics of supernatural education; their basic assignment was "to keep the emperor's court in harmony with the teaching of ancient sages":

> The secret of administering an enormous empire such as ours was not to rely on law or the power to regulate and punish but to induce the younger generation to venerate the old, the women to obey their menfolk, and the illiterate to follow the examples set by the learned. In all these areas the example set by the emperor's court was of paramount importance.

The most arresting portrait of all is that of the emperor himself, Shen Tsung, who is in this book conveniently called by the name of his reign, Wan-li. He was destined to have the longest reign of any Ming emperor, but in 1587 he was a youthful twenty-four, having been enthroned when not yet nine. Wan-li was a precocious and dutiful child who had willingly performed the extensive ceremonial duties of the emperor while also carrying forward his studies in calligraphy, history, and the classics. Besides such seasonal observances as ritual plowing, sacrifices to Heaven and earth and the ancestors, and the proclamation of the year's calendar to the populace, daily morning audiences with the court required the emperor's presence. These last proceedings, which were highly formal and were held before dawn, had been a grievous burden to previous emperors and had been slighted by several of Wan-li's predecessors, including his own apathetic father, the Lung-ch'ing emperor. Wan-li, too, as he grew to manhood, found even a curtailed schedule of audiences too tedious to bear. Having donned the dragon robe so young, he had known few playmates or games; and when, at the age of ten, he developed a passion for calligraphy, this was discouraged. His chief tutor, Grand-Secretary Chang Chü-cheng, admonished him that His Majesty's brushwork had already exceeded expectation. "Calligraphy, he further argued, was after all a minor art which in itself added nothing to the empire's well-being. Sage rulers in Chinese history excelled only in virtue, not in aesthetic skills." When, later, Wan-li developed interests in horses, alcohol, and the "pleasure of women," the bureaucracy also disapproved, though the emperor had become harder to discipline. Married at the age of fourteen, a father (by a



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concubine) at eighteen, he fell in love with another concubine, an intelligent fourteen-year-old named Lady Cheng, and his wish to designate as heir to the throne his child by her, instead of the older son, estranged him from the bureaucracy for decades. He refused to hold audiences or make appointments, while the empire slid deeper into disorder.

Early in his reign, he had shown signs of initiative and real interest in ruling. In 1585, during a severe drought, Wan-li, having "ordered local officials to pray for rain, but with no results," decided to perform the ceremony himself, at the Altar of Heaven, four miles from the palace entrance, and, furthermore, to walk the distance instead of being carried in a sedan chair. "For many residents of Peking, this was the one time in their lives they ever saw the Son of Heaven in person." And rain did come, albeit a month later. During this same period, Wan-li personally conducted drills and contests among the imperial guards, and four times visited, with a gala retinue, the site in the Peking suburbs where his own mausoleum was being constructed. All these manifestations of imperial venturesomeness alarmed the bureaucracy, which, surrounding his every movement with precautionary quibbles, "succeeded in taking the joy out of the emperor's . . . outings." Wan-li made one more trip to his mausoleum, in 1588, and thereafter remained within the confines of the palace for more than three decades, an all-time record for imperial stasis. During the centuries of the dynasty, "the monarchy had become such a highly stylized institution that no thinking man could occupy the dragon seat with comfort." As a kind of lightning rod to attract the mandate of Heaven, the pinnacle of government had primarily to remain motionless. If an emperor, during one of the long tutorial sessions that began immediately after sunrise, inadvertently crossed his legs, the lecturer was obliged to interrupt himself with the question "Can the ruler himself neglect the principle of propriety?," which was repeated until the Son of Heaven returned his leg to its proper position. Small wonder that emperors rebelled with debauchery and apathy; small wonder that Wan-li, all his attempts to evince dynamism in the imperial role systematically discouraged, went on strike, and devoted himself to the company of Lady Cheng and, it was whispered, to opium.

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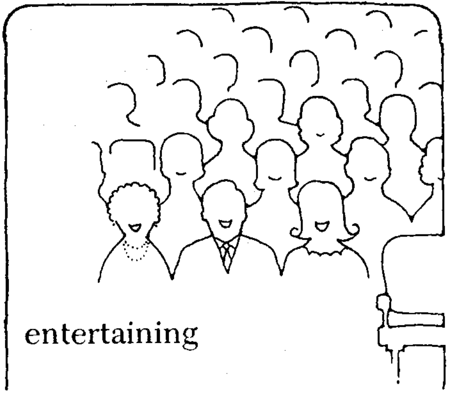
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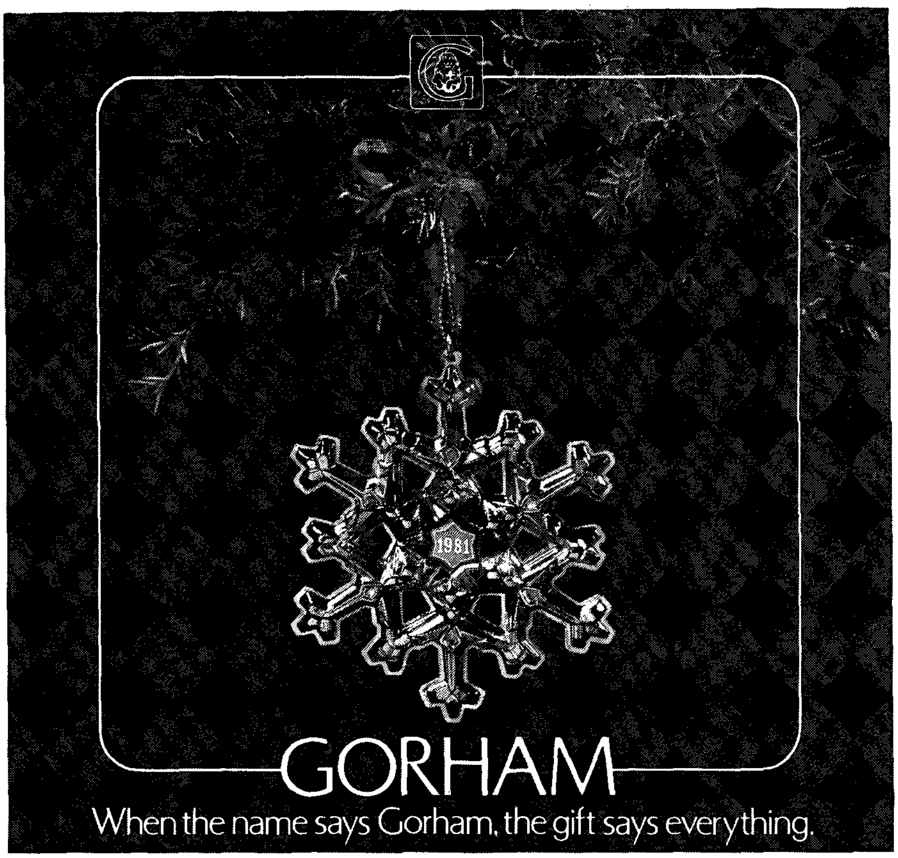
Mr. Huang deserves gratitude, in these times of cultural introspection, for providing a study of decadence. For if it is not exactly clear why organisms, composed of replaceable cells, decline toward death, it is even less so why nations and civilizations do. The genetic endowment of each generation is presumably equal; as Melville said, "believe me, my friends, that men not very much inferior to Shakespeare are this day being born on the banks of the Ohio." True, some royal lines, like the Merovingians, were inbred into feebleness; but inability was not the problem of the Wan-li emperor or his chief advisers, who had achieved their positions by way of almost purely academic performance—a civil service of intelligentsia, screened by standards as rigorous as any meritocracy has ever imposed upon itself. Their paralysis, then, had causes beyond themselves, in the cultural organism they labored to perpetuate. A state differs from an individual in that, having evolved in reaction to certain factors in the engendering environment, it then becomes in itself an environment, discouraging further adaptation.

The Ming dynasty, Mr. Huang informs us, was marked by a "reliance on ideology as an instrument of government [that] was in many respects unprecedented, both in intensity and in scope." It supplanted, after one of those periods of turmoil which faithfully alternate in Chinese history with periods of stability and stagnation, the short-lived Mongol dynasty founded by Marco Polo's genial host Kublai Khan, and was intended as a doctrinaire reversion to the native Chinese agrarian simplicity. The Hung-wu emperor, who founded the dynasty, "systematically destroyed the empire's large landowners and wealthy households and imposed a stringently puritanical standard of living on the rest of the educated élite, insisting that they were civil servants of the general population in the literal sense of the word *servant*." At all levels, the gap between self-interest and public morality was to be minimized. The population of administrators was greatly reduced, and each village was expected to be self-policing, with two pavilions in it, "one to commend the good deeds of the residents and the other to reprove evil-doers." The Hung-wu emperor had executed the only three prime ministers his dynasty had ever had, and policymaking fell by default to the grand-secretaries, whose office had originally been to recast the



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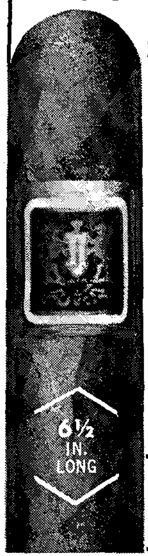

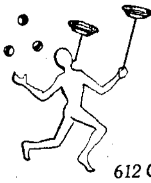

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emperor's declarations into an elegant prose style. By 1587, the Ming dynasty had passed its bicentennial, and it is not surprising that as the puritanical impulse faded its rather utopian institutions degenerated into make-believe: into an emperor immobilized by the mystical, inspirational, and impersonal aspect of his role; a bureaucracy enslaved to graft and a self-protective conformity; and a land where innovations in the conduct of war and the administration of peace, if not strictly impossible, were so hedged about by caution and inertia as to become anomalous episodes. The logic of the status quo resisted technology (even though the Chinese had probably invented it, gunpowder was a minor element in their late-sixteenth-century warfare) and international trade; the internal passage and exchange of revenue and supplies, based upon the simplistic principle of transmission at the lowest level and at the shortest distance convenient, was overwhelmed by the shifting complexities of the empire. Two inexorable factors—the accumulation of population and the receding of the revolutionary moment—rendered the founding ideology burdensome to the point where, Mr. Huang concludes, it no longer mattered "whether the ruler was conscientious or irresponsible . . . whether the civil officials were honest or corrupt."

Analogies with modern-day China are withheld, though the American reader might fancy in the Ming ideals—a selfless bureaucracy, a self-disciplining populace, a flawless leader who rules through words—resemblances to Mao's China. How well the present government of that ancient nation can temper what Grand-Secretary Shen Shih-hsing called the *yang* of government's "professed moral tone" with the *yin* of "hidden desires and motivations" remains to be seen, and is one of the great questions upon the world stage. Closer to home, our own revolutionary and originally puritanical and agrarian nation has passed its bicentennial, and a professed moral tone has returned to the saddle, debonairly beckoning us back to the simplicities of Adam Smith. An enlightened selfishness will generate a nation, our own dynastic fathers suggested, which is a difference of emphasis rather than kind from the state-sponsored enlightenment and de-facto decentralization of the Ming compromise. Some tension between private and public good exists at the heart of any social con-

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tract, and perhaps all resolutions of it are impermanent. American individualism would seem to have found its own bad fruits in the litter, vandalism, random predation, and greedy architecture of our cities, and the chopped-up, ravaged, tawdry sprawl between. A little harmonizing geomancy is clearly called for. As for the Ming, their decline might have been more sympathetically located by Mr. Huang within the context of China's vast cyclical history and its globally unique cultural continuity. The Manchus, invading from the north, like the Mongols, supplanted the Ming; they were able to impose the pigtail but could not persuade the Chinese to cease binding women's feet, and—after their own long and inglorious decline, which reached its terminus in 1912—were absorbed into the population. "1587, A Year of No Significance," for all its scholarship, has the surreal visionary quality of Kafka's beautiful and frustrating story "The Great Wall of China." There the great wall is built piecemeal, with gaps rumored to be left within its ungraspable extent, and a messenger from the dying emperor, though he moves with great haste, never reaches the outermost gate of the palace. "Just so," Kafka's nameless narrator says, "as hopelessly and as hopefully, do our people regard the emperor. They do not know what emperor is reigning, and there exist doubts regarding even the name of the dynasty."

—JOHN UPDIKE

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THE SILVER SPOONER, by Darcy O'Brien (Simon & Schuster; $13.95). A. G. Kruger is a "silver spooner," a crown prince, being the son and heir of old Earl Kruger, the founder and absolute ruler of the enormous Sunrise Ranch in the greenbelt of eastern Oklahoma. We meet A.G. and his friend and almost foster brother Ramsey Hogan, both aged twelve, as they are learning the work of a summer ranch hand and watch them grow up; we see A.G. go off for a couple of hell-raising years at the University of Oklahoma; we see him marry the beautiful coed Claire Gladstone and settle down to work as one of his father's hands; we see old Earl drop dead of a stroke and A.G. faced with the challenge of trying to fill his father's boots, trying to be feared

[redacted]

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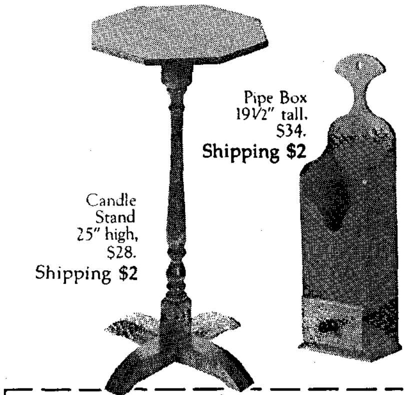

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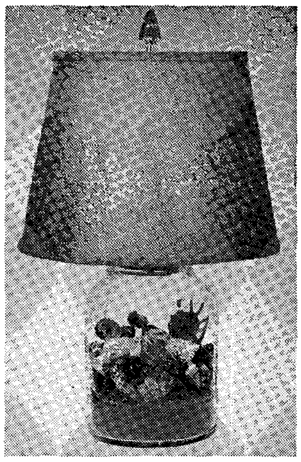
but respected like old Earl, trying to handle an operation he was never really allowed to learn. Mr. O'Brien, himself a resident of Oklahoma, knows his scene and setting, knows his robber baron Earl, knows his desperate, troubled, over-his-head A.G., knows his awed and smothered Claire, and he is a writer of distinction—real distinction—and his novel is a triumphant American tragedy.

ANGEL OF LIGHT, by Joyce Carol Oates (Dutton; $15.50). This modern American version of the fall of the House of Atreus borrows from Euripides and Sophocles: the two children become equal partners in murderous monomania, but only after the daughter goads her brother into action. Agamemnon is an incorruptible government official—too innocent for his own good—who dies in a car crash, leaving behind a *rambling confession that he accepted* bribes from an American corporation while he headed an investigation of its international political activities. Electra is a nasty teen-ager who persuades Orestes, a straitlaced Ivy Leaguer, that their father was framed and murdered by their mother and her lover. But Miss Oates diverges from her sources by inventing a terrorist gang that takes over the job that Electra has begun, and making Orestes a merciless killer with a head full of big, shallow ideas. The characters are muffled in swathes of adjectives (lacking almost all the usual commas, as if to give these phrases a streamlined look), and Miss Oates clutters the action with flashback upon flashback. Yet the chilling wisdom of the Greeks proves to be flexible as well, and much of it gets through, despite the special effects. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

GREEN THOUGHTS: A WRITER IN THE GARDEN, by Eleanor Perényi (Random House; $15.50). This is one of those dangerous reference works (chapter headings are in alphabetical order) that you reach for at a moment of horticultural crisis or indecision only to find yourself an hour later browsing far beyond the page where you began. Mrs. Perényi is a practiced writer (of memoirs, magazine articles, and a life of Liszt) and a practiced gardener (of flowers mostly, but also of some fruit trees, herbs, and vegetables, in



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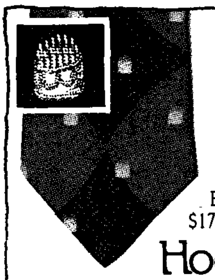

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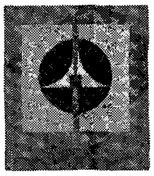

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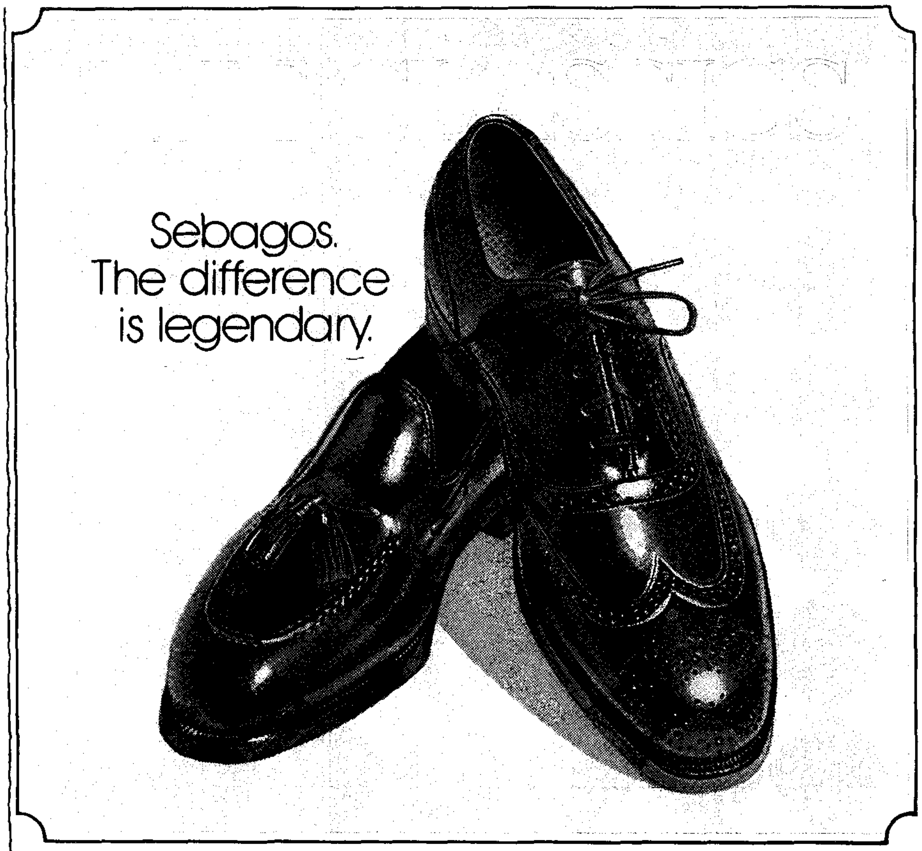
Stonington, Connecticut), and her garden must be something like this book: beautifully cultivated and plotted but also planted with happy surprises. In "Asparagus," Cato the Censor is found, along with sensible instructions for computing the dimensions of an asparagus bed; under "Hedges" are Peter the Great and his merry men, who vandalized the four-hundred-foot-long hedge at Sayes Court. There are defenses of the earthworm and of seaweed mulch; analyses of the differences between French and English lavender and between French and Russian tarragon; protests against hydroponic tomatoes and power mowers; confessions of unstylish personal likes (English ivy, giant dahlias, curly parsley) and dislikes (soybean products, conical conifers, purple basil); instructions on how to prune gooseberry canes; histories of the purple-martin mania and the conquistadores' influence on New World gardens; and an affectionate salute to Jerome Irving Rodale, the pioneer of organic gardening in America, whose Pennsylvania farm in its early days brings to mind S. J. Perelman's. The briefest entry is "Mazes," which explains in two lines how to get out of one.

CELEBRATIONS OF LIFE, by René Dubos (McGraw-Hill; $12.95). René Dubos has had a very distinguished career, both as a biologist and as a chronicler of the relations of science and technology to the deepest human needs. He is now eighty, and this, his latest book, is a mixture of autobiographical memoirs and reflections on his assorted scientific interests. Although he recognizes all the troubles brought about by technology, Dubos refers to himself as a "despairing optimist" when it comes to solutions. He feels that if we can avoid the ultimate folly of a nuclear holocaust there is every reason to believe that human ingenuity is powerful enough to solve problems largely created by human ingenuity.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE READ—AND THOUGHT, by A. L. Rowse (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $12.95). Still cocksure and diverting, the Elizabethan expert plows on, stopping occasionally to pepper scholarly or critical foes, telling us what Shakespeare's education consisted of (lots and lots of Latin, no Greek at all), and explaining the excitement that English history had



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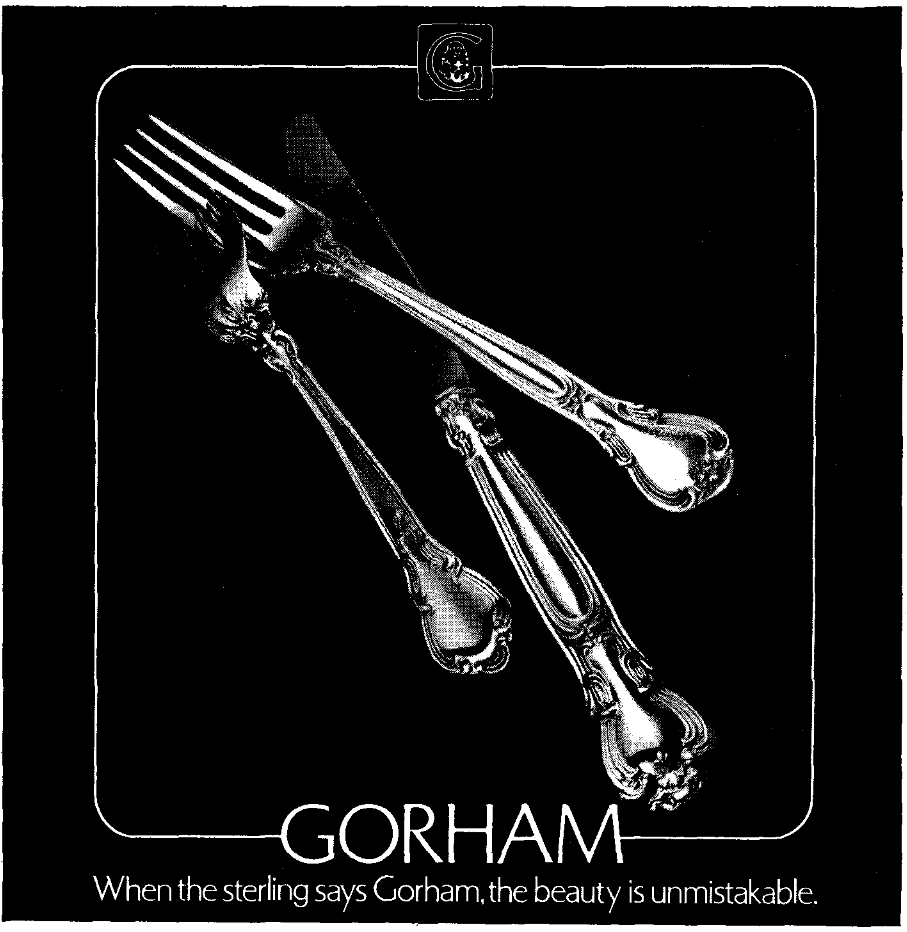

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NOTE: "Within the Context of No Context," by George W. S. Trow, a conjoining of two articles that appeared in this magazine—an essay of the same title and a Profile of Ahmet Ertegun—has been published by Little, Brown ($12.95).

MYSTERY AND CRIME

FALSE WITNESS, by Dorothy Uhnak (Simon & Schuster; $12.95). Mrs. Uhnak, a former New York City Transit Police officer, is the author of several novels, including the recent, and excellent, "The Investigation." Her new suspense novel could quite appropriately bear the same title. A beautiful black fashion model, now a successful television talk-show host with violent sympathy for the P.L.O., is found half dead in her luxury apartment near Central Park South, badly beaten about the face and with her left hand severed by a meat cleaver. The ensuing investigation is conducted by a bureau chief with the New York County D.A.'s office, a brilliant young Jewish woman. This is truly a suspenseful suspense story, and one races from page to page—until the end looms. Then the letdown comes, and it is clear that Mrs. Uhnak is interested only in tricks and gimmicky twists. And the "Epilogue" that closes the novel is entirely out of place in a first-person narrative.

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DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*From the Burlington* (*Vt.*) *Free Press*]

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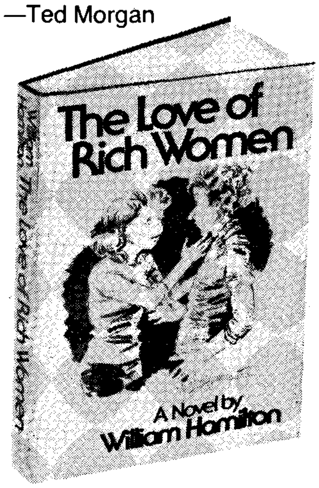
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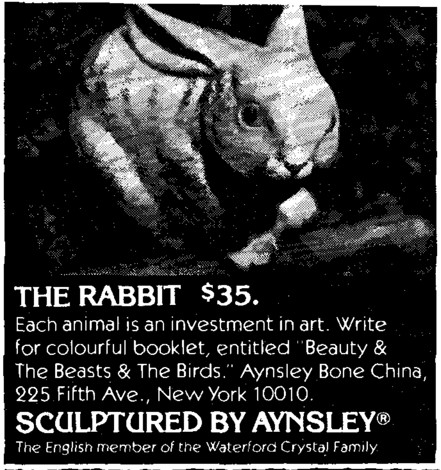

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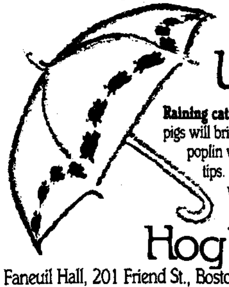

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